

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

August
1929

10¢



"Dope" Traffic in Canada

BY
ANNE A. PERRY



The Speaker of the House

BY
R. J. DEACHMAN

London's most distinguished beauty expert

Mme. JACOBSON

**recommends one treatment—and one only
to retain the charm of facial loveliness**

Royalty and the most fashionable women in the British Isles learn from Madame Bertha Jacobson a simple home treatment to keep the skin lovely and youthful.



Madam Bertha Jacobson has taught the essentials of beauty culture to many of the world's most celebrated beauty scientists.

ROYALTY and the smart women of London have, for years, entrusted all their beauty problems to Madame Bertha Jacobson of London's select West-end. Those in search of the technique of beauty culture consider her teaching invaluable.

After 22 years' experience as beauty dictator, Madame Jacobson turns to one of the simplest of all beauty treatments for home use.

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"To enable my clients to safeguard their complexions—to retain radiant skin texture," says Madame Jacobson, "I provide them with my own special Skin Food Creme to be used at night and I ask them to use my famous Skin Tonic after cleansing the skin.

"I urge them to use no soap other than Palmolive, as I have found that the bland oils of which this soap

is made provide the absolute skin cleanliness which must be the foundation of beauty," Mme. Jacobson writes us. "At the same time, I warn them of all the harsh effects of soaps not made exclusively of these oils."

In these brief phrases, London's chief exponent of beauty culture voices an opinion held by specialists on skin care all over the world.

Palm and olive oils, as they are blended in Palmolive Soap, act to soften skin, to cleanse the pores, to refresh the natural coloring. They provide the natural way to skin beauty.

In Canada this is well known, and leading European specialists advise the Palmolive method of skin care wherever beauty culture is practiced. The

"I urge my clients to use only the soap blended of palm and olive oils—Palmolive. It provides that absolute skin cleanliness which must always be the foundation of beauty."

Bertha Jacobson

11/12 DOVER STREET, LONDON, W. 1



Madame Jacobson, herself, frequently demonstrates methods of beauty culture in her salon. As the teacher of many of our own famous beauty specialists, her work is well known in this country.



Reception Room of the Maison de Beauté Pompadour, Ltd.

method they use is this twice a day treatment subscribed to by Madame Jacobson.

This treatment, night and morning

Make a creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands massage this well into the skin two minutes, allowing it to penetrate the pores. Then rinse, first with warm water, gradually with colder. A final rinse with ice water is refreshing as an astringent.

All over the world specialists in beauty care recommend Palmolive, which is the leading soap in Canada and 48 other countries.



Retail Price 10¢

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast Time—over WEA and 37 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.



Pride Appeal

as well as Price Appeal



PLYMOUTH throws a bright white spotlight on the fact that a motor car of low price can also be a motor car of praiseworthy quality and *full-size* dimensions.

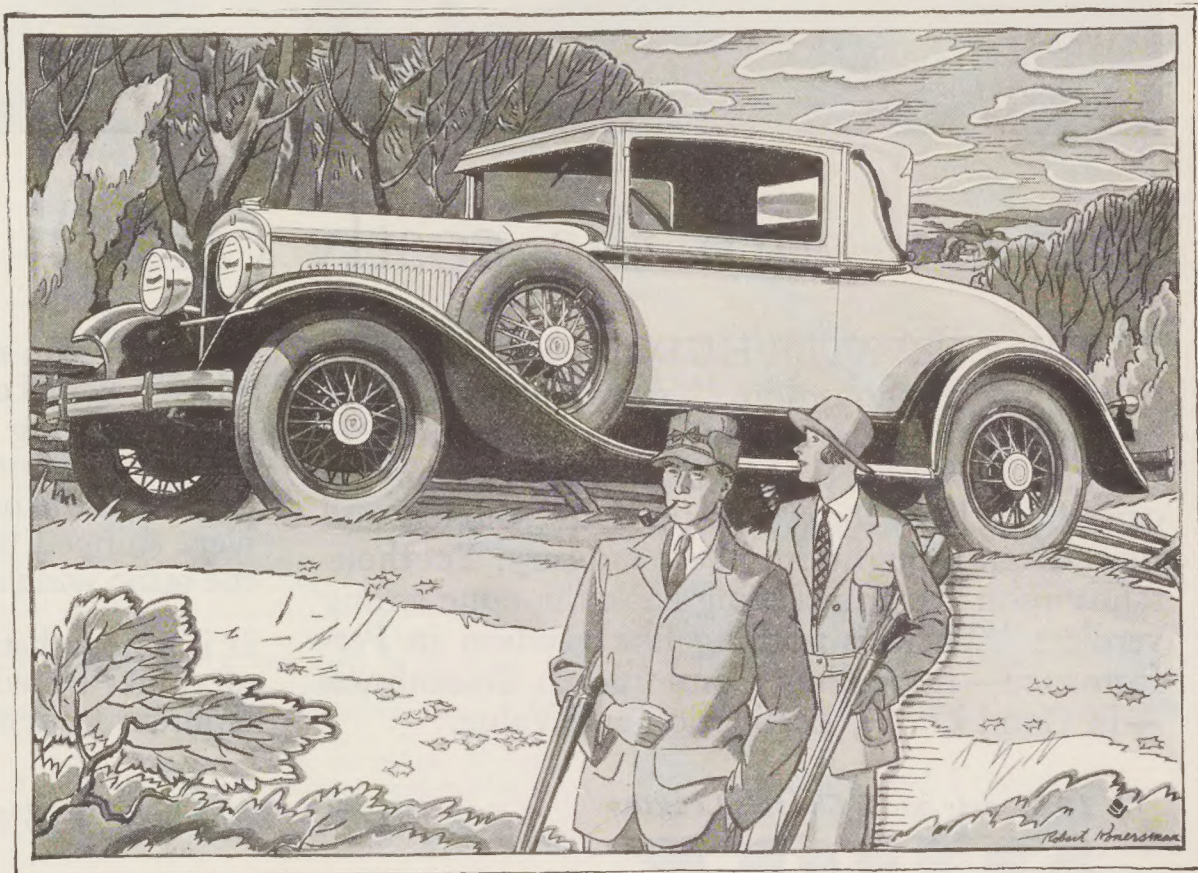
It is true that the remarkably low price attracts thousands of people to Plymouth. However, it is the higher quality and superior merits of Plymouth that account for Plymouth's sweeping success and popularity. At last, Canada has a low-priced motor car which appeals to pride just as much as to purse.

Plymouth is the only *full-size* motor car at anywhere near its price. That means quality-car roominess and comfort.

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THE FULL-SIZE DE LUXE COUPE (with rumble seat). Special equipment extra

hydraulic brakes—weatherproof and self-equalizing. That means quality-car safety.

The flexibility and quiet smoothness of Plymouth, its animated pick-up, its perfect balance and steadiness at high speeds, its quick response to the controls—all reflect the car's wealth of true inner quality. No other car at so low a price ever gave

the owner so much to be proud of, or so much substantial value for every dollar.

The only way in which you can really appreciate the superior qualities of Plymouth is to sit behind the wheel and try the car in your own way. The more exacting you are, the more severe the test, the more convincing the proof.

PLYMOUTH

CANADA'S LOWEST-PRICED FULL-SIZE CAR

PLYMOUTH MOTOR CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED

Division of Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

The GREATER HUDSON



Ranked with the costly cars in all except price

"THE GREATER HUDSON is the supreme buy of motordom," say thousands, fresh from examining the latest and costliest offerings of the day. You may be sure that all who are buying cars today have looked at the latest models and newest cars brought out in the industry. Yet thousands upon thousands bring back the same strong verdict: "There is nothing like Hudson in Performance—in Riding Comfort—in Smoothness—in Good Looks, Distinction and Value."

And now you may have the added distinction of a wide choice of colors at no extra cost. An exclusive manufacturing achievement makes this possible only to Hudson. Last month more than 225 color combinations on various Hudson and Essex models were shipped to individual order. You may have the same wide selection of colors and models.

It is a new distinction which tops the great array of values by which Hudson holds the most pre-eminent leadership of its history.

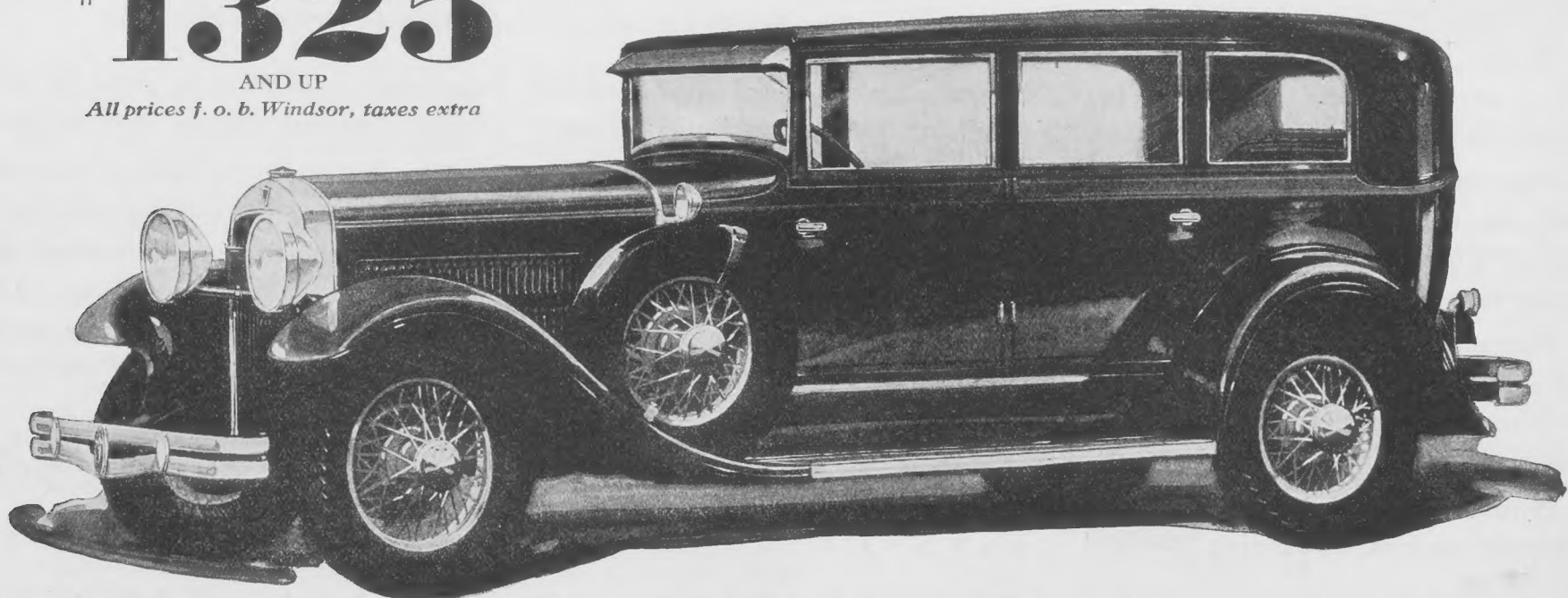
14 Models and 2 Chassis Lengths

\$1325

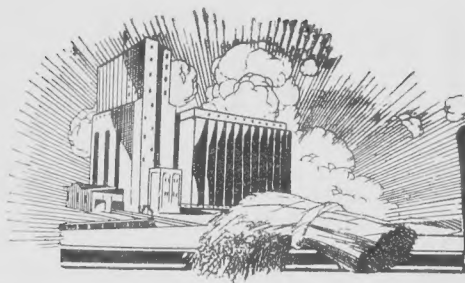
AND UP

All prices f. o. b. Windsor, taxes extra

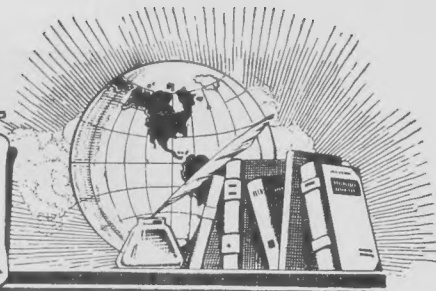
The 7-Passenger Sedan, with five wire wheels, standard equipment



HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.



EDITORIAL



VOLUME XXX

WINNIPEG, CANADA

NUMBER 8

Individualism

IT TAKES a man with individuality to make a mark in the world. Illustrations may be drawn in abundance from the field of commerce and industry, government, education and religion. Yet the individualist may become socially abnoxious because of his selfishness or his self-assurance. Here again it is possible to find illustrations in plenty, two of which suggest themselves at the present time.

First, there is the self-appointed or officially appointed leader in religion. He is always sure of himself and equally sure that others are wrong. He may be spokesman for the millions of India, turbaned leader of the armies of Mohammed, worker in the sacred orders that support the Papacy, or enthusiast for some little group of worshippers who magnify a little truth until it becomes all. These would all be open to ridicule were it not that they come into conflict with one another and thus upset the peace of mankind. To begin with Christianity as practised by all of its adherents combined does not set forth all the possibilities of religion. There are doubtless great truths held by its Divine Founder that have not yet been grasped by any, and it is possible that among non-Christians there are virtues practised which appeal to the Master as more in line with His thought and practice than those which Christians tend to exalt in their formulæ and their deeds. It is very natural that in matters of religion people should take themselves seriously, for religion not only has its roots in the heart, but connects people with their ancestry, and in most cases relates the present life to the life hereafter. But the enthusiast is wrong in endeavoring to make his views of the truth in all details prevail with others, for one's religion must be part of his life. It cannot be plastered on nor hammered in. No two can be exactly alike in belief and practice any more than they can be alike in bodily features, in temperament and in natural mental power. The attempt to produce uniformity is a crime against Nature. The assumption by any individual or group that the oracles of God are committed to a chosen self-assertive few is both unwarranted and un-Godlike.

Then there is national self-assurance. In its extreme form it is most objectionable. It manifests itself in boasting and braggadocio, and usually the self-praise centres in some military hero or military exploit. There is something magnificent in the stories of Greece, Rome, Britain, France and other great nations, and men and women today do well to recall some of the deeds of their forefathers, but there is something altogether repellent in the attitude of one nation which claims world-superiority because of its wealth, or another which claims it because of its form of government, or another because of its natural resources. There is on earth no greatest people. Each nation, like each individual and each religious group has something commendable and something of which it might be ashamed. When the Christian ideal is realized, the nation that is greatest will be that which is giving most for the benefit of others. Therein lies the opportunity of Canada. The last may be first. Excellence never exalts itself nor boasts.

Anyone who follows this will understand that among the needs of the world today are tolerance and free trade relations. The first works against self-assurance.

Life Building

HEREDITY, environment and effort—to these three men owe their standing in the world.

The influence of heredity is observed in the extremes of genius and inferiority. Both of these seem to some degree to be transferable. From parents mentally and morally weak, typified by the Jukes and the Kallikaks, have come generations of weak-minded and incompetent descendants, and from high-minded and cultured parents like Jonathan Edwards and his noble partner have sprung generations of men and women who have figured as leaders in every honorable calling. There are names in Canada that will live

forever. The virtues of the sire are reproduced in his sons, the graces of the mother in her daughters.

The influence of environment upon mankind has been observed by many. The children of the mountain are strong and independent, as immovable in their convictions as the everlasting hills, the children of the plain are prosaic, unimaginative and less likely to be swayed by passion; town and country breed different types, and even in the town the children of the slums have not the same characteristics as those who live in the finer residential sections. A man's environment enters his very being, dominates him, colors his speech, his manner, and shapes his ideals and habits.

Yet one may rise above heredity and environment. The beautiful water lily grows out of the slime; the crawling caterpillar becomes the marvellous many-colored moth. So there are those who have made sport of fortune and who have taken as their motto: "We shall find a way or make it." Man never shows himself so manlike and so Godlike as when he wills to succeed.

In nation-building it would be foolish to overlook the possibilities of hereditary weakness. Canada, while friendly with all nations, must admit to membership only those who are not morally tainted. There are some nations so tainted. Then it is justified in excluding the feeble-minded, whose progeny would likely be sub-normal. Above all should a country make it impossible for those of low mentality to procreate. Feeble-mindedness and insanity are not lessening, nor will they lessen until the same care is experienced with humans as with animals. The study of Eugenics is not a fad, but a necessity.

Nor can any nation overlook the influence of environment upon its people. Canada is particularly fortunate that its physical beauties far exceed those of any other country in the world. Lakes, rivers, plains, mountains, wooded areas, natural parks—there is nothing finer on earth. It takes only time and patience to make her cities and towns equally renowned. Nor need they have in those slum districts which disfigure the older centres of population. There is another environment, however, that affects the life of men and women—the social and educational. The lives of people are moulded by their reading, their theatres and places of amusement. It is for Canadians to patronize and encourage only the highest. We cannot afford to accept low standards no matter what their origin, and long for the day when the leaders in literature, art and drama will be those of our own nationality.

From heredity and environment we turn to men and women directly. They are what they choose to be. They achieve when they work.

It is generally recognized that growing boys and girls of Canadian-born parents do not exert themselves in school or out of it as do the young people who are born in new-Canadian families. In twenty years the newcomers will be in control on their merits. Anyone can understand how this state of affairs has come about. In one case work has been a necessity, in the other it has not. Schools, universities, places of business tell the same story. There is, however, an excellence that is not measured by willingness to work. Some of the best workers have a moral twist, and that is a matter for very serious consideration. If the most assertive and industrious people in the nation are lacking in moral stamina, then is all hope gone. It is for those who believe in the ultimate triumph of truth and goodness to put forth every effort to encourage everywhere that righteousness which exalteth a nation.

Parenthood

"NEWSPAPERS and census reports tell us that divorce is a growing phenomenon; that juvenile delinquency jumps by leaps and bounds; that crime is increasing; that venereal disease is everywhere prevalent; that infant mortality is a blot on modern civilization."

We allow the gruesome details of abnormal life to come to us through the newspapers and periodicals, but if a few brave souls try to tell the truth where it might well be told—to college students in the science class-room, they are dismissed. Young people today need sex education in the worst way, and the difficulty is, no one is prepared to give it. Parents cannot do it, schools cannot, the churches cannot. Mr. Kimball in *The World Tomorrow* makes a suggestion that the State might undertake the task:

If the church or the school cannot completely take over this important function, what shall be said for the state? It would seem that the state, given the cordial and intelligent support of the church through its various religious branches, could establish bureaus, clinics and other agencies which should maintain a scientific and trained staff of research workers and students to study problems of sex-life, the social effects and implications. They should be given the same friendly support and interest that is now accorded industrial chemists, athletes, explorers and inventors.

These agencies should be accessible at all times to anyone seeking information other than what would be included in their regular publications. They should give definite courses from time to time as do extension departments of colleges and universities. Furthermore, they should conduct bureaus of information devoted to the interests of parents and prospective parents.

Aviation in Canada

CANADA might well be dubbed Icarus, for as a pioneer in the development of civil aviation she has no peer. She has more light aeroplane clubs and, in consequence, better facilities for instructing the citizens in the art of flying than any other country in the world. Not only so, but the Dominion boasts of no fewer than fifty-three firms which are now operating aircraft. According to figures which have just been collected, they made 75,285 flights between them last year as compared with a mere 16,748 in 1927 and 4,755 in 1926. The sum of the performances in 1928 ran to well over one and a half million miles and the uses to which the aeroplanes were put constitute in themselves an epitome of flying progress.—*Dublin Mail*.

Roads and Travel

IN THESE days of travel one of the greatest needs in Western Canada is good roads. The cost of building these is so great that progress is necessarily slow. This year, however, all the provinces are completing the trunk lines and grading the approaches as rapidly as possible. Next year will see more travel than ever, and where gravel is newly-laid there will be more accidents than ever. Side by side with road-building should come regulations governing travel. First of all, cars that are on main thoroughfares should be able to present clearance cards. Brakes, lights, tires should be in good condition. This is necessary for the occupants of the cars and for the safety of the public. Then, a reasonable rate of speed—say 45 miles per hour—should be set down as the legal rate in long stretches of good all-weather road. Those travelling beyond this and getting into trouble should have no protection in courts. The risk should be their own. A third necessity is that headlights should be dimmed on public thoroughfares. There is no need for them, and they cause three-fourths of the accidents that occur. It is exasperating to a man to run into an object when he is blinded by some reckless driver who is approaching him with full lights turned on. Finally, the law of the road which demands that one keep to the right or swerve to the right when a faster vehicle is coming from behind, should be observed. A road-hog should keep to the side-roads or suffer inconvenience for his loitering. The regulations in Western cities are needlessly complex. They have more to do with parking space than with rules of travel. It is time there was sensible revision.



Glowing lovely skin, eyes that sparkle, a radiant compelling smile — what are these but the mirrors of clean internal health? The fastidious, successful women of today know how to avoid the damaging effects of clogged intestines.

Fleischmann's Yeast is made in Canada by Canadians

Millions of active yeast plants . . the simple way famous doctors recommend

TODAY'S swift competition leaves little room for the woman who permits intestinal poisons to cloud her brain and dull her beautiful vitality.

Doctors now estimate that fully nine out of ten of our common ills come from constipation. To combat constipation and its related ailments they urge a simple, natural food—fresh yeast.

Each cake of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast contains millions of tiny, active yeast plants. Daily, as these plants pass through your body, they successfully check the formation and spread of harmful intestinal poisons and purify your whole system.

The glow of your normal health and energy quickly returns when constipation is gone! Skin troubles, digestion troubles, headaches and "nerves" disappear. How wonderful just to be alive! •

This is the simple modern way to vigor

of body and clearness of mind—the way world-famous doctors recommend. Start today to eat yeast if you would know the happiness of boundless, beautiful health!

Regularly, every day, eat three cakes of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast, one before or between meals. Eat it plain or in water, cold or as hot as is pleasant to drink. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Write for booklet. Health Research Dept. S-14, The Fleischmann Company, 1449 St. Alexander St., Montreal, Quebec.

• •
"Yeast relieves constipation by stimulating the intestine, not by irritating it," says DR. GEORGE PARRISH, well-known physician and Health Officer of Los Angeles, California.

Director of a famous Berlin hospital, DR. PAUL REYHER, says, "Yeast stimulates the appetite, regulates metabolism and builds resistance."



"Yeast regulates the intestines and is especially used in disorders of the skin," says DR. GASTON LYON (above), Laureate of the Academy of Medicine of Paris.

The "Dope" Traffic in Canada

ANYONE in search of reading matter bristling with thrills, punch and startling information of intense interest, can scarcely do better than peruse the just-issued report of Col. C. H. L. Sharman of the Narcotics Division of the Department of Health at Ottawa, in which are recorded the facts and figures relating to the drug traffic in Canada, and its control, during the past year.

Novelists and short-story writers will find therein, thickening on every page, a perfect gold mine of "plot" material; clergymen will not have far to seek for texts for innumerable sermons; medical men, lawyers and the police of all parts of Canada will benefit by the many interesting sidelights thrown on their respective professions; the druggists from coast to coast cannot fail to find here matters of vital interest to their craft; reformers will register delight at the stiff sentences being handed out by an aroused "Bench" to "dope" traffickers, and will seize upon much hot stuff in the report with which to further stoke the fires of propaganda; while the average reader's eyes are likely to gleam with excitement at the tales of duplicity, piracy, rapacity, criminality and frenzied finance told of the Oriental or other trader in narcotic drugs in this country. There is a lot of blue-ruin stuff in this Blue Book, but no one can reproach it with a dull page.

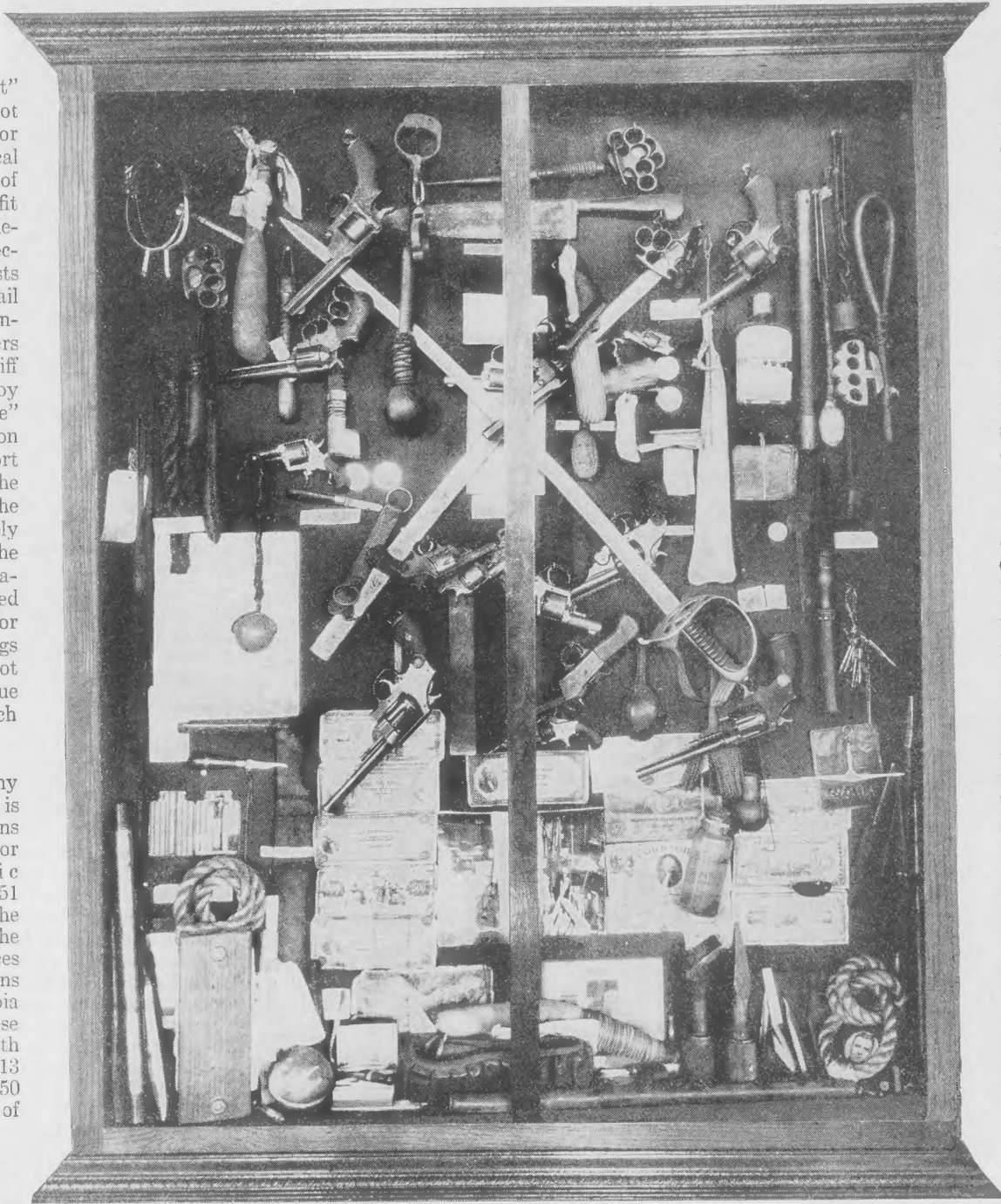
THE figures alone offer many arresting angles. It is shown that of 490 convictions obtained during the year for infractions of the Narcotic Drugs Act, no less than 351 involved Chinese offenders, the gentry of this race being in the preponderance in all provinces save Manitoba. Convictions registered in British Columbia totalled 291 with 253 Chinese offenders; Quebec had 99 with 37 Chinese; Saskatchewan 13 with 10 Chinese, Ontario 50 with 37 Chinese, Alberta 22 of whom 17 were Chinese, and Manitoba 12 with only 3 Chinamen. Of all these offenders 459 were men and 31 women, 102 were British or American, there were 24 French, four Italians, two Polish, one Russian, three Jews, two Hindus and one negro besides the Orientals already mentioned.

The report points out that in dealing with the illicit traffic in drugs one of the greatest difficulties encountered formerly lay in the fact that the Federal Department had shouldered the whole administration, local as well as national, of the Opium and Narcotic Drugs Act. But since 1927, when an arrangement was made between that department and the various bodies of provincial and municipal police whereby the latter now handle all the smaller narcotic offenders such as the street deck peddler, the keepers of opium joints, or the frequenters of such places, and the Federal Department has been thus enabled to follow its present effective policy of concentrating on the larger cases which are of interprovincial or international character, and on those big "higher-up" offenders who are today the object of intensive observation and prosecution.

"It was realized," states the report, "that some cases required the expenditure of considerable money, which the previously calculated budgets of local police

Government Report for 1928 Contains Many Thrilling Tales About the Big Bosses in the Trade in Narcotic Drugs Caught During the Year. Figures Show That of 490 Convictions for Infractions of Law, 351 Involved Chinese Offenders.

By Anne Anderson Perry



A few exhibits which compose part of the large museum of the Winnipeg City Police

forces were not prepared to assume and it was therefore arranged that if, in the course of keeping their streets or territory clear of the small peddler, municipal police forces encountered an unexpectedly big case, or one in which the various processes of appeal or Habeas Corpus were invoked, the department, as a temporary measure would furnish, on request and free of cost, trained legal assistance to represent the Crown in such instances. Similarly a great improvement was effected by the employment, so far as possible, of lawyers who would specialize on narcotic work, for it can readily be realized that in many of the larger cases money is no object on the part of the prisoner when the evasion of a penitentiary sentence is his aim, and every possible process of law is resorted to in order to gain his freedom."

THE connection of the Chinese with the narcotic situation in Canada is by no means limited, as is repeatedly shown, to operating or frequenting the opium joint. It extends to the trafficking in not only opium, but in heroin, morphine and cocaine, and often

on a very large scale. Among the numerous tales in the report touching many of these big Oriental traders none is of more interest than that of Lim Gim, a naturalized Canadian of Vancouver, a "big boss," who was president of a large importing house, a man of far-reaching financial interests, and a "dope" bootlegger.

The tale of his operations in the latter regard led the police of the United States and Canada a long, exciting chase from Detroit to Montreal, then to Vancouver and to Seattle before this rich, clever and wily Chinaman was finally run to earth. Lim Gim was leader of a gang of narcotic operators who had been known for years as such, but on whom it had been found hitherto impossible to get any evidence of the fact. Lim Gim had been twice arrested but never convicted and in 1927 was still going strong. His gang used two fast motor boats owned by Lim in their international smuggling operations, but it was not until certain arrests were made in the summer of 1927 in Detroit that any real light was shed on the ramifications of Lim Gim's continent-wide business.

It was found that the source of the opium concerned in the case in Detroit was Montreal, where a careful investigation was made through the combined forces of a special agent from the United States, officers of the Royal North West Mounted Police and local officials. When the Montreal focus was uncovered it was found that it was a mere depot and that the real place of origin was Vancouver. The Montreal hunt was then temporarily abandoned and the search moved to the Pacific Coast. The methods used in Vancouver Chinatown to reach Lim Gim are not disclosed, for very obvious reasons, but through the very cautious use of unsuspected intermediaries therein, the special operative loaned to the Canadian Department by the United States — one of their best men — was finally introduced to Lim as a large opium trafficker from New York. He expressed a desire to buy two hundred tins, over \$10,000 worth of the genuine Lem Kee opium to take back to his market in the East. Lim Gim displayed in this and subsequent

conversations, a thorough knowledge of the various operators on the Atlantic seaboard, in both the United States and Canada, but stated that although he was the man of "the big connection" on the Pacific Coast, he was unable to supply so much Lem Kee opium. He said:

"We are having a bad time getting it off the boats now. Sometimes we get it out of the water and sometimes not. The law is pretty tough now. I could have had 700 cans which are now in the water at Seattle, but the Seattle connection bid higher for the goods so I let them have it. I get more calls for Lem Kee from the States. I sell more of my No. 2 here, which is a very good trade, about eighty per cent. as good as Lem Kee. I have direct wires pulling in Hong Kong and have the first option on any stuff coming from China. That is how I know that 700 tins have gone to Seattle. About fifteen years ago I was in partnership with three other men (whose names were given). At that time I had the market cornered in opium both in the United States and Canada as I used to do all the buying and nobody got any opium

except through us. We broke up two years later, each making \$20,000."

And after other disclosures which the report finds it inadvisable to retail, Lim continues: "I sold one hundred cans of opium three weeks ago to a fellow from Frisco and he liked it very well. It was No. 2. About the same time a Chinaman from the East bought one hundred and fifty cans. There is no chance for you to get Lem Kee opium when I haven't got it. You couldn't get 200 cans of any kind of stuff from anybody but me, I control it all on the Pacific Coast."

Lim Gim arranged to do business under the name of Charles B. Young, a code was agreed on for use in letters and telegrams and real business began. Later, shown a telegram purporting to come from the operative's partner ordering—when decoded—seventy-five cans of Lem Kee opium which were to be shipped within a week via Seattle, Lim Gim entered into a bargain to smuggle 10 cans of No. 2 opium to that city for trans-shipment by express to New York, as this was the only quality of drug available.

"It will be appreciated," says the report, "that it was extremely difficult to win the confidence of this big operator and to get him to do business in person, but the prospect of a big order immediately, with others to follow, probably induced him."

On the following night the operative visited Lim Gim in his store and paid him for the 10 cans which were to be delivered the following morning, the reason given for this early delivery being: "The law is all in court (at that time). It is the best time." Lim Gim made delivery himself and showed the purchaser how to wrap the tins so that they would get past the customs. He then placed two tins in each of his customer's pockets and promised to see him the following week. During this transaction the operative was carefully shadowed, and all money used was marked.

From Seattle the operative wrote Lim Gim in the agreed code and received a reply which read in part as follows: "Mr. A. B. Smith is now in town. He is ready to do business at any time. Let me know soon as Mr. Smith is going away shortly." This message indicated that two hundred cans of opium were ready. A wire and letter were sent stating the deal would be put through the following Sunday or Monday. The wire was duly traced—by Vancouver authorities—to Lim Gim's store and a fake telegram, purporting to be from the New York partner, was sent to Lim to satisfy him that the Eastern people were content with

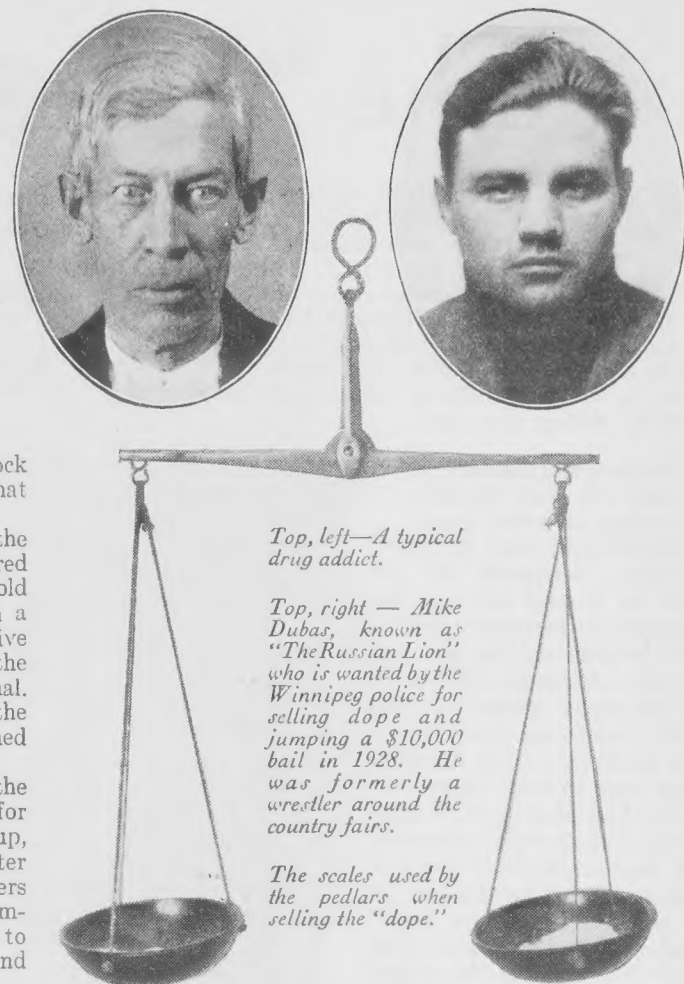
New York telegram with the original price quoted refused to lower the price. At an interview later the same evening he discussed in great detail narcotic conditions in New York and the recent seizure of 1,070 cans of opium on a Blue Funnel boat in Seattle, over which he was much worried. On this occasion he was paid \$1,100 for twenty cans of opium to be delivered the following morning and accepted the money. Next day the store was surrounded by officers in concealment, who were to rush in on receiving a pre-arranged signal from the operative, who was to get the opium, pay a balance of \$50 and then summon them. A minute and thirty seconds were allowed as time enough for the officers to surround the place and block both exits after the signal—a tipping of the hat—was given.

The operative entered Lim Gim's store at the arranged hour and very shortly he appeared from the upstairs sleeping apartments. He told the purchaser to take the twenty tins from a barrel which he indicated. This the operative did; then walked casually to the front of the store where he gave the pre-arranged signal. Then he followed Lim Gim to the back of the store to pay the \$50, and having accomplished this, told him he was under arrest.

"What! My God! My God!" yelled the Oriental, and then quick as a flash rushed for the waste-basket, seized a paper and tore it up, then made for the upstairs, where he was later found in a bed not his own, with the covers over his head. A thorough search of the premises disclosed the torn pieces of the letter sent to "Charles B. Young," the \$50 marked bill and the \$1,100, also in marked money.

Lim Gim was sentenced at the next assizes to four years in the penitentiary and a fine of \$1,000. As he was a naturalized Canadian he could not be deported, and because of a petition which the trial magistrate described as "wonderfully worded and signed by people I cannot ignore"—powerful business connections of Lim's in Vancouver, presumably—he was not given the maximum of seven years.

He appealed the case, of course, and the Govern-



Top, left—A typical drug addict.

Top, right — Mike Dubas, known as "The Russian Lion" who is wanted by the Winnipeg police for selling dope and jumping a \$10,000 bail in 1928. He was formerly a wrestler around the country fairs.

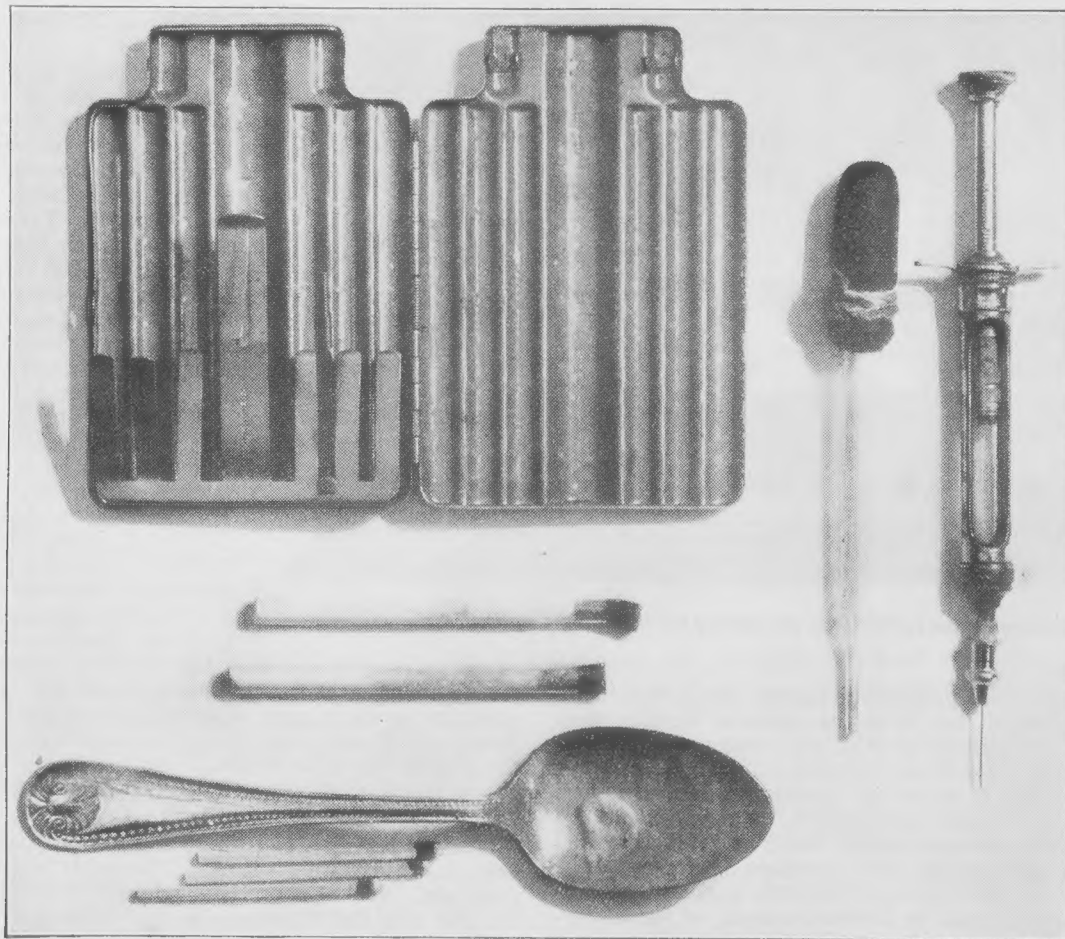
The scales used by the pedlars when selling the "dope."

the extreme penalty of seven years and should pay a fine of \$1,000 in each case. He is today serving his time in New Westminster and it is apparent from even so bare an outline of his history as a "dope" merchant in a large way, that the machinery which has to be put in operation to successfully cope with this or the many other big traffickers, whether Chinese or white, must be manned by men of brains, patience and skill; men, too, who can command expenditures of size.

IN VIEW of the fact that in connection with the sensational murder of a young Scottish domestic in Vancouver at about the period of Lim Gim's downfall, much gossip connected it with the "white" end of the drug traffic at the Coast, it would have been interesting to know something of the "great" names which so impressed the trial judge on the petition in this case. But no information is given on this point in the report. However, as a result of the clever apprehension of Lim Gim, one of his agents in Montreal, a certain E.F., who through several arrests in the West had been shown to be connected with some large opium deals, was also entangled in the police net spread for him, was induced to sell \$1,100 worth of the drug, took the marked money and at the time of delivery was arrested and was later sentenced to twelve months in jail.

In Toronto G.H., another trafficker considered to be the largest in the retail trade in the city, a man possessed of a long criminal record, was made the subject of a very careful investigation spread over many weeks. When, finally, an addict was seen to leave his premises, he was arrested and a complete search made of the house. The eventual touching of a button on the top of a bureau disclosed a secret drawer which contained no less than eighty-nine decks of morphine and cocaine with \$375 in money. G.H. was tried and sent to jail for two years, where he died. Later his wife was caught conducting the business at the old stand and was sent down for six months, with a fine of \$600 after search had shown another large cache of narcotics hidden in a hollow beam in the cellar of the house.

In another city—not specified—it was learned by the police that an American horse trader, a well-known sportsman who visited Canada several times a year, was in the habit of selling narcotics on such visits. An investigation on both sides of the line which lasted over a year resulted finally in an operative succeeding in purchasing narcotic drugs from this man and in arranging for a much larger supply. The source of his supplies was found to be in the United States, and after another purchase from him had been completed and evidence secured he was arrested with the marked money in his possession. In his rooms were found considerable quantities of drugs, a pistol and correspondence as to [Continued on page 34]



A drug addicts' "compact." The "dope" is carried in the small glass tubes, as shown above. A small quantity is deposited in a spoon and melted by holding a lighted match under same. This is then taken up by the syringe and injected into the arm by the needle attached. When an addict has misplaced his needle it is quite a common practice to use an ordinary fountain pen filler, often a broken one to jab the flesh, or even a safety pin is sometimes used to make an opening for the fountain pen filler.

the sample forwarded. The operative then returned to Vancouver and telephoned Lim—listened to on extension—a meeting was arranged for the same night and was accomplished. On this occasion Lim raised the price \$10 a can and although shown the

ment then filed a cross-petition against the lightness of the sentence in the case of so big a trafficker. The decision of the Court of Appeal, which is given at length in the report, and which is of great interest to the legal profession, was that Lim Gim should suffer

Checkmate From China

By A. Ermatinger Fraser

Illustrated by
J. Clymer



MacLachlan, to whom chess, ever since he could remember, had been the one recreation in which he delighted, was so absorbed in the joy of the contest that he half forgot the critical stake for which he played

THE windows of Chan Wing Kai's shop on Pender Street

East had a fascinating lure, with their store of porcelain and red lacquer, carved beads and rare old ivory. But the two who lingered on the pavement, deep in conversation, cast not a single glance at the Oriental treasures displayed before them. The young man had weightier matters to consider than artistic values, and the girl knew every article in the windows by heart; indeed, she had arranged them there herself early that morning. Swinging gently her strapped books, she looked much like some thousand other Vancouver High School girls. Her loose raincoat was open, revealing a spotless white middie and blue serge skirt, and her little feet were clad in tan silk stockings and neat low-heeled brogues. In the mild February air she wore no hat; and the heavy black braids wound round her head, the almond-shaped eyes and pale olive skin showed that she was Chinese, while the delicate oval of face and small regular features indicated superior stock. Even to critical Western eyes, she was pretty, in a sort of exotic way.

Her usually unruffled composure was interrupted by an expression of faint perplexity, as she listened to the low, rapid words of her tall, grave-looking companion. He was a man of some twenty-six years, with the deep-set eyes of the mystic and the thin, high-bridged nose of the militant dreamer. There was neither passion nor admiration in his glance, yet Malcolm MacLachlan was explaining lucidly to Iris Chan that he desired her to marry him.

"May I come this evening and speak to your grandfather?" he demanded.

The girl hesitated slightly. "It is the eve of our New Year," she said. "All our people are expected to receive guests that night. But still, my grandfather is old and quiet. Not many will come to our dwelling."

As he looked up and down the street, he saw, indeed, that Chinatown was preparing its festal array. Many balconies and archways displayed the Five-Color banner of the Republic. Shop-windows were filled with models of pagodas, and dragons and lions innocent in red, orange, or white sugar. Children were already sending off fire-crackers, and queer, high-pitched music was issuing from some of the chop-suey houses. But MacLachlan had made up his mind. Raising his hat, he bade the girl good-bye. "I shall come tonight, then," he said. She went inside; he walked rapidly down towards the wharves.

Out to the end of the pier for the West Vancouver Ferry he strode, and flung himself down on a bench, gazing abstractedly out to sea. That was settled,

then. He hoped soon to fulfil his early dream of going to China as a missionary, and a Chinese wife, intelligent, educated, and well-bred, would, he thought, be of incalculable assistance. He was following in the path set by the great missionary, McKay of Formosa. Surely, in no other way would he be able to win the confidence of his future people towards a foreigner. But his dreaming face grew sweet and stern at once. There were memories which henceforth must be as though they had never been. His thoughts darted back a year ago to Knox College days. Those things were definitely over. No Canadian girl brought up in comfort and even luxury could be fitted for the life of sacrifice to which he felt himself called. Nay, what mattered any sacrifice if he were strong to win "the prize of the high calling of God"? It did not occur to this noble, arbitrary, young masculine soul that his decision might include perhaps two involuntary girl victims for the sacrifice.

PURPLE FLOWER as her Chinese name literally meant, was meantime preparing her grandfather's simple evening meal. Rice, beautifully cooked, stewed chicken, and candied ginger, were served in small azure porcelain bowls of the translucent "grain-of-rice" pattern, and, after fragrant amber tea had been poured into cups of quaintly-designed, dull rose and green ware of old Canton, all were carefully set upon a low table of black teak, skilfully carved, which was placed beside her grandfather's chair. Chan Wing Kai was an old man, spare and bowed. His face, the tint of antique ivory, was keenly intelligent, and, as he watched his grand-daughter, a benevolent and tender smile hovered about his thin lips.

He spoke to her during their meal for the most part in the Chinese of upper-class Canton, occasionally dropping into English, more precise and literary than that of the ordinary Canadian conversation.

her ancestors of a couple of generations back who had obtained the coveted official rank denoted as mandarin of the sapphire button. Her grandfather was a merchant of some wealth, and there was no need of her school-girl life that was not immediately and amply supplied. Iris possessed an alert mind and a strong memory; hence her studies were a pleasure to her. But she was the only Chinese girl in the matriculation class at her school, and she often felt curiously shut off—aloof from the others. They did not appear to dislike her; she could not say that the girls and boys were uncivil to her. But, being a very human maiden, born in Vancouver, educated in the public schools, and a member of one of the city Sunday-Schools, she would have liked so much not to be quietly left out of most of the fun of High School days. Of course, she could attend meetings of the various "activities," but no one ever mentioned her for any office or committee. At that great event known as the "Matric Dance," she had had a new dress just like those of the other girls, and her grandfather had ordered Kwong Yuen to get a taxi to take her. But no one asked her to dance, except one or two of the teachers who took pity occasionally, and complimented her, too, on her quick, light step. The teachers were usually pleasant to her. Yet, passing in the hall a few days later, she had heard one say: "What a nuisance to have that little Chink come at the head of the class so often"! Iris Chen pondered these things much, under her share of that national self-control and inbred courtesy which make part of the reason why the more hasty Westerner considers the Chinese "inscrutable."

Chan Wing Kai gathered from stray words his grand-daughter's feeling. "Dear child," the old man said: "do not let these things trouble you. It is because many of these Westerners are really so very ignorant of our ancient civilization; they have never

"Has Kwong Yuen returned from the University yet"? he asked, glancing into the shop from the rear sitting-room where they sat at supper. "I desired him to assist me in business this evening, if visitors should come in."

"He will be here soon," the girl replied. "He promised to show me how to do my geometry, and Kwong Yuen always keeps his word promptly."

Her thoughts went back to High School, and to her strange history teacher—so grave and earnest, so unusually kind to her. Iris Chan's race-pride was strong; it had been fostered by her grandfather's conversation and by reading with him of the ancient Chinese poetic literature. She knew her family was one of some distinction in their own land; there were two among

heard of our great poets and philosophers; they are not able to tell our rare fine arts from the cheap crude things of the factories. Moreover, many of them do not sincerely believe their own religion."

IRIS CHAN had enough of the philosophic spirit of her race to be somewhat consoled by her grandfather's words; she also reflected that Kwong Yuen would take her to the next meeting of the Young China Social and Debating Society, and that she could certainly depend upon enjoying herself thoroughly upon that occasion.

Mr. MacLachlan, her history teacher, was different from other Canadians, Iris thought. He only came to the High School for half a day, because he was finishing his studies at the Theological College. He knew that China was a great country; indeed, he told the class once of its ancient civilization—"When all British people were painted savages." He had lent her books sometimes, and had often talked with her, practising hesitatingly the Chinese which he was studying. But those were strange words of his today! He did not seem to know that no well-bred Chinese girl herself discusses the question of marriage with the man concerned. That would be suitably settled for her by Grandfather when it was the proper time. Still, ah, what would the other students say if they should come to know that Mr. MacLachlan, whom most of them rather admired, wished to be betrothed to Iris Chen?

Thus she meditated, sitting on a low stool by her grandfather's chair, and gazing unseeingly at the pages of her history textbook. Perhaps she had better speak.

"My history teacher said he would come to talk with you tonight."

"Is anything needed for you at school? Surely he has no fault to find?" Chan Wing Kai raised his eyes from the verses of his favorite poet, Po-Chui.

"No" . . . she hesitated. "Grandfather, he says that he wishes to marry me."

There was no word of reply for an instant; not a muscle of the old face indicated surprise, although the eyes narrowed sharply. But the silk-bound, rice-paper pages of the Oriental poet's work fluttered to the floor. Then the question came incisively:

"What has led an outsider to desire a girl of the House of Chen?"

"Grandfather, do not be displeased. He is a good man and very kind. He wishes to go as a missionary to our land of China."

"He need not travel so far away, nor learn another tongue, to find those who require the preaching of the mission. Purple Flower, do you desire to go from your home with this foreigner?" He looked keenly at her.

"I do not know. Since I was left a little orphan child, you have been father and mother to me. It shall be as you say, my grandfather."

At this moment Kwong Yuen, a well-built, well-dressed young man, entered the outer shop and came to ask for some directions. There was a clever, humorous twinkle in his black eyes behind large, shell-rimmed glasses, and an honest, genial expression on his broad face. Through the open door came the increasingly loud echo of New Year's festivities—shrill music, high-pitched singing and talking, and the loud popping of the fire-crackers.

"Big crowd in the streets tonight," he said. "Plenty city people, too. Perhaps some University boys, I think."

THE throng, indeed, was surging along the streets of Chinatown. Some few of the inhabitants were adorned for the anniversary in silken coats of bright colors and close-fitting trousers, but most wore the same sort of clothing as other citizens of Vancouver. Here and there might be seen the dark, melancholy, grotesque faces of the native Indians—the Siwash trudging ahead, his Klootchman, with a gaudy shawl over her head, meekly following her lord. Occasionally a couple of Sikhs,

tall, black-turbaned, and bearded, cut their way through the crowd with haughty indifference. Curious groups, mostly tourists, Canadian or American, mingled with the noisy Oriental multitude. In front of Chan Wing Kai's shop two people detached themselves from the crowd and stopped to look in at the window-display. One was a young man of the Royal North-West Mounted Police—very dashing in his rolled broad hat, scarlet coat, and dark breeches with the outer yellow stripe. The girl beside him was well dressed in that simple manner so much more expensive than frills. Helen Sargent was scarcely pretty; but here was a face worth looking at again and again, to find, as the old poem has it:

*"A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face. . . ."*

Her brother Rupert held her arm affectionately. He had not seen this only sister since he had joined "the Force" nearly two years ago, until yesterday, when she had arrived from Toronto to make a visit in Vancouver.

"Come alongside, Sis," he advised. "Nothing but queer old junk in these windows." Helen Sargent laughed.

"Just the same old barbarian as ever! Don't you know that some of that porcelain looks like Ming? And those magnificent jade beads! Oh, and the chessmen! Do stop a minute, Rupert."

"I'll buy a better string of beads tomorrow in Birks or Hudson's Bay. I can't see anything worth-while in this Chink-looking collection."



*The throng, indeed,
was surging along
the streets of
Chinatown*

She pulled his arm. "Do look at those carved ivory chessmen. Wouldn't Uncle be delighted with them? Do you see they have elephants instead of castles? They must be very, very old."

We'll miss the fireworks if we don't get on a bit . . . I'll take a squint at the chessmen on the way back if you think the old boy would really like them. You'll soon be getting as dippy about Chinese things as that

tall fellow was who used to skate with you the last winter I was in Toronto."

The off-hand question that Helen framed was not necessary. She had not forgotten, but she tried to ask casually:

"Whom are you talking of, Rupert? One would suppose that I only skated with one person."

"So far as I remember, Sis, you skated a jolly lot more with this one person than with anybody else. A Mac—something-or-other. One of the 'divinities' from Knox College. The chap's around here now."

That, Helen had not known, and the fact interested her more than she desired that her younger brother should guess.

Her acquaintance with Malcolm MacLachlan had been on the footing of intimate friendship, and, she had thought, something deeper. She had been proud to feel that a man of such high ideals, such earnestness of faith, had begun to love her. Perhaps her vanity had deceived her. Still, she was no inexperienced girl, but a woman of twenty-five, and well accustomed to be popular in social intercourse. Her last word from him had been a hurried telephone call, telling her that his father was very ill; that he must leave for Glengarry at once. And since—silence. Others had mentioned that after the father's death, there was no further money for university expenses, and that Malcolm had gone out west somewhere.

Hurt pride, unrequited tenderness, deep heart-searching that Helen had gallantly stifled for a year, came in rapid waves through her mind, as she walked on with her brother. Presently she remarked in an indifferent tone:

"I suppose you mean Malcolm MacLachlan? Have you met him in Vancouver?"

"Met him? No, nor don't intend to. And see here, Sis, if you come across him anywhere, forget you ever knew him, will you? Take it from me, that chap's no good."

Her eyes flashed. "That is something that I do not believe. MacLachlan is a man of honor and character."

Her brother shrugged his shoulders and slapped his high boot with his light cane.

"My dear girl, a man in the 'Scarlet Riders' gets to know a thing or two," he said loftily. "I can tell you I've had to watch certain parts of Chinatown for suspicious smuggling cases, and I've seen that man more than once hanging about, and being mighty friendly with some Chinese girl. And if you think that doesn't look shady, especially for a Theologue!—well, you would, if you knew a little more of the real world."

"It would take much proof to make me believe that Malcolm MacLachlan was connected with anything 'shady' in any way whatever," said Helen quietly. She was not going to debate against the cocksure audacity

of Rupert's twenty years, and so changed the subject, saying:

"Oh, do let us look again at that beautiful set of ivory chessmen on our way back. We might at least find out the price."

THE subject of their conversation had, during the same hour, been tramping back and forth along Hastings Street. The memories that MacLachlan had so resolutely decided to put aside would not be so summarily dealt with. Many a time in the past year he had told himself that he must think no more of Helen Sargent. He had spoken no word of love to her; and, being a man of humble heart, he had never dared to assume that she favored him. In the old Scottish fashion he had from his childhood been "set aside for the ministry," and both parents, now dead, had reverently rejoiced when the ardent lad had aspired to missionary labor in China. No mediæval crusader ever strove more devoutly to go to Jerusalem than did this twentieth-century Canadian to fulfil his life-vocation. Now, he would be ordained and ready to sail for China in the spring, he thought. Surely, it was what he called "a leading," that he should have become acquainted with Iris Chan, who appeared so eminently suitable for his helpmate. But . . . Again, he had to press upon himself firmly that he had spoken to the girl; that there was now no drawing back [Continued on page 24]

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THE Speaker of the House

By R. J. Deachman

THE HON. RODOLPHE LEMIEUX, Speaker of the House of Commons, has had a most distinguished career. On few Canadians have greater honors fallen—the Speaker carries with dignity the distinctions he has received. Mr. Lemieux is a lawyer, a former partner of Hon. Honore Mercier and Sir Lomer Gouin, at one time Premier and later Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec. He is a natural journalist, writing in easy, fluent, accurate and harmonious French and English. He came first to the House of Commons in the days when Sir Wilfrid Laurier took charge and assembled the Cabinet of Talents. His ability was recognized by the Great Chieftain. He became Solicitor General in 1904, Postmaster General in 1906, later Minister of Labour, and Minister of Marine and Fisheries in 1911.

Mr. Lemieux was special envoy to Japan in 1907, a difficult and delicate mission. It involved the reduction of Japanese emigration to Canada. Inducing the Japanese, a proud people, conscious of their new-found place in world affairs, to limit the freedom of their own citizens to migrate to Canada, was a task for statesmanship. To anyone acquainted with the temper of the people of British Columbia on that question in the years 1907-1908, the satisfactory arrangement of Mr. Lemieux at the time seemed worthy of the highest praise. He was a real factor in maintaining satisfactory international relationships on the Pacific in the intervening years. The basis of settlement reached at that time, has since been maintained.

Mr. Lemieux represented the Dominion of Canada at the inauguration of the Parliament of the Union of South Africa in 1910. To that task his natural grace of speech and heritage of birth gave particular distinction. Mr. Lemieux, of course, is of French extraction, a descendant of those pioneers who laid the foundation of Canada before Wolfe and Montcalm decided the fate of half a continent on the Plains of Abraham. He, above all men, was best fitted to carry to South Africa a message of amity, unity and good will. There, less than a decade before, the fate of battles decided the destiny of a nation. There, as in Canada, peace and harmony was to follow the British plan of racial liberty and national self-expression.

Mr. Lemieux has, during the last few years, been to a large extent an unofficial ambassador of Canada to France. Lately he delivered a series of lectures in the Sorbonne University of Paris. There, his ability and eloquence has touched the French people, binding still closer the ties between Canada and France, the land where so many Canadians lie buried. Someone has said that every man has two mother countries, his native land

and France. If that is true of all men, how much more fully should it apply to Canadians?

WHEN the Liberals returned to power, Mr. Lemieux became Speaker of the House. The task is not an easy one. There are 244 men and a woman members of the House, to hold within the limits of reasonable restraint. Since 1921 there have been strong men in the House of Commons. Some have had tempers and still others have a finely-trained capacity for getting around the rules. There was one occasion in which a statement made by the Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen was ruled out of order. Quick as a flash he turned upon the Progressives against whom his words were at that time directed. "I ask," said he, "how the Honorable Gentlemen feel when they will cast their votes in such a way that I might not even describe it without coming under the condemnation of the rules of the House."

Sometimes a tempest arises. Front benchers will be on their feet, back benchers cheering and urging the leaders on. The scene becomes animated, watchers in the gallery wonder how order will be restored. Then the Speaker slowly rises, dignity in every movement—if he is moved by the scenes around him he does not reveal it. Calmly he proceeds to his task. It may be

that his effort consists in simply pointing out the rule in regard to the matter under dispute. He may pick up a copy of Bourinot and proceed to read in that calm, low modulated voice so familiar to the members of the House of Commons. Perhaps, at another time, a joke, a little touch of humor, settles the whole storm and the House returns to normal calm.

It is amazing how a contentious House may be brought to its senses by anything which tickles its funny-bone. On one occasion in the House, Mr. Hocken quoted a letter which he used to challenge some Government policy. Mr. Lapointe on the other side of the House insisted on reading the document but Mr. Hocken hesitated. There was delay, the Liberals claimed he was bound to lay it on the table,

the Conservatives contended he was not because it did not come from a public official of the Government. In the midst of the discussion the Member from Toronto West Centre (Mr. Hocken) agreed to hand it over to the Minister of Justice, but asked that he give his word that it would be returned. "Stands as an order for return," proclaimed the Speaker. The House roared with laughter. Everybody was satisfied,



The Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Speaker of the House of Commons

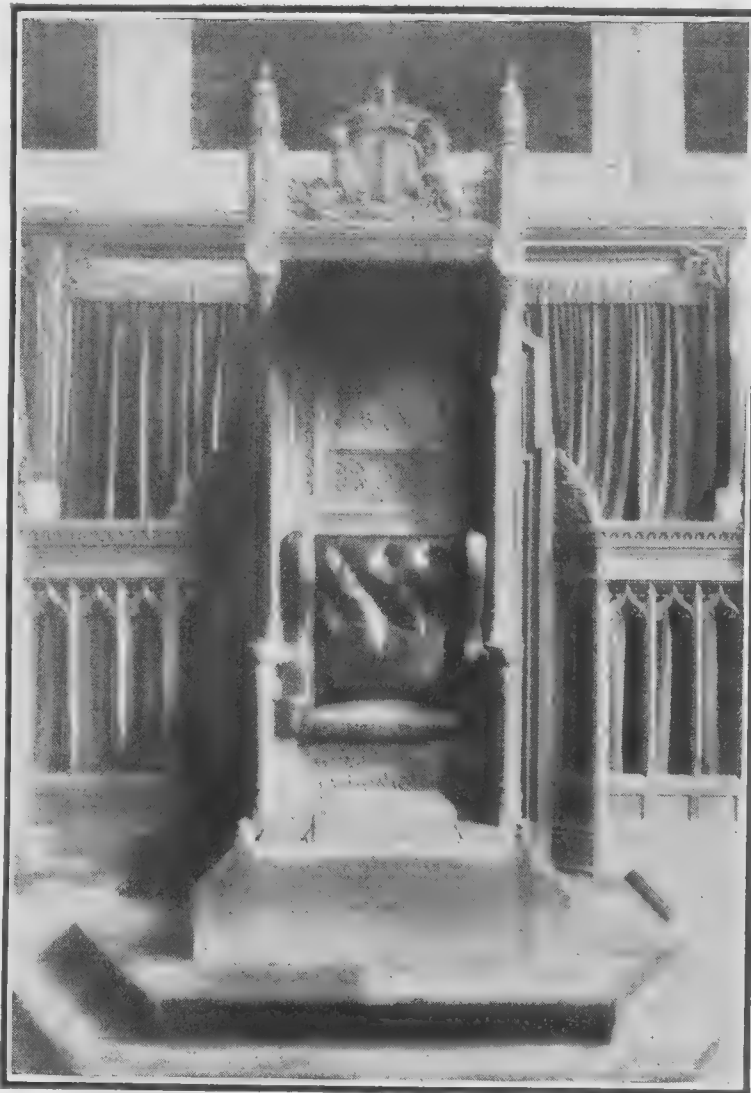
the storm quieted at once. Such things happen not infrequently. Men in Parliament will be at daggers drawn. It would seem as if physical violence were the only thing which could settle the dispute. Then comes a word of humor; the contending parties drop to their seats, the House laughs and business goes on just as before. Men, after all, are much like balky horses. A driver of a horse inclined to balk will sometimes start him on a peaceful way by lifting up the front foot and tapping the shoe with a stone. An amusing word thrown into a ring is often more quieting in its influence than pages of argument. Mr. Lemieux is well aware of the fact.

Many decisions given by the Speaker of the House of Commons are extremely important. A man occupying the position might wield a tremendous influence for good or evil by gradually insinuating the adoption of rules which might restrict the freedom of debate or hamper the power of the House of Commons to deal with questions in its own way. After all, our liberties are not guaranteed by a fixed constitution. Our method of doing things has grown upon us. Our inheritance is quite largely an inheritance of precedent.

IN ALL these things Mr. Lemieux has stood firmly for the broader freedom of the House of Commons. In 1923, the contention was raised that "the mountain scale" of freight rates—then an active public issue—could not be debated in the House because it was then before the Cabinet which had to decide whether or not the Railway Board decision should be approved. The contention was that it was sub judice. Mr. Lemieux refused to accede to this contention. He then said: "The traditional right of Parliament is the right of expression. Any grievance, any complaint, any motion can be aired in Parliament. It would be a breach against the ancient principle of the freedom of speech essential to every Legislature for the Speaker to prevent a debate on a matter because it is being considered by the Governor in Council and particularly in the present case, the hearing of which is being postponed on account of the Session and will only be resumed after prorogation. If there should be doubt lingering in my mind—but there is none—I would give the benefit of that doubt in favor of the broad principle of the supremacy of Parliament in all matters of public policy. I have come to the conclusion that the motion of the honorable gentleman is in order and I shall rule that debate thereon is allowed."

The position of the Speaker is extremely difficult. He acts in a judicial capacity. His decisions must be given without regard to views held by the Opposition or held by Members of the Government or Ministers of the Crown. There is perhaps a tendency in the party in power more than the Opposition to take exception to the decisions of the Speaker. This may not apply under the particular circumstances of the present time but the Government, especially after its return from election, is usually more aggressive, and besides there is a feeling existing in the minds of some Members who have not

[Continued on page 60]



The Speaker's Chair—The House of Commons. It is a replica of the Chair of the Imperial House in Westminster

All afternoon he had pondered. But presently, when the big clock tolled the half hour after four, the brooding, fiercely searching light which had burned in his eyes during the past few hours died out. The great idea refused to come.



Baldy Red Comes Back Strong

By Francis Dickie

Illustrated by R. Dorf

SLOUCHED far down in a big, soft leather chair, in the sunny little rotunda of the St. James Hotel, Northtown, Baldy Red sat staring aimlessly out into the busy street, in his eyes a desperate brooding, a look of fierce struggle, as though he strove for answer to a most puzzling riddle.

It was late of an early June afternoon, and stilly hot. So hot that even the untiring tongue of a green parrot, hanging in a great gilt cage at one corner of the room, was for the time being silenced; so hot that even Baldy Red had yielded to the unusual action of removing his heavy, wide-brimmed, black soft Stetson hat, the high crown four-dented, and ending in a sharp point, moulding the pliable felt into an odd pyramid shape, with gouged-out sides.

As he sprawled there, shoulders sagging, head so dropped that his chin rested on sunken chest, the man resembled most some huge turtle, what of bald dome, accentuated the more by a narrow little strip of bristling hair of flaming red, extending from ear to ear in faintly curving line above a short neck. His shirt was blue, tieless, and open at the neck.

Yet, red as was that wistful wisp of hair, it failed to vie with the glory of his facial skin. Baldy Red had been for years his own best customer of smuggled whisky—northern whisky of a vileness unequalled in all the world, beside which that famed brand of Kentucky, one administered drop of which was claimed would make a rabbit challenge a bulldog, was as mild as best Jersey's milk. Much imbibing of strong liquor, combined with many seasons of braving the fierce summer suns and bitter winter winds of the country in the basins of the Peace and Athabasca rivers, had created this countenance of stormy sunset hue; and this, overlaid by baldest pate, had won for him the title of "Baldy Red." To it, in fairness, might have been added: "Booze Smuggler Extraordinary," for he was the cleverest carrier of illicit spirits into forbidden territory that the Canadian Northwest had ever produced; a fact which the Mounted Police bore chagrined witness to through many times being outwitted.

But even the wisest and wariest laid plans sometimes fail; and one of Baldy's best had come to grief shortly following his stepping aboard the steamer "Echo" at Athabasca Landing ten days before.

The frontier town of Athabasca Landing, one hundred miles north of Northtown City, was the border line, beyond which prohibited-whisky territory began and extended for twenty-five hundred miles north, clear to the Arctic Sea. Though no railroad penetrated the country on that May day in 1910, when Baldy Red walked aboard the steamer "Echo," a

wonderful system of navigable inland waterways made access to the region fairly easy.

And in the lower part of this country was a vast army of thirsty souls — freighters, voyageurs, fur traders, prospectors, hundreds of recently-come homesteaders and small ranchers and the native half-breeds and Indians.

So the region circumjacent to the Peace and Athabasca rivers and Lesser Slave Lake was a territory of rich "pickings" for successful bootleggers. Whisky here brought from ten to thirty dollars a bottle, the value gradually rising the farther the distance north. Exorbitant as were these prices, the bootleggers found always eager buyers and an unlimited market, for the bibacity of northmen is unequalled by residents of any part of the globe—South Sea traders not excepted.

With liquor herein commanding a minimum of ten dollars a bottle, which same could be bought in the liquor stores at Northtown City for a dollar, the smugglers could have made a fair profit even by selling the purest and best of spirits—and Canadian whisky is the best distilled on the American continent. But the risk was great, and the Government fine extremely heavy whenever a bootlegger was convicted. So to make up for this, whatever pure spirits the smugglers did get through, became a strangely amplified concoction before it reached the northern purchaser.

Baldy's particular recipe was a gallon of genuine whisky, ten pounds of burned sugar, two plugs of chewing-tobacco, a pound of soda, and eight gallons of water. From this he manufactured ten gallons of liquid on an outlay of some four dollars; the high-powered beverage eventually netting him one hundred dollars.

ON THAT May afternoon, ten days previously, when he had stepped on the deck of the "Echo" inland-bound down the Athabasca, there had also come on board two small, oblong, white pine boxes of cased dynamite, fifty pounds to the box, consigned to Peter Jones, Lesser Slave Lake Settlement. Of all the freight which piled high the deck of the light-draft, stern-wheel steamer, these alone were handled gently by the overworked deck-hands, at all times rough users of freight.

From Athabasca Landing the "Echo" ran down the Athabasca River to the mouth of the Lesser Slave

River, then up the Slave as far as the settlement of Mirror Landing. A bad rapid here necessitated an overland transfer of all the goods to the "Call," another larger steamer which ran the remainder of the river's distance to Sawridge Village at the head of Lesser Slave Lake, and then proceeded on up the lake, touching at various tiny places, and finally at the village of Lesser Slave Lake, the largest and most important place of the region, surrounded as it was by some farming land, and being also the central depot for incoming fur shipments. For this reason the village had always been Baldy Red's headquarters.

Three days after embarking on the "Echo" at Athabasca Landing, Baldy Red had disembarked from the "Call" at the village of Lesser Slave. Although almost continually travelling, he carried not even a hand valise. Hardly had he stepped upon the dock when Sergeant McNulty, of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, came sauntering up and hailed him with lazy greeting: "Hello, Baldy. Back again, eh?"

"As you see," Baldy answered, as he did so catching sight of Billy Murphy, a mounted Police constable, carefully inspecting the various consignments of unloading freight.

"No freight, no baggage this time, Baldy"? the Sergeant went on, good-naturedly jocular; but underneath the velvet of his railery, Baldy knew full well was eager desire to have him under arrest.

The smuggler shook his head. At this, the Sergeant had run an experienced hand over Baldy's person, and then, meeting with no questionable hidden bottle-shaped object, turned away.

With nonchalant air, Baldy had proceeded for some distance up the faintly-sloping incline of the little settlement's single street to where the Royal George stopping-house raised its glaring green-painted two storeys of gaunt, oblong board framework, a garish structure, the more striking by reason of the surrounding low cabins with whitewashed walls.

For three long sunshiny days Baldy had loafed aimlessly about the Royal George, never going a dozen yards beyond the door. Seated generally in one of the plain rotunda chairs upon the long verandah, feet upon the railing, chair slightly tipped back, he had placidly smoked the hours away, watching the horde of half-breed children playing in the dust of the narrow street, or listening to endless tale and argument of the little group of old-timers who gathered daily for an hour or so and idled in the sun. Occasionally he was aware of the passing of Sergeant McNulty, and once Constable Murphy, and of the side-long appraising glances they cast upon him. But upon the third evening, just at the supper-hour, noting that the street was quite deserted, Baldy had strolled lazily

out. Assuring himself no hostile eyes watched him, he quickened his pace, and proceeded down to the wharf and into the freight-room of the Northland Navigation Company, close to the door of which the edge of the primitive woods began. Back in that bush, a quarter of a mile away, hidden, secluded, on a side hill of a hog's-back ridge was a tiny dug-out home, known only to Baldy Red; from out of the dingy bowels of which had come many a gallon of poisonous brew of his manufacturing.

As he stepped within the long freight-room, Baldy had noted that much of the goods he had seen unloaded from the "Call" three days previously still lay unclaimed. But what his eyes sought were not there. Inwardly perturbed, but outwardly calm, he had faced the agent, entering a moment later from another room. The agent was a stranger, a new man appointed some weeks previously, a fact noted at the time by Baldy Red, and upon which the success of his venture depended, for to the former agent, Baldy's face and name had been familiar.

"My name's Jones—Peter Jones; I am homesteading back beyond——" here Baldy had jerked his head toward the tree-line—and I was kind-a expectin' a couple of cases of dynamite in on the last boat. Need it for stumpin', you know; but I don't see it. Maybe it didn't come."

"Oh, yes—yes, they're here. I stuck them in the other room, and put fur bales around them. Kind of skeery stuff, dynamite. Hate to have it around. I'm always afraid something will fall on it and set it off. Do you want it now?"

Nodding, Baldy had assisted in the unearthing, paid the freight, and with a box under each powerful arm stepped cautiously to the street. No one was in sight. Into the shadow of the tree-line he slipped. With rapid steps he hurried through the narrow aisles in the close-ranked trees. Then suddenly, when he had put perhaps a hundred feet behind him, there had risen as if from the bowels of the earth, the smiling face and resolute form of Sergeant McNulty, and a second later, from a nearby willow clump, the sharp face of Constable Murphy.

AFTER the trial two days later, Baldy Red had come away from the scene of his disastrous venture to Northtown almost penniless by reason of a fine of two hundred and fifty dollars. But the money loss was nothing to that of the confiscation of his two dozen quart bottles of whisky, so snugly packed under the guise of dynamite. Yet even these things, combined, hurt not as much as the pain of his injured pride. For Baldy Red was a temperamental worker, jiving in the excitement of the game, glorying in each fresh running of the gauntlet of the scattered line of the Mounted Police guarding vigilantly each point of entry into this whisky-forbidden territory. He was proud of his prowess; proud of his until-now unbroken record of successful operations.

In the early days he had shipped liquor within the frozen carcasses of many a pig; had shipped it in a specially constructed barrel which was apparently

filled with kerosene, but which had held, securely fastened, directly in the centre, a tiny keg; had shipped it in by the dozens of bottles within the heart of made-to-order bales of wired hay. These and many other methods his keen mind had invented. But all those things were in the past now.

With every passing day the Mounted Police were growing more rigid in their examination of everything shipped into the Northland, making the success of ancient days no longer possible. And through their unexpected vigilance, their almost uncanny foresight, his latest and best dynamite idea was now revealed and forever afterwards useless; for Baldy knew that already, even long before he reached Northtown, this new and brilliant conception would be passed all along the line of various posts from Mirror to Sawridge, from Sawridge to every point on Lesser Slave and to McMurray and the distant settlements along the Peace.

So, now as he sat in this quiet little hotel rotunda at Northtown, three hundred miles distant from the scene of his recent defeat, Baldy was troubled. All afternoon he had pondered; pondered vainly seeking inspiration. But presently, when the big clock tolled the half-hour after four, the brooding, fiercely searching light which had burned in his eyes during the past few hours died out. The great idea refused to come.

He straightened up slowly, his very movements spelling the dejection he felt. Upright in his chair, his left hand reached for his hat, tossed awhile back into the leather seat next to him. As he lifted the well-worn Stetson, his eyes fell upon a newspaper, the "Morning Bulletin," lying crumpled, until now hidden beneath the wide brim. Baldy seldom read the daily papers, or any periodical; and he was about to arise when a headline caught his eyes.

FAMOUS OLD-TIMER TAKES FIRST AUTOMOBILE INTO NORTHLAND

Baldy picked up the paper, smoothed it out, and read the news story beneath relating how Robert Hobbes, wealthy northman, at present a guest of the King Edward Hotel, was shipping from Northtown the next day a seven-passenger touring car to his home at Lesser Slave Lake Village.

A long time after he had finished reading the feature item, Baldy sat staring queerly before him. Slowly a light grew in his watery blue eyes. At last he dropped the paper and rose briskly. Twenty minutes later found him closeted in the back room of the "Western Club" with its proprietor, "Big" Jake Munroe. As Baldy Red and many of his kind were good spenders and lost regularly against the various games of chance, stud and draw-poker, faro and blackjack, which "Big" Jake operated, the genial gambler was seldom averse to staking any of them when in hard luck, knowing full well that not only would the debt be fully repaid when next the debtor was flush, but the borrower would likely as not spend a greater amount around the Western Club.

AN HOUR after this meeting found Baldy Red at the desk of the King Edward Hotel inquiring for Mr. Robert Hobbes. It was just supper-time, and the clerk informed him, Mr. Hobbes had only a moment ago gone to his room. Learning the number, Baldy stepped into the elevator and ascended. Hobbes he knew was a good-natured, rather unsuspecting middle-aged gentleman, and although Baldy's acquaintance was based only on seeing the man half-a-dozen times in the past, he felt supremely confident of succeeding in what he had in mind.

As the door of Mr. Hobbes' room opened a moment after his rap, and the rather long and melancholy face of that gentleman looked out upon him inquiringly, Baldy Red opened fire with his conversational battery.

"Why, how are you, Mr. Hobbes," he roared cordially in his loud, hearty out-of-doors voice. As he spoke, he stepped calmly into the room, and without giving the other opportunity to reply, rattled merrily on: "I just saw in the paper about you taking a car up to the settlement, and as a north-country booster myself, I just felt I must rush up and tell you you've got the right idea. I tell you you are the kind of man the north country wants—progressive, pushing. Why"—Baldy gushed on with greater speed as he warmed to his theme—"just think what it means, this auto in that land just opening up under settlement. It'll set an example to others who can afford one, and——" here Baldy's voice became vastly impressive—"and what follows the coming of autos? Better roads, Mr. Hobbes; better roads. And with better roads comes increased travel; and with increased travel more meetings of the settlers, a closer neighborliness, and coming-together of the people on all matters that need attention for the common good. Yes, sir, you've done a big thing, and I for one want to congratulate you."

During this furious assault of oratory, Mr. Hobbes' eyes, momentarily coldly questioning, became sparkling; his rather melancholy face slowly lighted until when Baldy's last word died away, it was positively beaming.

Cheered by this, Baldy proceeded to make victory conclusive by reaching out his great right hand. Imprisoning Mr. Hobbes', he shook it with the ardor of a campaigning politician. And Mr. Hobbes, completely carried away, readjusted his first impression that his visitor was an utter stranger; and though still unable either to place Baldy's face or name, he put it down to his beastly bad memory of both such details. Doubtless, he thought, his visitor was some one of the recent settlers who had flocked in such great numbers into the Slave Lake district. However, not wishing to display lack of recognition of one he had probably met and forgotten, particularly as he was so appreciative a fellow, Mr. Hobbes returned the hand-grip cordially, replying after a minute: "Thanks, thanks; I'm sure it's very good of you to say so."

That his actions would have been viewed in such a light had never previously occurred to him. Now, however, he seized upon it with all the eagerness of the average bourgeois [Continued on page 27]



Then suddenly, there had risen as if from the bowels of the earth, the smiling and resolute form of Sergeant McNulty, and a second later, from a nearby willow clump, the sharp face of Constable Murphy

The Bungler

By Leonard J. Humphrey

Illustrated by Phil Surrey

HAVING made all preparations he had thought of, Harve Newton, manager of the Daybury branch of the A. A. Company, awaited

Mr. Blake, his new boss, in a decidedly uncomfortable frame of mind. He scratched his head, went hot and cold by turns, darted to the window several times, then at last, seeing the man he expected cutting toward the office, stood still, mouth half open.

"Tom; say, Tom," he said as earnestly as two hundred and twenty pounds of apprehension could, what have I forgotten? Have I done everything right? Did I check over those statements and put the sales slips in order? Are the transfer slips signed and—and—"

"Don't mean to say you'd forget anything after the calling down he gave you last time, do you?" answered his clerk.

He took in the entire office with one anxious glance as if imploring everything in it to be on its best behavior.

A moment later Mr. Blake shot into the room.

The Daybury staff bade him good morning.

"Hm! Remains to be seen."

Harve's face had been wrinkled in a smile that was fat and welcoming. It began to twitch.

"Er-er-yes," he mumbled uncomfortably.

"What's that?" snapped the other.

"Well, sir," went on his subordinate certainly, "it does, doesn't it?"

Blake sneered, snatched himself out of his hat and coat and flung them at the speaker, about whose agitated spaciousness they clung in a most undignifying manner.

Determined to make the best of what promised to be a miserable job, Harve tried to hold his smile and be pleasant, but when the other exploded, "Don't stand there like a damned dummy!" he hung the clothing up, collapsed into his chair and went through the movements of work.

"When will Anders and McGorran be here?"

"At two, sir."

"You've made all arrangements and got everything ready?"

"Y-yes, sir. Here are the specification forms."

"Let me look them over. Chances are that you've done something senseless," Blake grunted, sorting sharply. "Hm! Just as I thought. Why the thunder don't you write a book on bungling? How to do things the wrong way, by the world's prize bungler. There'd be a fortune in it because you know your subject so well. Where are the order blanks, and why the devil haven't you put reference tags on these charts?"

"I—didn't I—"

"No, you didn't! Of all the brainless, bottle-headed"—he stopped as if unable to express his contempt, then grinned—the grin of a tortured man. His face was like a phosphoric mask.

"I never could figure why the old company kept you on," his words came tensely. "To my way of thinking you are nothing but a sentimental fool. But since reorganization things have changed. I have authority, which, by the rattle-headed Old Nick, I'll use. I'll tolerate no more of anything I don't like now that I don't have to. And I'm giving you your last chance. Annoy me in the slightest today and you're through. Now go get your lunch. I want to be alone."

HARVE scurried out of the building, wedged into his coupe and tore off. The little street seemed unreal. Old friends turned as he passed, but he looked fixedly ahead. It was not until he came to a stop

"A letter or any other article of mail matter once posted becomes the property of the person to whom it is addressed, and must be forwarded according to its directions. On no application, however urgent, can it be delivered back to the writer, or to any other person."—Section 235, Canada Official Postal Guide, 1929.



Harve tried to hold his smile and be pleasant; but when the other exploded "Don't stand there like a dummy!" he hung the coat up, collapsed into his chair and went through movements of work

outside the school, where he called every noon for his boy, that he discovered that he had forgotten his hat.

A car came alongside. "Stepping on it, weren't you?" asked its driver, the keeper of a fancywork shop. "Why, Mr. Newton, are you ill?"

Some few minutes later the youngsters burst out, but Harve, who usually thrilled with the sight of them tearing and howling around, scarcely noticed them at all; and when Bob, his own ten-year-old, climbed into the coupe, he stepped on the starter with barely a greeting.

"Aw Dad," said the boy, "turn on the juice."

When they reached home Mrs. Newton and Lorna, the baby, were waiting on the verandah for them. Harve patted his wife's shoulder absently, all but failed to notice Lorna, and went indoors.

"What's the matter, Harve, dear?" she asked at once.

He suddenly lifted Lorna high in the air.

"What's on your mind?" the woman insisted, her suspicions justified by the unnatural gusto of his act. Something is upsetting you."

"No, dear, nothing, nothing is the matter, he en-

deavored to assure her. "Couldn't have been thinking of what I was doing, I suppose. Let's have lunch and be happy."

Mealtime was always a merry time for the Newtons, for Harve loved nothing so much as the circle of his family, believing that good food and a chuckle to send it down were hard to beat. On this occasion, however, jollity proved difficult to maintain. Once he asked his wife to pass the salt, only to be informed by Bob that it was right under his very nose—which surprised him.

"You're getting more absent-minded than ever, Dad."

Lorna stretched out her chubby arms as her tongue busied itself with a household phrase.

"Abben-bindy, Daddy! Abben-bondy, Daddy!"

For the sake of the children he made a great show of joining in the fun, but as soon as lunch was over hurried out into the garden with his little girl, really seeking by that means to avoid possible questioning on the part of his wife. Just before it was time for him to return to work, however, he knew that escape was not to be.

"Well, dear, you'll really have to conquer this," she said at last. "You've been doing things the wrong way all your life. No wonder he told you that you ought to write a book on it."

"But how in the world can I conquer it?" he asked, mopping his forehead. "You know that I've tried and tried and tried. I can't seem to get away from it. It's a mania, an affliction, a sort of weak link—"

"But you'll have to be all the more careful in the future," she broke in with the kind of gentleness he knew to mean so much. "Suppose; suppose that one day you — did something the wrong way—something very important—and he—"

His hand clasped her arm.

"Come, Amy, you're upsetting yourself far too much. You're only looking on the blackest—"

"Besides," she went on steadily, "things are different now. Oh, Harve, dear, you know that we"—her voice dropped to a throbbing whisper—"that we can't afford you to be so—bungling."

It was hard work for him to smile.

"Honeybunch! I bet that when I get back—aw, cheer up dearie," he pinched her cheek. "Smile for papa."

BLAKE darted a sour look at him the instant he opened the office door, yet a second afterward seemed to be oblivious of his presence, roving about and occasionally snatching from an inside pocket a few sheets of notepaper which he read intently, viciously, ominously. Once he scored out a line or so and next minute scribbled something in a margin. He swore.

Harve bundled into a chair as noiselessly as he could, trembling, perspiring, utterly miserable. Manifestations of bad temper had always flustered him. He didn't know where to look or what to do.

The other suddenly whirled to a standstill, waved him out of his place, flung aside a ledger that was on the desk, and seizing a correspondence pad began to write as if under the spell of a devouring concentration. Harve watched him and his heart pounded.

"Sir—Mr. Blake." He hesitated, uncertain what to say but relying on the generosity of his motive, "can I—are you unwell?"

"What the devil has that to do with you!"

And so he had to watch and listen.

Then, after a seemingly interminable period, his boss barked for the time.

"Two o'clock, sir."

"Eh"? Blake looked about as if caught unawares. "Anders and McGorran will be—my head's pounding like a sawmill. That's them now. Hey, you, address an envelope to Miss Y. Richards care of the Vancouver office—quick!"

There was a knock on the door. He folded and thrust the pages into Harve's hands. "I'll let her see—God, man, you're slow!—fix that up—post it right away—come back in a couple of hours."

As Anders and McGorran came in Harve finished scribbling the address, inserted the letter, and as soon as his confusion would permit slithered it in the nearest mailbox.

HE SPURTED up Daybury's little business section, wandered down it, acknowledging in a pre-occupied manner the greetings of several of his friends and at length, miserable for the want of something to do, bought a cigar.

"Hand shaking," noticed the tobacconist. "What's wrong, old boy?"

The remainder of the two hours was a sort of hopeless weight with every minute driving home more clearly the fact that if Blake were to fire him he'd be in a nasty fix; for he knew that he had held his job more through the fact that he was well liked in the district than because of any special business ability. Mr. Graham, the old company superintendent, had always seen advantages in his personality; whereas Blake had given him to understand that the growth of the firm depended on anything rather than "all that sort of bunk."

These thoughts filled him with anxiety, yet were but a background for one other thought that cut him to the heart.

For years he had planned and scrimped and saved in the hope that he might obtain a transfer to the Vancouver office so that his children could enjoy the advantages of a broader upbringing than was possible in Daybury, with its small industries and limited opportunities. This was the supreme aspiration of his life—the more so as Amy shared and lived in it. He had spoken of it to Mr. Graham, who promised that as soon as an opening occurred he would do all he could for him, and only a few weeks previously had received a note stating that the matter could be arranged. But then the company reorganized. Blake's appointment to the highest position it offered threatened of itself to put an end to everything; his violently unreasonable manner today carried out that threat with a vengeance.

And as he dragged himself up the stairs his fat fingers clutched the handrail as if it were the only stable thing in the universe. Amy's throbbing whisper sounded with every step. "You'll really have to conquer this . . . we can't afford you to be so—bungling."

A voice startled him.

"Did you post that letter?"

More of a breathless gasp than a query, it made him feel that Blake's very life depended upon his answer—which was a sort of bewildered and apprehensive nod.

"Damn you then! Why couldn't you have bungled!" snapped the other curtly. "I want it. Go and get it back at once."

And out he was shoved, puzzling over that letter. What was in it? Why had he rushed him off with it? Why did he want it back?

The Postmaster refused to return it.

"But how so, how so? I must have it. I've simply got to have it."

"A letter once posted is regarded as the property of the person it is addressed to," came the answer. "I'm sorry, Harve, old man, but my instructions are very definite in this respect."

He mopped his face, seeming to have heard the words as from a great distance and quite disagreeably affected by a green, brass-handled filing cabinet that stood by his side.

"Miss Y. Richards care of the Vancouver office," he worried, outside once more. "Stenographer, secretary? Blake—Barker Blake—and a woman? But why not? Surely there's another side to his nature—he's only a slave to his weak link—like I am. After all, a woman comes into every man's life—best possible thing that could happen to him."

On reaching the office he was surprised to find his boss slumped in a chair, his whole attitude strangely suggestive of remorse; and all of his two hundred and twenty pounds of friendship quickened because it seemed that at last he might get nearer his heart and help him perhaps.

But Blake's hand drew him up short.

"I—I couldn't—"

"*Couldn't?*" the voice whispered desperately. "Where is it, man! What? Wouldn't let you have it? Drive me down there right away. I'll see that fellow."

He did—only to learn that his request could not be granted.

"But it's matter of vital importance. Everything's all right. Newton posted it this afternoon at about

two o'clock—didn't you, Newton?—he'll vouch for me."

"The truth is that the Canadian postal laws absolutely forbid me to do as you ask," replied the other. "Please do not think that I am unsympathetic."

"Rules and regulations!" cried Blake bitterly. "Haven't you—?" He seemed to make a desperate resolve. "Are you—say, you're married, or hope to be?"

The Postmaster made a movement of surprised assent.

"Then you know that there comes a time to every one of us when all that is worth-while—listen. Last night I had a row with the sweetest woman in the world. It was a senseless, ridiculous thing—I can see that clearly now. They call me Barker Blake—have always barked, flown off the handle—lost my temper—damned slave to it—hopeless slave to it. Last night I was in one of my rottenest tempers—flared up and got nasty—" He broke off.

"Today I mulled the thing over in my mind—the more I mulled the worse I got—nothing would satisfy me but a letter—figured I'd be over here for two or three days. That's the letter I want to get back. Anders and McGorran were just about in the office before I got it finished—wanted it mailed right away—before I could change my mind. Newton, you mailed it, didn't you? Surely it's not in any of your pockets—"?

"Came here specially to put over a deal with Anders and McGorran—got all tangled up with the thing that was on my mind—deal fell flat—flat as hell. Afterward—well, there was plenty of time to realize just how much havoc a rotten temper can play with a man—made me think—drove home to me the fact that that little woman—why, damn it, man, she loves me—positively loves me! Don't let her see that letter. For God's sake give it back to me."

"The trouble is that on no application however urgent am I allowed to do so," replied the Postmaster regretfully.

"But you know very well—" Blake looked around as if imploring help from the very furnishings. "Be reasonable—be human. Don't you understand? I don't want her to read it—could never face her—spoil everything."

"What about the phone—or a telegram?"

"Ten times worse than useless if she sees what I've written," Harve heard his [Continued on page 53]



"*Couldn't?*" the voice whispered desperately. *Where is it man! What? Wouldn't let you have it?*

The Talkies are Telling the World

Hollywood,
Where Every
Shadow
Has Suddenly
Become
Articulate



By
E. G.
Bayne

How it Works: Norma Shearer, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, learns how her voice is recorded on the big wax disc in the studio recording room.

THERE ever lurks in the heart of sophistication a vein of crass simplicity. Hollywood's first law is—don't take yourself seriously. The city of bright and broken dreams is primarily a city of individuals, intent on Self. It is a place of mad unreality where no one cares about the past and none may reckon on the future—a soap-bubble city in which only the present counts; where the Wheel of Fortune makes such dizzyingly unexpected turns that he or she who today is sitting on top of the world, tomorrow may be begging for work. And vice versa. The Village, as it is affectionately termed, likes to think itself supremely bored with everything, yet, as a matter of fact, it is intensely interested in everything, and everybody. And almost pathetically gullible. It will believe anything. Everybody is afraid of everybody else.

Local pride manifests itself in many surprising ways. At Pasadena, which is about nine miles from the Celluloid City, the darkey porter begins putting the grips out in the vestibule. He slips busily up and down the aisle, pops into a private compartment occupied by the noted author from New York—who is going to Hollywood to supervise the filming of his latest book—at least he *thinks* he is—and then Sambo comes out grinning happily, with an American cartwheel and a bunch of pink roses that the n.a. received from the Women's Club of Salt Lake City, and which are hardly yet wilted enough to throw away.

"Mah wife sure will 'preciate dese yere," the black boy proclaims, shaking the water from the stems and carefully wrapping a newspaper about them.

"Is she coming down to meet you, George?" a passenger inquires casually.

"No, boss, she caint," answers Sambo, a shade of wistfulness in his tone. "Dat black



Doctoring a Voice: John Arnold, Cameraman, explains the mysteries of the "mixing panel" on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's portable recording machine, for filming talking pictures on location, to Renee Adoree.

gal am handicapped. Whisk you-all off, sah? . . . Yessah, she sure am lined up wif bad luck, dat gal. Par'lyzed fum de knees down. She caint move outta de chair she works in."

"That's too bad, George. She works, you say?"

"And how"! Sambo swells visibly. "Sews foh de studios, yessah."

"And does it pay well?"

Sambo holds his whisk poised a moment, while his eyes are rolled upward.

"Mebbe not in money, boss, but in dis yere prestige—oh, boy, Say! Does you-all rec'lect dat picture, 'Flaming Sheiks'? And how swell dat star-lady looked in de big scene? Well mah wife sewed dat fur edging on her dress; yessah, she did!"

Another passenger inquires of Sambo whether jobs are easy to get in Hollywood. Here the darkey's sophistication rises above his momentary credulity.

"'Pends on what kind you want, boss," he replies shrewdly. "Reckon so long's you-all don't aim to *act* it's easy 'nuff."

Sambo's philosophy is amply borne out by the facts, by the most casual observation, and by the numerous Don't-Come-To-Hollywood circulars designed to head off ambitious flappers and screen-struck Mertons. In fact the visitor isn't in the place a day till it is realized beyond peradventure of a doubt that you and Hollywood are going to be friends only on the following conditions: That you don't try to (a) get a job before the camera; (b) get a job behind the camera, and (c) try to sell an original scenario. Otherwise the freedom of The Village is yours. That all other kinds of jobs have been easier of attainment you can readily perceive in the numbers of handsome young men who are employed in mixing sodas in the drug-stores, pressing clothes in the tailoring-shops, and working



SOUNDPROOF CAMERA BOOTH USED IN FILMING TALKING PICTURES. In order to keep the sound of the camera's mechanism out of the sensitive microphones used in recording the players' voices in sound pictures, the camera is housed in a special, soundproof "tank," or booth. The operator is locked up with the camera and hears by means of head-phones. Farciot Edouart, sound-cinematographer at the Paramount studios in Hollywood, is shown here in his "tank."

in garages. Feminine pulchritude is to be observed everywhere too. If you want to see the publicity man in the office of the Chamber of Commerce you must first pass four beautiful girls. Every scenario department has its quota of loveliness—loveliness that has renounced its dream of screen glory and has settled down to tapping typewriters or cutting film. Beautiful femininity waits on the public in the restaurants, and in the shops, and one might almost imagine that there was a premium on good looks in the citrus fruit industry and that the boss had hung out a sign saying: "None but pretty girls are wanted to pack our lemons"! Yes, apparently jobs aren't difficult to get if you happen to be easy on the eyes. Such, indeed, is the glut in this commodity that even the most rabid beauty enthusiast soon finds himself satiated. Beauty has become a commonplace. It is only Personality now that causes heads to turn.

HOLLYWOOD must never be taken seriously—no matter how it takes itself. For proof of this many good stories are told, but one will suffice. It is called The Young Man Who Began at the Top. He had been playing in stock and had managed to save quite a bit of the so-necessary. He hied to Hollywood, obsessed with the naive notion that you began at the bottom and worked up. But after two successive winters of trying to arrive by this method he found himself exactly nowhere. So he went back to stock and saved some more money. An uncle died just about then and left him eight thousand dollars. The boy returned to Hollywood and tried the great game of bluff. He bought an imposing car on terms, put up at an impressive apartment house and hired an agent to tell the world that he wouldn't consider anything under \$750 a week, with advertising and a share in the profits. By high-hatting Hollywood he got into the film game on the ground floor. He happened to be good-looking and fairly talented and the thing was easy. He is today one of the screen's most popular feature players, a man on the golf side of forty though he doesn't look it. If there's a moral here surely it must be: "Nothing succeeds like excess." (Wilde? Flaubert?)

As for those persistent souls who keep pestering the studios with scenarios to sell let them learn the truth of another little axiom, namely: "Sweet are the uses of publicity." Or, as one of the principal advertising men in a well-known studio told us: "Unless his name is Booth Tarkington or Sinclair Lewis let the aspirant first shoot up his mother-in-law and so get himself front-paged."

Formerly when you were permitted to see a movie made it was all quite simple and uncere-monious. They led you through a great echoing cavernous building where the various "sets" were ranged along on either side, with a precarious footway down the centre and the visitor tripped over guy-wires, bumped into scene-shifters, and was temporarily blinded by sudden flares from the "baby suns" overhead. Carpenters hammered and shouted and everyone talked right out loud. Now it's different. They still lead you through a barn-like place filled with "sets," but every noise above a whisper is peremptorily hushed and you approach the sound-proof stage with no fear of breaking your neck, for everything is as tidy as an old maid's bureau-drawer. A cathedral-like silence prevails. Three short buzzes from a muted bell is followed by a call of "Signal"! from the camera-man. There's a breathless moment while synchronization with the recording apparatus is established, then "Interlock"! comes the order from above and the door of the sound-proof cubby-hole

where the camera-men sit is closed on the inmates. "Quiet, everybody." It is the calm voice of the assistant director. The director himself stands rigid, watchful, while the little group of players on the set get into action.

Should the studio cat walk inadvertently on to the scene there is immediate panic and a call of "Cut"! and they start all over again, for the soft padding of pussy's paws and her plaintive meow can quite easily spoil a large section of the recording film. If a fly settles on the microphone it sounds like a buzz-saw. Or, as we are told, let an extra come on chewing gum audibly and the result is a sound like a cow walking across a muddy pasture.

THE advent of the sound picture has meant a sudden new vocabulary of talkie terms. The call of "Interlock," for instance, is one of the innovations. It has much the same meaning as "Contact" in aeronautics. The new power in celluloidia is the monitor. He it is who operates the volume of control, modulating sounds as they come to him through the "mike." He sits at his mixing-table, [Continued on page 32]

EVERY WORD IS IMPORTANT NOW—No hemming and hawing is permissible when a sound picture is in the making, for the sensitive microphone records everything. Mary Brian is shown here making a scene on the sound stage at the Paramount studios in Hollywood. Her voice will be heard on the screen for the first time when "Varsity," starring Charles "Buddy" Rogers, is released.



The travelling sound laboratory with which Universal talkies are made in the open. Built into a sound-insulated truck is all the delicate equipment necessary to reproduce exterior sounds, and Dr. Paul Fejos, the director of "Broadway" is shown seated on top of the truck with the head phones with which the sound monitor listens to the modulation being recorded on the film truck.



The Gentleman King

By
Russell Davenport

Illustrated by J. Matanio

CONCLUSION

"AS FOR YOU," said Sir George, sitting on the edge of Peter's bed, "you have nothing to complain of at all. The Duchess talks of nothing else. Your duel with Ornadno is the most popular topic in Italy. He was known far and wide for his swordsmanship. The eight guards who have escaped with their wounds swear they will never leave your side. King Francis is clamoring for your appearance and means to forgive all your past sins. In short, my young Oracle, you are the centre of the side-show."

Peter grinned affably and looked down at the bedclothes from his sitting position. He had been confined for two weeks, the wound in his head proving more serious than anyone had expected. Sir George had returned a few days after Peter's battle, having been betrayed to the Spaniards by the chancellor. In spite of that fact Sir George had given the Spaniards a brisk engagement and prevented them from attacking Lautrec in the rear. As a result Lautrec had been able to take Pavia by storm, the soldiers wreaking upon that unfortunate town all the revenge that fierce and vulgar minds are capable of inventing; exacting revenge for the capture of their heroic king two years previously, and the slaying of Richard Pole there. The wily old chancellor, hearing that his nephew's cause at Savona was lost, went over to the Spaniards, in whose service he died. "Besides," Sir George continued mischievously, "when Mademoiselle Duprès left I'll be hanged if she wasn't in love with you."

Of course Peter felt uneasy at this. He averted his eyes and made no reply, unable, for once, to do his acting. His mind was confused about Renée, for she had come to say good-bye a week ago when Peter was slightly delirious. Not two days after victory over Orlando Renée had received a letter from the King, who, though ignorant of the recent tragedy at Savona, commanded her to return to Paris at once. When the messengers from Savona should arrive with the news of Philippe's death, the King would be even more anxious to interview the new heiress and to hear the story of Savona from her. Both the Duchess and Sir George, therefore agreed that Renée ought to leave immediately. They gave her a sumptuous escort. But she had to leave without a satisfactory talk with Peter.

Peter tried to remember Renée's parting words. He sighed. "Thank God I won't have to stay here long," he said aloud, though he hardly addressed Sir George.

"Easy, easy," said the knight. I leave tomorrow, but there is no hurry for you. I shall return the troops over to Lautrec and arrange all the details. You can follow at your leisure."

The cause of Sir George's return can be imagined. The Governor of Calais, spurred to action by letters from Wolsey in England, had demanded the return of that Peter Pole, alias Peter Clos, who had been loaned to the French for the purpose of giving evidence against the Thousand Devils. Where was that miserable Pole? The governor wanted to know, and — by St. George and the dragon and the other sacred

idols of the governor's mind—if he were not returned within the month (October) the Sieur de Beaumont, French ambassador to Calais, could consider himself a villain. Somewhat frightened lest the good relations between France and England should be disturbed, the Sieur de Beaumont had put the whole case before King Francis. Thus, a few days after Paris heard the news of Peter's exploit, Francis recalled both Sir



"By the time Peter emerged from the woods, leading that wonderful black, the troopers were riding down into the gully, waving their pistols and shouting."

George and his lieutenant from Italy, to settle what had become an international problem.

"They say Lautrec is marching to besiege Naples," said Sir George, by way of conversation.

"Yes. That's what Lorenzo hinted at. He was going to join him."

"A tedious occupation," said Sir George. "I am glad the King has relieved us of it."

"Gladder still that he's relieved us of the Savona side-show," said Peter, waving his hand toward the window which overlooked the familiar mulberry trees. "It would be stupid here without the chancellor and the great myth of Ornando."

They were silent a moment. Then Peter said: "You will recommend those guards of mine to the King?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Also," said Peter, "let's decide on the route that I am to take to Paris so that we can keep in touch by messengers."

"Very well." Sir George produced a map. They busied themselves for half an hour with their plan of march.

Dusk fell. Peter was alone upon his bed, reviewing the past, speculating upon the future. He had reached one of those large decisions which determine the course of a lifetime. Upon his return to France should he proclaim himself Duke of Suffolk, heir to the English throne, or should he remain silent? Should he follow in the steps of his heroic, unfortunate father? And what was there to be gained? Even if he should conquer England, what was there to be

gained? Peter sighed. I have conquered everyone but myself; I must understand myself.

His thoughts drifted toward Renée. What had she said in their last interview? Peter's mind could make no unity out of the fragments of recollection. She had said that Francis probably wanted to marry her to someone; she did not know to whom; she thought she would be able to evade the King until Peter reached Paris.

She had said: "Or perhaps my silly uncle had arranged something. I don't know. I just wanted to tell you so that—in case—"

"Good God, Renée!" He remembered having said that.

"Please, Peter. Don't distress yourself."

"But do you care for me at all?"

"Peter"! Her look was all the assurance he needed. He remembered it more vividly than any words.

"Then why not tell them so?"

"I will, dear, of course. But they are harsh about these things. Even my father used to say that a woman ought never to marry for love."

"Well, I won't let them sacrifice you to politics."

She put her hand on his forehead. She smoothed his hair. "I think I know a way to delay them until you come," she said soothingly. "If you'll just be calm so that you can get well. Keep in touch with Sir George, in case I need you. I think I know a way. And when the King sees you it will be all right. He will give you anything you ask for."

"What makes you think so?"

"Why," she said, looking at him, fascinated by him, "everybody does." She smiled.

And yet it was just here that Peter recognized danger. For would the King be pleased with Peter? Would he be kind to this fatherless, wandering Englishman? Having learned Peter's history, would the gallant Francis care to marry one of his favorites, Renée, the Countess of Duprès and heiress of Savona, to a masquerader? It seemed doubtful to Peter. He lay upon his bed, impatient for the return of his strength.

And Savona was lonely without Renée. Peter even missed the chancellor and Philippe. He thought a great deal about Philippe; relieved that he had died, and yet, for Renée's sake, ashamed of his own relief. He could not control his own emotions.

He was convalescent, at last, wandering among the pleasant grounds of Savona, chatting with the courtiers. Before he left, the

[Continued on page 45]

The Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

Opportunities in Business

ONE of the large agricultural colleges in the United States, which in addition to agricultural studies maintains a department of commerce for the sons and daughters of farmers to attend, has issued a vocational guidance bulletin which contains a great quantity of information concerning the various opportunities for men and women in business life.

The Dean of the School of Commerce points out that three things differentiate modern business from that of only a generation ago:

1. Rapidity of change in methods and facilities.
2. Magnitude of business enterprises.
3. Complexity of organization and a high degree of specialization.

As a consequence, older methods of doing business are being consequently superseded by modern methods worked out through scientific research. A wider background of both science and culture is demanded in business.

From the information that has been compiled concerning openings in business life, the following selections are offered as being representative of many of the questions that are in the minds of young men who look to business as a means of livelihood and who wish to know something of the educational background and training that may be necessary.

Questions and answers:—

Shall I choose commerce as a vocation? The answer to this question depends on whether or not the individual feels within himself or herself that impulse which should characterize the aspiration for a business career. A boy or girl who enjoys activities involving trade, finance, records, accounts, correspondence, organization, management, public speaking—in general any form of activity involving personal relations in the satisfaction of human wants, may safely choose business as a vocation.

What are some of the leading business occupations? Manufacturing, Banking and Finance, Merchandising, Accountancy, Advertising, Insurance, Transportation, Communication, Business Organization and Management, and Public Service are some of the leading fields of business. There are numerous occupations in each of these fields, each requiring some general and some special qualifications.

What general qualifications are needed to enter business? Among the most important business qualifications are honesty, courtesy, clean personal habits, promptness, thoughtfulness, enthusiasm, initiative, loyalty, ambition, dependability.

What special qualifications are necessary to enter business? Each occupation one may enter requires certain qualifications, indispensable to success. For example, accountancy demands an alert, analytic and logical mind, facility in handling figures and an executive or managerial mind. Each of the other main fields of business demands similarly special qualifications.

Are all the business occupations in offices so-called "white collar" jobs? The term "white collar" job probably arises from the fact that a large share of business work is done in offices and requires chiefly mental labor. The majority of the business occupations requires hard and conscientious work. Most of them are interesting, profitable, honorable, healthful, broadening, and stimulating.

Should I follow in my father's or relative's footsteps in choosing a vocation? Relatives are sometimes prejudiced in favor of their own occupation. In choosing a vocation investigate thoroughly those in which you are interested, analyze the advantages and disadvantages of each and make an intelligent decision based on actual information and self-analysis.

Should the foundation of a business career be laid in college or as an apprentice in a business house? The apprentice spends years learning the fundamentals of a business. The college trained man gets much of the foundational training more rapidly in college. When he enters business he should learn the fundamentals of business in a far shorter time than the apprentice.

Which should business training have as its main objective, employment or business ownership? Corporations and big business firms are gradually supplanting numerous small enterprises. There is frequently more opportunity in one of these big businesses than in private ownership of a small business. College training equips a man or woman either to become a business owner or to enter other employment, depending on taste and opportunity.

What occupations do Commerce graduates follow? Based on the most accurate data available, 717 Commerce alumni in 1927 were engaged as follows: accountants 30, secretaries and stenographers 20, merchandising 59, specialty salesmen 28, commerce teachers 139, managerial positions 44, banking positions 49, journalists 7, lawyers 21, agriculturists 41, county agents 4, advanced students 25, homemakers 93, unclassified 157.

What is the attitude of business men toward a college-trained man? Business men realize that the college-trained man has an advantage over the untrained man in business, but they are sometimes disappointed because the college-trained person is not willing to accept cheerfully the types of work that can be entrusted to the beginner. They expect the college man to show his ability by working up in the business.

Must the college-trained man or woman start at the bottom? The college-trained man will probably have to start at the bottom with the untrained man, but he will learn the elements of the business in a shorter time and should advance much faster than the man without college training.

To succeed in business, is it necessary to have more than a high school commercial course? The scope of advancement for the average high school student is limited. A college training enables the person with the proper qualifications to advance to higher positions, with less loss of time.

Should specialization be begun in the high school? This depends upon the student's future plans. If the student must earn part of his college expenses he should plan his course so as to get as much specialized training as possible. If he does not need to help toward his expenses, a more general course may be desirable.

In obtaining an education, is it important to acquire skill in a definite field? Business of today requires that the student should learn to do some one thing well. It is best to specialize in one field and at the same time acquire a broad general education.

Is a college training worth what it will cost me? Opinions are fairly unanimous that a college training is a good investment. Most of the graduates of Oregon State Agricultural College report that their college training is worth far more than it costs, not only in earning power but for the cultural training received in college and for the training in citizenship.

Should immediate financial gain be a deciding factor in choosing any vocation? Personal adaptation and opportunity as well as opportunity for promotion should be deciding factors in choosing a vocation. The financial reward will increase as the student improves his opportunities.

What financial returns may be expected? The average income for the first year in business for a college graduate is from \$1,200 to \$1,500. Increases in salary depend upon the ability of the individual and his willingness to work. The average of 184 graduates who had been out five years was \$1,900 to \$2,000; the maximum income reported was \$9,000.

Is training in public speaking essential for a business career? The ability to speak good, clear, forceful English without embarrassment, regardless of the place or audience, is important in any career. The business man finds much use for this ability.

What helpful subjects were suggested by graduates? One important report is that there should be a definite objective in any course of study. Public speaking, English, and a knowledge of fundamental subjects are deemed essential. Stenography, psychology, salesmanship are among the subjects emphasized.

Should I emphasize sciences and mathematics in my high school courses? Science and mathematics help to develop an analytical mind and this is essential to many business occupations. Modern science is one or the corner-stones of business.

Does secretarial work offer good opportunities for men? for women? What are some of its important qualifications? Secretarial work offers great opportunities for both men and women. It affords training in business methods and is one of the best stepping-stones to business leadership. An efficient secretary should be a good stenographer; should be willing to assume responsibility; be able to think independently, and yet be able to execute precisely the orders of his employer. Above all, he should be good in English and in handling figures, and should be able to meet people pleasantly and intelligently.

What is the opinion of commerce graduates regarding the courses offered in the School of Commerce? Nearly 200 alumni recently reported on their experiences since graduation. Ninety-eight per cent. were satisfied with the course. A few report that they would select different courses if they were entering college again.

Is it important while in college that some recreational courses be emphasized? Academic activities help to keep one in good health and instil in the student a spirit of hard work, sportsmanship, and team-work. These are all useful in business life. In nearly 200 reports from progressive alumni, 90 per cent. have a hobby or avocation.

Occupations in Canada

NO. 21—Departmental Accountant.

The work of a departmental accountant in the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa is briefly outlined as follows:

Duties: Under direction, to examine, under the provisions of the Live Stock and Live Stock Products Act and regulations thereunder, the books, accounts, and records of all commission merchants, co-operative associations and live stock dealers operating at public stockyards; when required in the investigation of complaints to make special examinations and reports; to supervise the handling of shippers' trust accounts as operated by commission merchants and co-operative associations; to ascertain and advise as to the amount of security required of live stock dealers; to report upon present systems of accounting and bookkeeping used, and to devise a standard system or systems best suited to regulated stockyard marketing, and to perform other related work as required.

Qualifications required: Education equivalent to high school graduation and preferably university training; at least five years of experience in a position of responsibility in the accounting and handling of commission merchants' or co-operative associations' live stock business in a chartered bank or in work of equivalent character and standard; preferably considerable experience in conducting, under the direction of a chartered accountant, audits of business houses; thorough knowledge of the fundamental principles of double-entry bookkeeping, accountancy and finance; a good knowledge of financial practices and of the statutory requirements of stockyard marketing and of bookkeeping and accounting systems in current use; integrity; good address and mature judgment.

The Business of Farming

MUCH free advice has been tendered to farmers and it is with some hesitation that the following thoughts are offered on farming as a business. It is believed, however, that there is considerable truth in the statements made by President R. A. Pearson of the University of Maryland:

"It is becoming more and more apparent that the farmers of the country want instruction in business methods. In a state like ours, transactions relating to farm production far exceed in importance all other transactions.

A great many farmers are beginning to realize that the chief reason why one succeeds and a neighbor fails is because the former uses good business methods and the latter does not."

Joe Collicutt's Fortune

By A. R. Willis



Besides it looked a long ways down to the street an' there is no good mashin' your body up when you want to kill yourself.

MA AND PA both told me I was crazy the day I sold my calves and went to Calgary to spend the money on oil stock; but I've always had lots of confidence in myself, and think my brains is just as good as anyone's, city fellers or no city fellers.

"Joe," says Pa, "yore a dam fule, that's what you are, a-throwin' away yore money this-a-way. I bought some oil stock oncet, spent a thousand dollars on it, an' when I came to reckon up how much it was worth, found out there weren't no well."

"You, I says, you must have jist bought the wrong kind of stock, that's all.

"Humph!" says Pa. He alway says "humph"! when I have him stumped. "Humph"! he says, "maybe you won't be so smart, either, when it comes to a-buyin'."

That's the way they all talked to me in Didsbury, even Cora. Cora is my sweetheart, an' I'm goin' to marry her some day soon. I've got the ring.

"Dere Joe," she says. She always calles me "Dere Joe."—"Dere Joe, I wisht you wouldn't go away an' do this. You will lose everythink you have, an' then we won't have nothink at all to get married with."

"Listen, Cora," says I, "you don't give me credit for eny brains. If other people can make fortunes I can. I've been to school some an' I'm not no fool."

"I know yore not, Joe dere," she says, "but you ain't bin to the city very often, an' there is sharpers and cheaters there lookin' for people like you. I've read about 'em in books."

"Sharpers an' cheaters is there"? I says. "Well, let me tell you this: there ain't a sharper or cheater which has eny more brains than I have, city fellers or no city fellers."



I heard one of 'em, the tall feller, mention somethin' about oil stock to the other, an' I pricked up my ears, for here was a chanct maybe for me to pick up a good tip.

So you see I didn't pay eny attention to 'em. If I did, where would I be at? I remembered what some great man said in my literature book: "They is always someone tryin' to deter genius from makin' a success, but genius jist laughs in their face an' does what he wants." Them's not the exact words, but it went something like that.

Anyway I put on my new striped suit, bow-tie with spots to match, an' new brown Oxfords with big, round, shiny toes to 'em, an' went to the station. You know you have to be dressed up slick-lookin' when you go to the city to buy oil stock, so people will think you have money. An' I took the roll of bills I got for my herd of calves, an' put it in my pocket.

Ma and Pa and Cora was at the station to see me off in spite of the fact they thought I was makin' a mistake. But I could see they was proud of me in my new suit, for I don't look too bad if I do say it myself, I'm so tall an' slim, an' I guess, handsome too, because all the girls used to tell me that; an' I think maybe they weren't quite so sure that I wasn't going to be successful, an' were sorry they had spoke that way to me.

"Then the train came in, an' I grabbed my suitcase, kissed them all except Cora, who is a little shy in company, an' got on. Soon the conductor hollered: "All aboard"! an' the train moved away, leavin' them stand there wavin' good-bye as I looked out the window.

FOR a while I jist sat there an' looked out acrost the prairie. I could see Slim Healy's barns in the distance, an' then Tom Jacob's place. It was a nice, warm, spring, sunshiny afternoon, an' the air felt mighty good. The snow had all melted off the summer-fallow but they was still small scattered patches of white in most the stubble fields.

We slipped along so fast it wasn't long afore we came to Carstairs, an' I saw Jack Lucas sittin' by the platform in his Ford.

"Hallo, Joe"! he says when he seen me, "what you doin' on the train all dressed up?"

"Oh," I says, "I'm just goin' to Calgary to make my fortune in oil stock. I sold my herd of calves yesterday, an' am goin' to invest the monev so's I can make enough to get married. Don't you wisht you was comin' with me?"

All the people standin' around the station laughed when they heard me said that, but I never paid no attention to 'em.

"Be careful an' don't pick a dry hole," says Jack smilin', an' the train pulled out afore I had a chanst to answer him.

I never realized I was in the smokin' car until two fellers in those round black hats, grey suits, an' with cigars in their mouths, came forward an' sat down in the seat ahead of me.

One was a tall, lean feller, smooth-shaven, with a scar at one corner of his mouth an' a sort of squint to his eyes; the other was a short, fat little chap with a moustache like a pig's eyebrow, an' gold-rimmed spectacles hitched to his ear with a chain.

"At first they began talkin' about the weather, an' the crop prospects, an' I never paid much attention to 'em. But bye-an-bye I heard

one of 'em, the tall feller, mention somethin' about oil stock to the other, an' I pricked up my ears, for here was a chanst for me to pick up a good tip. These two jist looked like they might know somethin' about oil; I kin tell 'em every time.

"Yes," says the fat chap with the glasses, "Vimy is a good buy, but I think Springbank has 'em all backed off the map. Mark my words, that well is goin' to blow in within the next few days."

"You're right," agrees the thin one, "an' the stock is mighty hard to get now, too. They's very few places you can buy it."

"Pussonally, Frank," says the small chap, "I wouldn't let mine go for anything. The market price is two dollars a share today, but I think they'll go to five before the end of the week."

"Between you an' me, Fred," says the tall one, lowering his voice so's I could hardly hear him, "that stuff's better than most people think. Paul Thomson, one of the company drillers told me he figured they had one of the best located wells in Turner Valley, an' when she came in would make a thousand barrels a day."

"No! Did he tell you that"? exclaimed the short chap. I could see he was excited.

"Them's the very words he spoke," said the feller with the squint.



"Ma an' Pa an' Cora was at the station to see me off and I could see they was proud of me in my new striped suit, for I don't look too bad if I do say it myself"

Believe me, by this time I was gettin' excited too. To think that I had bin on the train only about an hour an' got a tip like that, made me tremble all over. You would have, too. The only thing now was to find some Springbank stock, Jingo! Maybe if I asked him one of these fellers would sell me some of his!

"Pardon me," I says, tapping the fat one on the shoulder, "but I overheard what you said about Springbank. I've bin tryin' for days," I says, "to get some. You don't know where I can buy some, do you?"

You see I didn't want him to think I didn't know nothin' about the stock or he might not be willin' to sell me eny.

"Well," he says kind of surprised-like, "I have ten thousand shares myself, but don't want to sell any of it. Frank Pearson here has some he might let you have though."

"How much do you want [Continued on page 28]

We're talking to you *only* if you have never used **FELS-NAPTHA**

*Do you want extra help with
your wash?—extra help with your
household cleaning?—extra help
with every soap-and-water task?
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and wash it away without hard rubbing. That's why, with far less effort on your part, Fels-Naptha gives you the kind of home-washed clothes—fresh, sweet, clean through and through—

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E X T R A

H E L P



UNTIL you have actually used Fels-Naptha Soap, you will probably find it hard to believe that any washing product can give you so much *extra* help. But there are millions of women—Fels-Naptha users all—who will tell you it's true.

They'll tell you that "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha." For Fels-Naptha is more than "just soap." It's good golden soap blended with naptha—plenty of naptha! You can smell it in every bar. And naptha, you know, is the safe gentle dirt-loosener that dry cleaners use in cleansing delicate fabrics.

So you get two safe, active cleaners in each golden bar. Good soap and plenty of naptha, working hand-in-hand. Two busy washing partners working together to loosen even stubborn dirt

What is Sunburn?

By Michael O'Mayo

"**W**HAT a delightful world where one could lunch off a ray of sunshine," said Fabre, the famous French naturalist, as he gazed at baby spiders with the outlandish name of *Narbonne Lycosa* and who live, for the first seven months of their lives, on nothing but sunshine.

Fabre was right. There is magic, and lots of it, in sunshine, for without it we cannot live healthily for very long. And not the least part of this magic is hidden in sunlight that we cannot see!

Many people believe that they can see the whole of sunlight, but men of science know better. They know that there are rays of visible light which can be divided, by means of a prism, into the well known spectrum colors of red, orange, green, yellow, blue, and violet. But they also know that there are rays which cannot be seen, but which are fraught with tremendous powers for both good and evil.

It was Sir William Herschel, the famous music-teacher, who made an amazing discovery. He had a flair for fiddling with scientific problems, and this led him, one day, to try his thermometer in the different colors of the spectrum to find out which of them is the hottest. He happened to think of giving the instrument a chance when placed outside the colored strip altogether beyond the end where the red ceased. To his delighted surprise he found that the thermometer got hotter than ever, proving that invisible heat-rays exist beyond the visibly red ones. That was man's first clear discovery of any unseen light rays, and it was made in 1800.

The following year a German chemist, Johann Ritter by name, was testing the power of the sun's rays to blacken silver. Mindful of Herschel's experiment, Ritter placed a little of his silver in the lightless region beyond the violet, and was delighted to find that the silver darkened even more rapidly than under the visible rays. That was the discovery of the ultra-violet rays, so-called because they fall outside the spectrum just beyond the violet. Herschel's rays were named the infra-red because they fall outside the opposite or red-colored end of the spectrum.

Strange and wonderful things, these ultra-violet rays which can't be seen. Under their bombardment magic powers are placed in our bodies to build bones and make muscles, to ward off rickets and to check the inroads of tuberculosis; and to heal by beginning to kill deadly foes equally invisible. There is life and health in these rays.

A severe sunburn is all that anyone needs to convince him that these rays can kill living cells. Without proper protection, either summer sunlight or the equally powerful rays from an ultra-violet lamp, will actually kill the living cells of the skin as though they were burnt with a red-hot iron. Indeed, there is no difference between sunburn and a burn caused by any other agency.

In the skin this means reddening and blisters, and finally the growth of a new skin beneath. In the body itself it means nervousness and perhaps fever, depending upon the depth of the skin injury and the area of

skin destroyed. For it must be remembered that the most dangerous result of sunburn is not in the loss of skin, but in the poisoning of the blood by the waste products set free, like toxic fumes from a fire, from the skin cells that die.

The blood is the same ruby color as the glass used in the photographer's dark-room to shut off all but the red rays of sunlight. Old Lady Nature has given

the blood lies very close to the surface and can be more easily influenced by the powerful, if unseen, ultra-violet rays. That is why doctors insist that their patients use smoked glasses when undergoing treatment with ultra-violet ray lamps, and recommend the use of smoked glasses by those who visit the seaside after months of toil in the sunless canyons of our cities.

Some people, of course, are almost immune to sunburn. Brunettes are less easily sunburned than blondes, whilst children are more easily sunburned than adults. This is due to certain pigments in the skin. Brunettes, for instance, possess, in their skins, pigments which act as an absorbent for the ultra-violet rays; whilst blondes are not so fortunate.

Then there are freckles. These are due to cells in the deepest layers of the skin which have the power to create a yellowish-brown pigment when they are brought into contact with ultra-violet rays. Red-haired folks seem to have these tiny paint-factories in their skins in greater numbers than brunettes; whilst new-born children do not have them at all.

From all this it must not be inferred that sunlight must be avoided. There is a tremendous difference between a "healthy tan" and a sunburn.

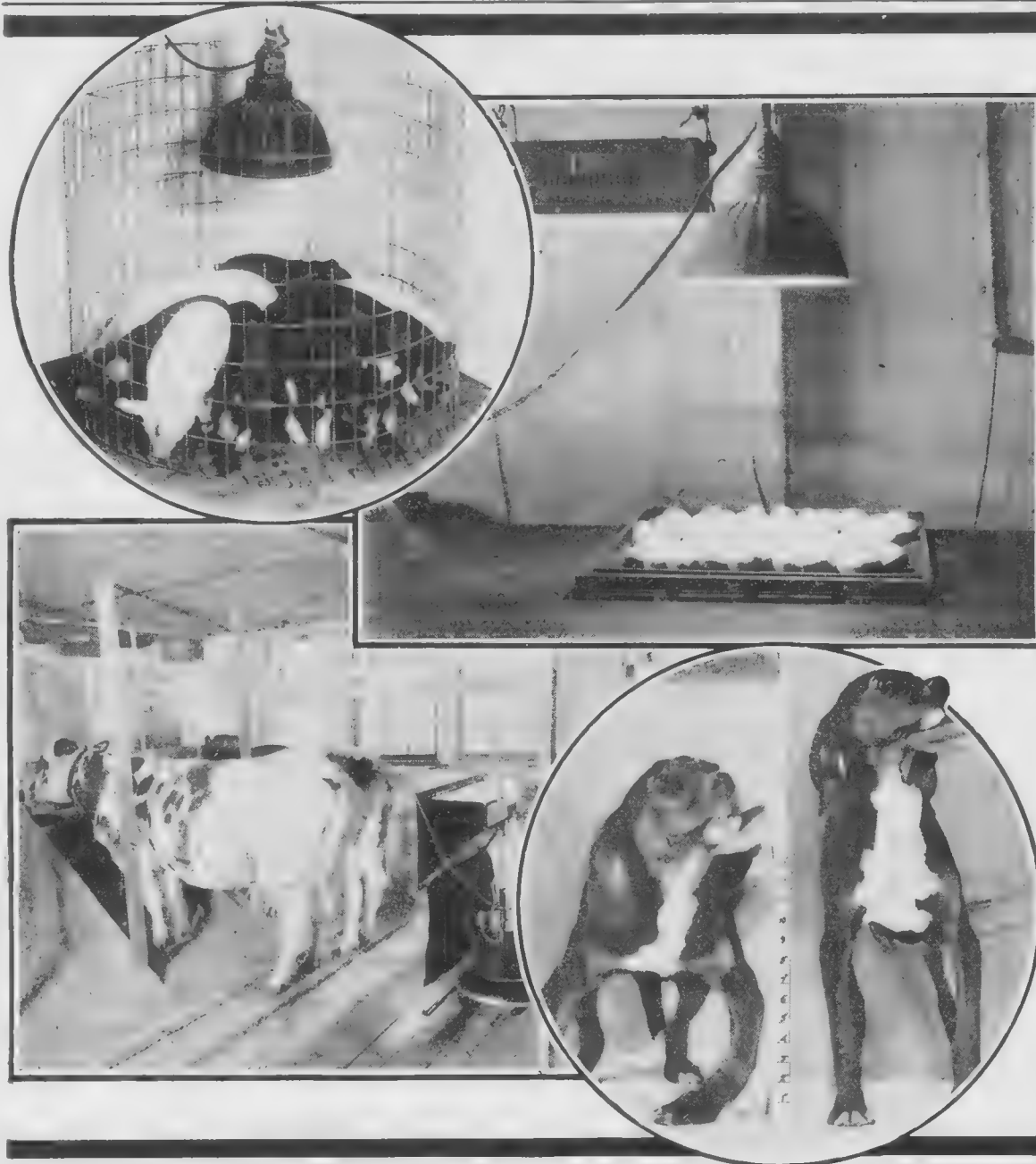
Now the first action of a poison is to stimulate the body—it is, so to speak, an effective alarm arousing the germ-fighting police to defend the body, the street cleaning department to get rid of the offending materials and the bodily fire brigade to quench the fire from which the poisoning comes. Certainly something like this happens of drug poisons like strychnine; for the effect of small doses is to quicken all these bodily activities.

Something similar is true of the bodily effects of germs; no sooner have the first squirts of the germ poison entered the body than the heart beats faster, the temperature of the blood rises and the protective forces rush to their several tasks. Everything begins to move precisely as we would expect a competent policeman or an efficient sanitary officer to do.

Much the same happens when we take a sun-bath during our summer vacation. When we feel below par and bask in the sunshine, a mild poisoning is caused which awakens our sluggish departments of waste disposal and bodily defence. Our whole body is stimulated and invigorated. The skin takes unto itself a healthy tan.

This explains why it is that too much sunlight is dangerous and why the dose of the rays that one person finds safe and beneficial, may prove positively injurious to another. If the poison-resistant powers of the body are at a very low ebb, our sunbaths may prove dangerous. The sanitary department of our body will be unable to remove the poison caused by the ultra-violet rays. Such thin-edged balances between benefit and damage, depend, it is clear, upon two variable factors: the rapidity with which the patient's skin cells are killed by the rays and the efficiency of his bodily system for waste removal.

It is evident, then, that we must exercise care when taking our sun-baths. [Continued on page 62]



Top right—Hatching eggs exposed to ultra-violet rays from a Cooper-Hewitt quartz mercury arc lamp at Ottawa Experimental Farm. Top left—These suckling pigs were irradiated ten minutes each day for seven months by ultra-violet light, which has the same effect as direct sunlight. Such light increased the ash contents of the bones. Lower right—Two dogs littermates, showing case of rickets caused by lack of Vitamin D. Lower left—Cows receiving ultra-violet treatment

us a flowing sheet of liquid ruby glass, so to speak, to protect the interior of the body from the more harmful light rays. But when the skin is burnt and the surface tissues destroyed, the blood must work overtime; it must shield the body more than ever from the injurious rays, carry away and destroy the poisons made by the burn and provide food to create new skin and tissue. All this means fever, if the damage is extensive.

According to Dr. W. T. Bovie, of Northwestern University, who has studied this question for years, long-continued exposure to the ultra-violet rays of sunlight can have very serious consequences, not only for the individual, but for the race. He points to the fact that races of dwarfs are confined to such tropical countries as Africa, and states that this is due to long-continued exposure to the ultra-violet rays of the sun.

The eyes, in particular, are very susceptible to sunburn. This is especially true of sunlight reflected from water, sand or concrete. Physicians say that the tissues of the surface of the eye are very thin so that



Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.



Lady Violet Astor



Mrs. Elizabeth Heymann Doubleday



The Duchesse de Gramont

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The Duquesa de Alba



Mrs. Allan A. Ryan, Jr.



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In France, the chic Duchesse de Gramont attributes the velvety smoothness of her skin to these delightful aids. The fascinating Marquise de Polignac exclaims, "I have got the Pond's habit!"

A Viennese beauty, Mrs. Elizabeth Heymann Doubleday—says charmingly, "I like them so very much."

One of England's six most beautiful women, the Countess Howe, calls Pond's "a straightforward way of keeping fit." Lady Violet Astor declares, "Pond's has done a wonderful service to women." Lady Louis Mountbatten is another Pond's devotee.

In Spain, The Duquesa de Alba,

patrician beauty, says, "No aid for my skin is more effective than Pond's."

So, IN EUROPE AND AMERICA, and, indeed, all over the world, Pond's preparations are the favorite way to a lovely skin. This is how to use them:

First—for thorough cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream generously over face and neck several times a day and always after exposure. Pat on with upward, outward strokes; the pure oils sink into the pores and lift the dirt to the surface. *Then*—with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, ample, absorbent, gently wipe away cream and dirt. Repeat these two steps.

Next—dab Pond's Skin Freshener briskly over face and neck to remove oiliness, close the pores, invigorate the skin. *Las*—smooth on a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and powder base.

At bedtime—thoroughly cleanse with cold cream, removing with Tissues.

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The Marquise de Polignac



Mrs. Adrian Iselin II



Pond's four preparations are the simplest, safest way to a lovely skin . . .

A simple metal bed which might be placed against the wall and piled with cushions



POSSESSION! Is there anything dearer to the heart of a boy than the thing which he has longed for and finally calls his own? His hockey stick—his bicycle—the lares and penates that he collects with never-waning enthusiasm; the car or the aeroplane that he plans to have some day; they all express him — these possessions of the present and the future.

A room of his own can be an important thing in a boy's life. When he is that important young person, the Baby, his nursery is a matter of much planning and perfection of detail. But when he reaches what most parents feel to be the helter-skelter age, he is apt to be stowed away in perhaps the least attractive spot in the house. It is a matter of no pride to him, unless it is actually built up about his interests; and it is apt to be a matter of no pride to his mother or whoever "picks up after him"!

More than one harassed parent has found that there are many arguments in favor of giving the boy a *real* room; there need not, necessarily, be a great deal of "giving" involved, either; it may be more a matter of a little sympathetic co-operation to start with; the supplying of a few essentials, then letting the boy have his head. Results will vary—but they will more than likely provide a great deal of satisfaction to the owner.

Responsibility will rest more kindly on the lad who finds some personal reward in whatever care he may be asked to give his room. He is going to enjoy some of the fruits of orderliness, when he can put his hand immediately on his butterfly net, last year's puck, or the school books that he has just left himself time to grab. He is going to like to say casually, after school, "Come on up to my room, fellows," and play the host at a game of snap or an argumentative swapping of stamps. Is this the time to take a good look at your boy's present quarters; a critical look that will suggest discards, additions and alterations? If vacation makes no special claim upon his time, wouldn't the doing over of his own apartment furnish a most wholesome holiday interest?

His castle, obviously, should not be of a perishable nature. He will want no feminine fripperies—in fact, the schoolboy is probably more sternly masculine in his tastes than he will be twenty years later. What he will want and need are first, the few essentials that are necessary in the way of furniture; materials, perhaps, to make what additional pieces he can, paint and so on, to do his "fixing." Leave it to him to

The Boy's Own Room

By Katherine M. Caldwell

create his own atmosphere, to give the room that mark of his own personality which the most temperamental of interior decorators declare the successful room should bear!

LET us look first at the essentials. He must have a place to sleep, proper storage for his clothing, a spot that represents his working hours (and it is surprising how much study is facilitated when helpful equipment is at hand) and the requisites of play, which may be safely left to himself.

A bed, then, is indicated. If the room is the property of just one boy, the chances are that he will like a single bed of the day-bed or couch type which in various phases, appeals to many of his elders; it can stand with one side against the wall and be given a serviceable cover and some extra cushions. A good spring and mattress should be provided in all cases—the growing child needs to rest under proper conditions. Two such beds or one double bed will be necessary if the room is the joint possession of brothers. Nothing could be more suitable than one of the popular and modern metal beds; in a wood finish and in a design severe as masculine heart can wish, it would fill its rôle perfectly.

Proper accommodation for his clothes will make their decent care less trying. The clothes closet should have a rod and enough hangers to take care of all his suits. There should be special hooks for his pajamas and bathrobe. It won't take much encouragement to persuade him to make himself a boot rack, or to put in a shelf that will keep his shoes off the floor. He will also like the idea of putting a rack for his neckties on the inside of the closet door—for the interests of Beau Brummel and Play-boy overlaps surprisingly and a boy's first vanity is usually his neckties. Ask any older brother!

A chest of drawers or good-sized bureau will be needed to accommodate shirts, underwear and so forth. Failing this useful piece of furniture, something in the way of built-in drawers or a chest should be

provided. The essentials, then, are few in number and simple in kind. They should, most emphatically, adapt themselves to the character of the room as it is declared in the rest of the furnishings and in its general treatment.

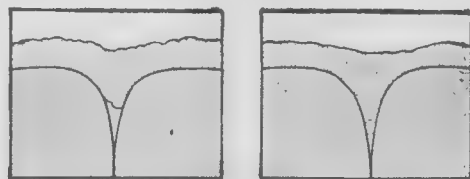
LET us look at the room itself. Naturally enough, the boys of the family usually find themselves occupying the rooms under the eaves. Such a room will have slanting walls, irregularities of outline and possibly windows that are deeply recessed. This type of room can be either very hopeless or very successful. The way to manage the latter effect is to deliberately capitalize the room's irregular features. Make use of each alcove and recess—perhaps the head of the bed will just fit into one nook or it might take the chest or the desk, with his own lighting and other accessories. Under the deep dormer window, there may be just the right space to build in a set of drawers that will make a bureau unnecessary—and perhaps rid the room of some ugly cast-off. A low-set window, a window seat with some brightly covered cushions, is well worth making. The seat might take the form of a chest with a hinged cover, admirable to hold out-of-season sports stuff and so on; or it might be fitted with a drawer or two and a pad or cushion made to cover its top.

No room can be effective if it has ugly walls. If they are still the white plaster characteristic of many an attic room, it will be no great task to give them a soft color with either water paint or oil paint. Light buff or gray, a soft, warm yellow or perhaps gray-blue will prove good backgrounds for the kind of color scheme the average boy will want. The woodwork can be painted or stained to harmonize—a job the boy who is old enough will be proud to tackle himself. If wallpaper is preferred, the most durable type will show a small, close all-over pattern. Here, as in all other parts of the room, care should be taken to provide surfaces that won't keep a chap bothering about their perishable nature.

The same ideas should govern the floor treatment. Nothing could be better than a linoleum of smart and suitable pattern. There are, too, fibre rugs that will stand up to an amazing amount of wear; many of these show smart modern designs in gay colors, on a natural or dark ground. If the floor is of soft wood and is to remain uncovered, an ambitious boy won't think twice about painting it so that it will contribute nicely to the general scheme. A small wool rug at his bedside will be grateful to [Continued on page 60]

How this Penetrating Foam cleans your Teeth better

Why Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate down where the causes of decay lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.



and only 25c The famous 25c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand priced at a quarter. This is because Colgate's is the largest selling dentifrice in the world—and volume production, everybody knows, means low price.

Colgate's not only polishes the outer surfaces . . . it cleanses completely, because it washes the impurities from the tiny tooth-crevices.

DON'T be content with merely polishing the outer surface of your teeth—any toothpaste can do that. Use the dentifrice designed especially to go down into all those little crevices and fissures where impurities collect, and where ordinary brushing cannot reach.

Recent scientific tests prove that Colgate's has a higher penetrating power than any other leading toothpaste, because of a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") possessed by the bubbling foam into which Colgate's breaks when brushed on teeth. This active foam gets down into every tiny crevice softening and dislodging the decaying impurities and washing them away in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder, a polishing material used by dentists as

safe, yet effective in keeping teeth white and attractive.

Consider Colgate's two superiorities. It not only polishes the surface thoroughly but because of its greater penetrability, it cleans where ordinary brushing can't . . . an extra not found in ordinary toothpastes.

Remember, the function of a toothpaste is to *clean* the teeth. No toothpaste can cure pyorrhea; no toothpaste can correct an acid condition of the mouth. Colgate's does not claim to do these things—but it *does* claim to clean teeth better!

If you have not yet become acquainted with Colgate's, may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.



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Please send a trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

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possible. Glancing at his watch, he walked rapidly toward the Chinese section of the city.

He reached the shop of Chan Wing Kai, and was ushered by Kwong Yuen into the rear living-room, where Iris sat with her grandfather. The furnishings of the apartment oddly intermingled the East and the West. A square table and two or three chairs were of substantial machine-cut fir, such as any Vancouver furniture-factory could supply. Electric lighting and the bright warmth from a small Franklin stove were also quite conventional. But there was a settee of wonderfully-carved teakwood, piled with blue and green silken cushions, rich in tint and texture. In the opposite corner, a large cabinet of the same dark wood inlaid with ivory, displayed finer old china enamels, and jade, than any on view in the outer shop. A smaller case held books, bound in the old Chinese manner, like a thick magazine, and also a few English volumes. The walls were tinted dull buff, and there was a rug upon the floor that MacLachlan vaguely thought was pretty. He did not know that its pale straw-color, and the soft dull blues and tans of its odd pattern were those of antique rarity. Three steps at the back of the room led up to the entrance of inner rooms.

Chan Wing Kai had exchanged his usual coat for one of loose wadded black satin decked with bright embroideries. He was seated in a low chair of woven sea-grass, again reading his favorite, Po-Chui. Purple Flower, on a stool beside him, was reading Wordsworth in preparation for her literature lesson of next day. The old man had just proved to his own satisfaction that the Chinese poet who had lived a thousand years earlier was not inferior to the English one in his sense of the beauty of lonely places among the hills, when Malcolm MacLachlan entered.

MacLachlan had been occasionally before a visitor in Chinese homes of the poorer class, where, though usually as clean as circumstances permitted, there was little of attraction. The general impression here received of comfort and beauty surprised him. The outer shop, he noted, was pervaded with the oddly-spicy odor of sandal-wood, and the inner room was heavily fragrant from thick clusters of the Chinese New Year's lily, rising in their mass of slender leaves from dull blue bowls. He found himself received with courtesy amounting almost to ceremony. Scholarship has always been highly honored in China; and comments that Iris had sometimes made previously upon his kindly manner to her had pleased her grandfather.

THERE was some little preliminary discourse upon the history and present disturbed politics of the Chinese Republic. Chan Wing Kai observed with gratification that this Canadian did know something of the Orient, and was even acquainted, though very slightly, with the Canton dialect. But his eyes narrowed to needle-points in his searching of MacLachlan's face when the young man reached the object of his visit, and explained, with some fluency after he had fairly begun, his reasons for desiring to marry Iris. He had soon a curious and unexpected sensation of having been weighed in the balances of Chan's mind, and found wanting. Not that, in the grandfather's opinion, there was any criticism of the suitor's lack of fervent passion. Indeed, had ardent words of love been expressed, the old man would have thought it highly indecorous. When MacLachlan paused for reply, he was faced with a series of questions, such as an Occidental considers distinctly impertinent, but which, to an Oriental mind appear merely to denote a polite interest in one's welfare. How old was he? Where born? Where were his honorable parents? How much money had he? What did he expect to do in China? Had he been married before? etc., etc.

Iris, to all appearances, was engrossed in study, but even her composure permitted an occasional glance from her large dark eyes at her teacher during this colloquy.

Chan Wing Kai had not had from the first instant the faintest intention of any reply except absolute refusal. But years of experience had taught him that an alien should be tactful in his dealings

Checkmate From China

Continued from page 8

with the British-born. Besides, this was a teacher of the school, also a pleasant man to talk with. Hence, he cast about mentally for some means of denial, which, although not uncertain, might avoid the discourtesy of a point-blank no. He temporized:

"This honorable proposal is of great moment. It demands careful consideration."

That Purple Flower, of the ancient House of Chan, should depart to China as the wife of one whom the people would rudely class as "foreign devil" was, of course, unthinkable. Strange lack of manners, too, in these Canadian people, not to be aware that the question of a marriage should be discussed as a family affair by parents and relatives on both sides. Ridiculous, also, to suppose that a young girl of wealth and education should be permitted to marry one who did not even seem to expect to be able to provide a decent livelihood for her. But one must avoid the discourtesy of too curt a refusal. So the old man ruminated, leaning back in his chair, and joining together the delicate tips of his thin fingers. MacLachlan made some remark to Iris, who scarcely raised her eyes in her brief, low-voiced reply. Then, in nervous restlessness, he asked to look at some of the jade ornaments in the large cabinet. A box of ebony and ivory chessmen attracted his attention by their fine-cut carving. The eyes of Chan Wing Kai followed him as he examined the various pieces of the set.

"You understand the game of chess, I think?" the old man asked gently, a thought crossing his mind.

"It is a game that always interests me. I have played it a good deal."

"You have asked me a question. Shall we play a match that will decide it? If you can win from me, I shall make no objection to your marriage to my granddaughter. If you lose, you shall say no more upon that subject. Is it agreed?"

MacLachlan hesitated. Marriage was a solemn event, and the helpmate of a future missionary should not be won in jest. Yet, if a game were to prove a simple way to gain amiable consent, perhaps he might agree. Brought up in a family where playing-cards were taboo, chess and checkers had been the main diversions of the long winter evenings in the little Ontario village of his boyhood, and he had been for years the undefeated champion of the settlement before going to college. Hence, the faintly-smiling confidence and the veiled chal-

lenge in Chan Wing Kai's deep-set, dark eyes nettled his pride. He acquiesced.

"Go, my Purple Flower," said the old man. "Bring to me the rare antique chessmen that you placed in the window this morning. This is an occasion that demands the employment of the best that we possess."

The girl went swiftly and silently into the shop. As she picked up the exquisite red and white ivory figures, Kwong Yuen asked curiously:

"Do they play for high stakes?"

"The stake is I, Purple Flower of Chan!"

The young man's face clouded with hot anger. She continued rapidly:

"But do not be vexed. You know none ever defeat Chan Wing Kai. The foreign teacher will soon go away quietly."

HELEN SARGENT and her brother, walking back from the Chinese New Year Celebration of fireworks, had decided to purchase the set, if possible, as a gift for their uncle in Toronto. They stood in the street, carrying on a dubious discussion. Rupert was inclined to deny that this was the shop-window previously noted; Helen, sure that she was right.

"Yes, there are the strings of green and white jade beads, and that fine porcelain. The chessmen were in that small space that you see vacant. They must have been sold!"

They entered to inquire. Kwong Yuen turned face-over on the counter the book he was studying, and stood up promptly to attend to the customers' needs. He displayed several sets of chessmen, but showed a polite Oriental density in regard to the particular one which had lately been in the window. Rupert glanced at the title of the open book, and nudged his sister, saying to Kwong Yuen:

"Mean to say you read this?" The inflection of the tone was an odd mixture of curiosity, contempt, and censure. What business had a "Chink" with the Odes of Horace, a couple of which, he, Rupert Sargent, had found very hard sledding, indeed, in the futile effort to write the Senior Matric?

"Certainly. I am now completing my third year in the University."

Helen was interested. She asked some questions, comparing his studies with those with which she was familiar in the University of Toronto. Again, she queried about the porcelain which she had guessed was old Ming. Kwong Yuen

beamed with pleasure, and was soon talking volubly, and selecting rare pieces from the various shelves to show her. Rupert stood by, rather annoyed. Actually, Helen chatted with the fellow just as she would with anybody else—with any 'Varsity chap, for instance. She ought to know that Orientals needed to be kept in their place. In Rupert's view, any human being born not white-skinned and British was necessarily designed by Providence to a most distinctly subordinate position.

"See here, Sis, we can't be stopping here all night. Has your new friend decided to be kind enough to inform you whether or not the particular set of chessmen that we want has been sold?"

Kwong Yuen hesitated.

"I will go see Chan Wing Kai pretty soon," he said with a glance at the door of the inner room. "Perhaps he be ready to sell them."

"Oh, so the bossie-man is in there," remarked Rupert. "Possibly we can get a straight yes or no from him without more dawdling." Stepping forward, he coolly opened the door leading to the merchant's private dwelling-rooms.

THE game of chess had shown to each player unexpected skill in his opponent. Chan Wing Kai found that, instead of the rapid easy victory he had supposed would occur, he must needs put forth his utmost effort and play with the greatest wariness. MacLachlan, to whom chess ever since he could remember had been the one recreation in which he delighted, was so absorbed in the joy of contest that he half-forgot the critical stake for which he played. Iris sat demurely by, almost as motionless as the quaint jade figures she had placed upon the table. Of course, grandfather would win. But still, she really liked her history teacher very much. And if she were ever to tell the other girls!

There was neither sound nor movement in the room save an occasional crackle from the fire in the open stove, the darting of the brilliant gold-fish in their clear bowl, and the faint click and pass of the ivory pieces. The game was at its final point. MacLachlan saw an opportunity for checkmate, but a certain move from his opponent would block it. Chan Wing Kai's slender old hand was upon the critical piece. Alert as a cat, the faint sound of the opening door made him raise his eyes. MacLachlan, with his back towards the door, was regardless of anything save the mimic field of battle before him.

Anger and anxiety surged in the old man's mind. Was his private home to be entered and searched by the Red Riders? He kept the Canadian law. They would find nothing forbidden, but resentment at the intrusion was sharp. He moved his queen as MacLachlan had hardly hoped that he would. The next moment the Canadian said briefly: "Checkmate!"

The young "Mountie," in his scarlet and gold uniform stood, a brilliant figure, motionless for an instant. Then, wheeling rapidly about, he re-entered the shop.

"Helen, a moment! Perhaps you will believe me now!" He indicated the still unobservant Malcolm MacLachlan. "Come, we've had enough of this," he added roughly, "let us be off." He took his sister's arm with decision, but she shook it off and walked forward through the now wide-open door.

"How do you do?" she said, holding out her hand as though they had met but yesterday. "Surely you have not forgotten Helen Sargent?"

MacLachlan had sprung to his feet, and stood helplessly gazing at her with a face of such amazement and sorrow as though she were an apparition from the dead. He was utterly unaware of Rupert's clanking spurs and angry look, and equally of the amazed and baffled expression in the eyes of Chan Wing Kai, who sat, dumbly realizing that he had lost the game to which he had confidently challenged the stranger, and hence that his plighted word called upon him to agree . . . No, by the souls of all his ancestors, that was impossible! He must think.

Helen's instinctive sympathy and quick courtesy led her to break the silence.

"Will you not introduce me to these friends of yours, Mr. MacLachlan? My brother and I have [Cont'd on page 27]



S W I F T



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Cabbage Italienne with Premium Bacon

Hollow large cabbage to hold 3 cups cooked rice, 2 tsps. chopped onion, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups tomatoes, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup strong grated cheese. Place in baking dish with 3 cups water and 1 tbsp. salt. Bake in moderate oven (375°F) until cabbage is tender (about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours). Lay strips of Premium Bacon over top and bake until crisp (about five minutes). Serve with broiled Premium Bacon. (Centre of cabbage may be used for slaw.)

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Every mile is a delight in itself, leading to further delight at the end of the trip. Every

minute is laden with pleasure . . the pleasure of comfort, of privacy, of companions of one's own choosing.

And all the minutes are ours. We do not hang on the whim of a time-table. We are no slaves to siren or gong.

Only since Chevrolet joined the family

have we known true freedom . . only since then have we really *lived*. Now the sun is ours . . and the sky is ours . . the gold of the sands and the green of the fields and the glory of autumn woods.

All are ours . . and Chevrolet has given them to us . . giving us, too, for good measure the superb beauty of Fisher Body, the luxury of elegant appointments and the thrilling smoothness and power of a sturdy six-cylinder engine.

And if you think . . as once we thought . . that these pleasures are beyond attainment, look into Chevrolet and you will learn . . as we learned . . how easily they may be possessed.



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I T ' S B E T T E R B E C A U S E I T ' S C A N A D I A N

Baldy Red Comes Back Strong

to take credit for meritorious intention. "Something along the lines you mention was my idea too, and I hope, as you predict, that it will encourage others to equip themselves with this most handy method of transportation, which always brings in its wake a movement for better roads; a thing we certainly need all throughout the Lesser Slave Lake farming district."

"I see you are going in the morning," Baldy went on, dropping into a chair, while Mr. Hobbes, closing the door, also seated himself.

"No; not me; just the car. I had hoped to go along, but some business holds me over. However, I wrote to two of my men to meet the boat with a team and draw the car up to my house. You see, the intention to take a car did not come on the spur of the moment with my arrival in the city last week. I have been considering it for some time; in fact, I already have a neat little garage built and waiting for it upon the farm."

"It's too bad, though, you couldn't have gone along with it and drove it right from the dock up to your home; made a sort of triumphal entry of it, so to speak."

"Mr. Hobbes heaved a sigh. "Yes, that was my original intention. I rather fancy it would have created quite a stir in our village. But I'd made all arrangements to ship before I found I couldn't get away, so I have to let it go."

The silly old dough-head, Baldy thought to himself. All he's bought a car for is to swell it over the rest of the country round.

But his face did not betray his thoughts. He turned an attentive and interested face as Mr. Hobbes rambled on.

"But I'll sure have a good time this summer; I'm taking up everything I need—repairing tools of all descriptions, a pair of extra tires and two barrels of gasoline, beside the car's tank already full." Then, struck with a sudden thought: "By the way, I'm taking my last drive tonight. In the morning the garage people will ship it to Athabasca landing in time to catch the "Echo." Would you like to join me in my spin tonight?"

"I sure would be delighted."

"Very well, then, and, as I am just going down to supper, and the car is to be brought to the hotel at seven-thirty, you might as well have supper with me."

FOLLOWING the supper, Baldy Red climbed into the front seat of the big seven-passenger touring car, beside Mr. Hobbes; and for three hours sat in a cold sweat, his heart continually in his mouth, while the genial amateur at the wheel drove his desperate way through avenues sometimes crowded, sometimes deserted, now just missing a trolley car, now a pedestrian, street-corner curb, or telegraph pole—but always missing, an occurrence which Baldy Red began to feel almost sorry for as the time dragged slowly away. But at last, some few minutes after ten, Mr. Hobbes drove to the garage, put the car in, and together they walked back to the King Edward Hotel.

Hardly had Baldy Red bidden his host good-night, and seen Mr. Hobbes pass into the hotel, then he was once more on his way back to the somewhat distant garage.

Arrived there, he talked for some time with the greasy individual in sole charge at night. Following the conversation, the greasy one pocketed a crackling bill, largely embossed with the numerals XX, and Baldy Red proceeded down town, to return again shortly with an express wagon bearing a mysterious load.

Three toilsome hours he spent with the greasy one, then went homeward to bed. As he walked down the silent street under the soft dusk of the northern summer night he sang for the first time in many days a little song of his own composing, an oddly-philosophical ditty born of his quaint mode of life:

"Neither be too simple nor too wise
If on this old earth you'd rise;
If your hair's turning gray,
And you're broke on your last day,
You've been either too simple or wise."

Continued from page 11

Once again, a few days later, Baldy Red stepped from the steamer "Call" upon the dock at Lesser Slave Lake Settlement. Sergeant McNulty and Constable Murphy were there as usual, but they paid Baldy not the slightest attention, confining themselves to minutest attention to every piece of unloading freight. With a faint smile the bootlegger saw them pry off even the tops of the gasoline barrels billed to so respectable a citizen as Mr. Hobbes, and poke with exploring sticks their veriest depths. But when they extended their examination to the automobile after it was run onto the dock, Baldy's eyes narrowed and he sat up a little straighter on the stringer from which he was watching unobserved.

The automobile's seat cushions they lifted up; opened tool boxes; raised the hood and peered into every nook and crevice around the engine; and lastly unscrewed the top of the water jacket, and raised that of the gasoline tank, sniffing each suspiciously.

But at last Baldy breathed easier, and watched with contemplative eyes two farmer boys hitch on their team and draw the car in state up the narrow dusty road through the village to the home of Mr. Hobbes, on the outskirts a quarter of a mile away.

That night, had the eyes of Sergeant McNulty and Constable Murphy—as they lay in ambush watching the freight

door of the Northland Navigation Company's shed—been turned instead upon the neat little garage of Mr. Hobbes some half-mile away, they might have seen, under cover of the late-coming faint dark of summer night peculiar to the region, Baldy Red slip out from it and disappear silently and swiftly into the edge of the trees farther on, carrying on his either shoulder an automobile tire, which extra pair had been lashed so innocently at the back of the big car on its arrival some hours before.

And had they been afforded the opportunity of sitting in the private office of Big Jake Munroe in the "Western Club," Northtown, some three weeks later, they might have overheard Baldy Red make this chuckling comment to Big Jake, as he concluded his story and rose to leave after paying the money he had recently borrowed:

"Of course, I took back the extra tires to old Hobbes that night, and put them in their place. But he'll never use them until he's shipped them back to Northtown and had some new inner tubes put in, for the ones that were in, when me and that garage fellow started to filter in that fifteen gallons of booze, have valves that sure never will take the nozzle of an air-pump."

All of which would have been highly interesting to Messrs. McNulty and Murphy, explaining, as it would to them, drunkenness that had but recently swept the Lesser Slave Lake District.

Checkmate From China

Continued from page 24

been enjoying much the beautiful things in the outer shop. I should be glad to hear more about them."

With an effort, the young man collected himself, and uttered some confused words as she desired, adding with a desperate plunge:

"This young girl is Iris Chan, whom I expect will accompany me to the mission-fields of China this spring as my wife."

There was a sort of icy feeling about Helen's heart, but a splendid courage kept her talking quietly with the bewildered girl and her grandfather, about porcelain and rare jade and "pigeon-blood" cloisonne. Kwong Yuen, who had followed the visitors, cast from his usually good-humored face, a glance of baleful hatred at MacLachlan.

Chan Wing Kai's mind was now made up towards a final effort. He summoned his usual cool dignity.

"Kwong Yuen, will you kindly ask my servant to prepare tea, rice-cakes, and sweetmeats, that I may show our New Year's hospitality? Purple Flower, my child, go within and open the box lately arrived from Shanghai for your New Year's gift. Put on the dress and come back to us. Let these guests behold you as a maid of China."

HELEN nerved herself to continue talking to MacLachlan of her journey west, of mutual friends in Toronto, of University life in Vancouver, and in Ontario. But his low, distracted replies made conversation difficult. Presently, she was chatting with the old Chinese. To his pleased surprise, he found she had read some translations of the classic poets of his nation, and admired their beauty, calm and pathos.

Her brother, meanwhile, was impatiently slapping his high boot with his cane, and reflecting that women, and sisters in particular, were "the very deuce." What possessed Helen to insist on putting in time in this "Chink joint," talking to a crack-brained missionary who had the disgusting notion of marrying an Oriental? Suddenly he uttered a long, low whistle of involuntary admiration.

Purple Flower stood in the doorway, where the steps raised her somewhat above the floor-level. Gone was the trim Vancouver school-girl. This was a lady of high degree from the Far East of

romance. The shadowed hallway behind made her small figure stand out as from the background of an old picture. The full trousers and long loose coat of her costume were of rich ivory silk brocade with shimmering golden blossoms. Gold, too, were her little slippers. Her hair, released from its long, close braids, had been wound into two large rolls, held by pins of polished jade. Fastened on one side of her head was an exquisite golden flower, and long jade ear-rings drooped from her little ears down to her slender neck.

MacLachlan glanced but a moment at her picturesque figure; then turned, to look from his deep-set eyes at Helen, as a drowning man might gaze at his last glimpse of land.

"Pon my soul, what a stunning little Jane," commented Rupert.

"You lovely child," breathed Helen.

Iris had heard no such enthusiastic praise from Canadian lips before. A softly-pleased smile brightened her demure face. Before anyone could say more, Chan Wing Kai rose, and taking her hand, drew his grand-daughter ceremoniously forward.

"Listen, my child. I have given my word not to oppose your marriage to this stranger who asks to take you away. Purple Flower, will you go with him to help teach his thoughts to our people, or will you stay with me, until I think it is time for you to marry a man of our own race, who shall work to build up that New China, made by us, the Chinese, for ourselves?"

Without a moment's hesitation, the girl stepped closer beside the old man, saying slowly and clearly:

"Grandfather, I belong to you, and to our own people."

THERE was a look of high elation on the old-ivory features of Chan Wing Kai, and a broad smile on the face of Kwong Yuen, as they bowed farewell to the three Canadians, who threaded their way through the still noisy crowd of Pender Street—two of them so absorbed in earnest low-toned conversation that they were oblivious to all the sights, sounds or odors of Chinatown's fête-day; the other, idly entertained by the varied throng, and now and then dropping behind, with a careless whistle of amusement.

FREE to Motorists!

These New Pressure Discs

They often cut tire costs \$30 a year



IF you want to save as much as \$30 a year on tires and boost your mileage 1000 to 4500 miles, clip the coupon below.

It will bring you FREE a set of these new Schrader Pressure Discs. The newest development to combat improper inflation, the cause of 80 per cent of all premature tire failures.

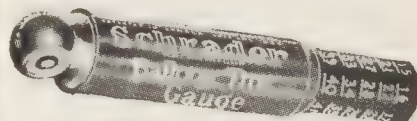
You get a set of discs, each stamped with the exact individual pressure each of your tires should carry. Your discs will be specially selected for your specific car. Then you attach discs and maintain pressure they prescribe.

To follow these recommendations faithfully is to utterly avoid improper inflation, thus adding thousands of miles to tire life. So fill out coupon now.

To test your tires, leading tire engineers recommend the use of the time-proven "direct-action" Schrader Gauge. A gauge dependably accurate and durable.

So obtain a Schrader Gauge today. Use it weekly in conjunction with the Pressure Discs offered here.

Fill out coupon carefully. The information required is essential to get discs for your specific car. A. Schrader's Son, Inc., TORONTO, Chicago, Brooklyn, London.



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Dear Sirs:

Send me FREE a set of Discs indicating proper pressure for each of my tires.

Make of car.....Year.....

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(Sedan, coupe, touring, etc.)

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THE PROFESSION speaks its mind on troubles of the gums...

Soft food is the cause of soft gums... DENTISTS SAY: Ipana and massage the logical remedies.

IF you go to your dentist for advice upon gum troubles, he will gladly sum up for you the latest findings of the profession. He could show you lectures, papers and clinical reports by the hundred. But probably he will give you the gist of it all in some such terms as these:

"Gum troubles start right in your dining room. For the food you eat is to blame!

"Before we began to refine our foods, people didn't have much trouble with their gums. The coarse fibre and the natural roughage made plenty of work for the oral apparatus. Mastication kept the blood supply within the gums in lively circulation. Gums were nourished—they remained in normal tone and vigor—firm, sound and healthy.

How soft foods impair gum health

"But what happens today? You demand tender meats, peeled fruits, soft vegetables, flaky pastries and fluffy puddings. Your gums are robbed of work. Their circulation falters. The tissues grow congested—soft, inflamed and tender.

"Soon you may notice a tinge of

'pink' on your tooth brush. That is a signal of danger near at hand—a warning that your gums need immediate care.

"The logical way to correct or prevent the trouble is to stimulate the gums twice a day through massage. You can do it easily in just a few moments at the time you brush your teeth."

(Summary taken from hundreds of excerpts from authoritative dental papers, lectures and texts.)

And there are hundreds of good dentists—among them very possibly your own—who add:

"The massage alone is good, but massage with Ipana Tooth Paste is better. Use it for the massage as well as for the regular cleaning of your teeth."

For Ipana contains ziratol, a stimulating and healing hemostatic. For years specialists have used ziratol in treating the gums. Its presence gives Ipana the power to aid in building your gums to sound and sturdy health.

Ipana is worth a 30 days' trial

There is a coupon in the corner. It offers you a ten-day trial tube. Use it if you wish. But ten days can hardly show you Ipana's good effect on your gums. One month is a far fairer trial. Stop at your druggists and get a full-size tube. Use it to the last squeeze. Then will you know all Ipana can do to improve the health and beauty of your mouth!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

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1239 Benoit St., Montreal, P.Q.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Prov.....

Joe Collicut's Fortune

Continued from page 18

for it"? I says. He turned around towards me, squinted kind of funny-like, an' says: "Sh! Don't talk so loud. If the rest of the people on the train hear about this they'll all fight to get shares when they get to Calgary, an' the price will go up before we want it to. Foller me, an' we'll talk this proposition over."

We rose an' went into the wash-room at the end of the car. an' shut the door. "Now listen," says the tall feller, don't you say a word about this to nobody. It's a secret, an' you really shouldn't have listened to us talkin'. However, you did, an' so we can't do nothin' but let you in on it. How much money you got?"

"A thousand dollars," I says. "How many shares can I get for that?"

"They're really worth about four dollars," he says, but I suppose you heard what Fred said about the market price. We'll be honest with you, an' give 'em to you at two dollars a share. That makes five hundred shares for a thousand dollars, an' we don't charge no commission. Boy, you'll be a rich man by the end of the week."

"I'll take 'em," I says, "an' promise to keep my mouth shut." So he reaches into an inside pocket an' pulls out a handful of certificates. I could see they was genuine, for they was all engraved with the picture of a derrick, an' signed in three or four places beside a red seal. He gave 'em to me, an' I paid him a thousand dollars, all the money I had made from selling my calves, except about ten dollars.

"Remember," he says, "not a word to anyone." An' they both went up into the next car. I went back to my seat feeling as lucky as a horse-shoe. I'll bet if Pa an' Cora knew now what I had done they'd a wisht they hadn't spoken to me the way they had. They don't give a feller credit for eny brains at all.

IT WAS about milkin' time when I got to Calgary. I had only bin there onc't before, when I was a little feller, an' so didn't remember very much about it. I went to the Palliser Hotel 'cause Ed. Gardner told me it was the best place in town to stay, an' of course when you're dealin' in oil stock you have to stay at the best. The room was three dollars a day, which seems a lot of money, but I knew when I sold my oil shares I would be rich, so I didn't worry. I had enough in my pocket to buy meals for a few days anyway. So I signed my name on a large sheet of paper, an' went into one of those cage affairs, an' shucks! just as quick as that, I was up ten storeys off the ground. From the window of my room I could see all over town, an' believe me it's a mighty big place. They's acres an' acres of land there, an' every square inch of it is covered with buildings an' houses; yessir, every square inch.

That evenin' I didn't do much. I ate supper at a big restaurant that made Charlie Sing's cafe look like a woodshed, an' then walked up an' down the streets, looked in the windows an' at the big electric signs. Gosh! They ain't got enything in Didsbury.

Next mornin' early I was up an' had breakfast. They wasn't many people around then so I bought a mornin' paper an' sat down to read the oil news. I see all kinds of stocks mentioned, but not Springbank, so then I knew that what those fellers told me was the truth, that they were keepin' it quiet until the well blew in. I was sure lucky to have got such a good tip. Of course it wasn't all luck either; I had brains enough to know that those two fellers knew somethin' about oil, or else I wouldn't have bought from them.

When I had finished the paper I asked the clerk at the desk where I signed my name, if he could tell me what time the Oil Exchange opened, an' how I could get there.

"Ten o'clock," he says, "two blocks north an' half a block west."

"It was about nine o'clock then, an' I figured that by the time I walked round the streets a little bit, it would be time to get there an' see what was happening.

WELL, you never saw such a crowd of people in all your life! It was worse than a circus. Even at nine-thirty when I got there the room was full, an' I had a dickens of a time to get a good place. They is a big floor surrounded by a fence which nobody is allowed over, an' they isn't much room for people to stand. But I got a place all right, next the top rail, where I could lean over an' see everything.

On the wall in front of me they was a huge green board, like a blackboard at school, only green, an' about the size of the side of a barn, an' on this was written all kinds of names in chalk, which I guessed to be the different oil stocks that was sold there. I looked at 'em all, an' sure enough, there was Springbank in just as large letters as eny of them. Underneath there was columns for writing down figures.

In a few minnits in comes a tall man with a bald head an' a moustache, with a bell in his hand which he sets down on a table. An' behind him streams about thirty other fellers, all with their hats off, an' with books an' pencils in their hands. At first I couldn't understand why they had eny more right to stand out there in the middle of the floor than I had, an' I was jist goin' to climb over the fence where it wasn't so crowded, when a feller beside me says: "You ain't allowed in there."

"Why not," I asks.

"They're the brokers who buy an' sell the stocks."

Jist then the man with the bald head rang the bell, an' a regular bedlam broke loose. I never heard enything like it before in all my life. The men with the pencils an' books, them brokers, all started hollerin' an' millin' around like a herd o' cows in a corral. One would shout "Buy Regent"! like a mad bull, an' another roar: "Sell Devenish"! jist as loud. It seemed a foolish way to do business to me. I'd think they'd get twict the amount of work done if they'd talk so's a body wouldn't be deafened tryin' to listen to 'em. It sounded like a dog show I went to onc't where all the dogs was barkin' at onct.

An' at the same time they hollered, they would write down something in their little black books, tear sheets off an' run over to the big blackboard with them, where men was writin' down figures with pieces of chalk.

People around me was all excited. I could see some of them lookin' at the blackboard as though their eyes would pop out, an' every onct in a while somebody would hand little pieces of paper to one of the men on the floor an' he would go off an' start yellin' some stock like a madman.

After awhile, when I caught on to the hang of the thing I began lookin' at the Springbank column to see if the price was goin' up at all. But it was quite a while afore I saw eny writin' there, so I knew by that they was still holdin' back the stock till the well come in, so I wasn't worryin'. The well would be in maybe tomorrow, an' then the stock would be up to five or ten dollars.

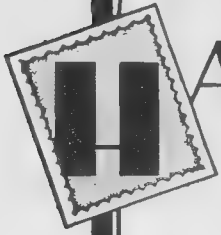
But after a time I saw one of the men writin' somethin' under my column an' I looked to see what the figger was. I held my breath for about a minnit I think, when I saw it. Fifteen! What do you think about that! The well must have come in that morning for the stock to rise that much. Right then I could of sold my five hundred shares an' made seventy-five hundred dollars. I was rich! Say, there ain't nothin' like the oil racket if you know how to play it!

"See, I says to the man who had spoken to me before, "my stock is up to fifteen dollars a share, an' I bought it for two. I guess that's hittin' 'em on the nose, eh?"

He looked at me for a minnit, kind of casual, an' then says: "What stock you got, anyway?"

"Springbank," I says, "that's what I've got."

Then I see a smile creep across his face an' he says: "Springbank, eh? Did you know that Springbank are down almost six thousand feet in a dry hole and are goin' to (Continued on page 30)



HARVEYETTES

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Harveyettes—a new creation by Canada's most successful makers of tailored undergarments for women—are something distinctly new, with most happily chosen features of newness.

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The step-ins and combinations are offered in two styles, either loose or shirred at the knee. Both garments are cunningly tailored to fit smoothly to the desired slender lines, and at the same time yield to the play of tireless muscles without binding or pull.

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These new style garments are fashioned and tailored only by Harvey. Look for the Harvey Label on every genuine Harvey garment.



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HAS time started to etch your face? Are lines growing deeper and more numerous? Whipped-up nervous systems are most often the cause. Nerves jangled and jarred through the constant use of mealtime beverages containing the drugs tannin and caffeine. You can help banish nervousness if you will stop drinking these nerve irritants.

Tannin and caffeine are harmful. With you these agents may work fast or slow.

Drink Postum. In 30 days this appetizing, full-bodied, hot drink will prove how you and each member of the family can be better off for it because it contains *not a single trace of any drug stimulant*. Instantly made in the cup at a cost of about half-a-cent. 90 cups to a 50c tin. There's Postum Cereal, too, made by boiling or percolating twenty minutes. Get Postum at all grocers, restaurants, your club or on the train. Try Postum for 30 days. We'll start you out on your test by giving you your first week's supply free. Write for it. State whether you want Instant Postum or Postum Cereal. CANADIAN POSTUM CO., LIMITED, Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario.

Postum



You know how many children do not like the taste of milk. You know how they like to have the same drink as the "grown-ups." You know, too, how good it is for them to have a hot drink! Make Instant Postum for them, using hot milk (not boiled) instead of boiling water! They'll like the taste immediately! And they will get the added nourishment of milk in a hot drink that is economical and so easy to make.



Joe Collicut's Fortune

Continued from page 28

stop drillin' tomorrow? Why, boy, that ain't fifteen dollars you see, it's fifteen CENTS."

Well, sir, you could of knocked me over with a feather. I saw that he was right because when I looked again at the board I noticed the word "cents" written in above the name where I hadn't seen it.

WHEN I got back to the hotel I felt kind of sick to the stomach or somethin'. I felt like I wanted to cry, but of course didn't because that is like a woman, an' shows a weakness, an' I'm not no weak person if I do say it myself. But, when I thought of the way I had been took in by those two cheaters on the train, an' what the folks would say to me after I come back home broke, I felt pretty bad.

An' Cora: she would be broken-hearted about it because we had figgered to get married right away an' now wouldn't have nothing to get married on. I can understand now why some folks commit suicide when they get despondent an' meet big financial reverses like I had. I thought about it several times myself when I was lookin' out the window onto the street, an' could picture my body fallin' through space onto the sidewalk or maybe under a truck or somethin' an' get crushed. Maybe I would have done it too only it shows a weakness to escape from troubles that way, an' I'm not weak, as I said onct before. Besides it looked a long ways down to the street, an' there is no good mashin' yore body all up when you want to kill yourself. There is much cleaner an' easier ways of doing it.

However, there was no use in thinkin' of this all the time, so I began wonderin' what happened to those fellers who sold me the oil stock, an' what I would do to them if I ever saw them again, which of course wasn't very likely.

I was in a mighty bad position, I could see that. All the money I had in my pocket was three dollars an' seventy-five cents, which wasn't even enough to buy my fare back to Didsbury. Besides, by this time, I owed about three dollars to the hotel. I began to get worried an' excited about it, an' fretted myself half sick. I couldn't see any way out of it but what I'd have to go to jail for not bein' able to pay my debts; an' even if I didn't, where would I be at with no job or not money to buy my meals?

ABOUT two o'clock I couldn't stand the thought of it any longer, so I decided to go down town an' get drunk or somethin' to try an' forget it I might as well spend the rest of my money that way as any. So I left my room an' went downstairs an' was jist goin' out the door when who do you think I run into comin' in?

Why, it was them two fellers who had sold me the oil stock, the tall lean chap with squinty eyes, an' the short fat feller with glasses.

They recognized me the minnit they saw me, an' the tall feller was jist goin' to say "hello" to me when he must of seen the fire in my eyes. Before either of them could open their mouths I shouted to 'em as loud as I could so's everybody could hear what dirty skunks they was: "Listen here, you miserable cheaters, give me back that money I gave you

for that Springbank oil stock! It's nothin' but a dry hole."

The little feller looks first at me, then at his friend, an' says: "Why certainly we'll give it back, my bucko, an' you don't have to holler for it either."

"Quit yore kiddin' me," I says, "or I'll have you arrested. Maybe I will enyway. I want that money back right now or you'll be in trouble."

"Jist hold yore horses," says the slim feller, "we ain't kidding you. In fact we're willin' to give you a little better'n you paid for 'em. How would three dollars a share suit you?"

This sounded kind of fishy to me, somehow, an' I couldn't understand it. Maybe they were tryin' to play some other trick on me. I wasn't goin' to get caught again by these dirty crooks if I could help it.

"Show me yore money," I says to 'em.

Jist as quick as that the fat feller pulled out a roll of twenty dollar bills that was big enough to choke a horse. "Show me yore shares," he says, startin' to count out the money.

I was jist about to accept his offer when I heard a newsboy outside hollerin' somethin' about a big oil gusher.

"Jist a minnit," I says, "I'll be right back."

But the big chap interrupted me. "Yore shares now or you don't get the money," he says, smilin' kind of peculiar like with that twisted mouth of his, "we're making you a mighty good offer, bucko."

"Jist one minnit," I says, an' I'll be with you. I feel a hunch or somethin' in my bones." An' I went out an' bought a paper.

WELL, sir, you couldn't of guessed what had happened. Springbank had struck 20 million feet of wet gas, jist as the drillers were layin' down their tools. It was one of the biggest wells they had ever got in Turner Valley.

Now I begin to understand why those fellers was offerin' me three dollars a share for my stock.

I never waited to see any more of them, but rushed right over to the Oil Exchange where the afternoon session had jist started.

You never saw such an excitement in all yore life as there was that afternoon. Everybody was wantin' to buy Springbank. At first the price was five dollars, then seven, then it went to ten. By that time I began thinkin' I would be wise to sell mine, an' by fightin', an' shoutin' until I was hoarse, I managed to git the attention of a broker, an' gave him my stock to sell.

WHEN I got back to Didsbury the following day, I had five thousand dollars in my pocket. All the folks greeted me sorrowful-like, as though I had lost everything an' was comin' home heart-broken, until I told 'em the news. Pa stared at me like I was a freak or somethin' an' says in a kind of jealous voice: "Wal, you certainly was lucky, Joe, wasn't you?"

"Of course," I says, "it was partly luck; but you must give me credit for havin' brains enough to buy the right stock. Everybody don't make money in oil."

Cora an' I are going to be married a week from next Friday, 'cause it was a Friday when the well came in.

Rain Thoughts

By Clara E. Hill

The rain is plashing, plashing,
Upon my window-pane,
And the restless wind is waiting,
And grieving in the rain;
And my lonely heart is yearning,
And calling, all in vain,
For an absent one's returning
Who ne'er returns again.

Yet golden days will follow
And gild my window-pane,
And the wind will lull its wailing,
And cease the murmur'ing rain;
Yet still my heart is weary,
'Tis calling, all in vain
For an absent one who comes not,
Nor e'er can come again.

"How 10 minutes before my Mirror CHANGED my LIFE"

Read the experience of a girl who wanted to improve her appearance, and started by sending a coupon for my Beauty Sampler and Booklet.

By MME. JEANNETTE DE CORDET

"ISN'T it strange how a few minutes can change your whole lifetime?"

"In my case, the most important ten minutes of my life were those I spent examining your wonderful little booklet and Beauty Sampler. What a revelation they were to me! They positively taught me how to make myself over into a really striking personality.

"I was surprised when I read in your booklet that skin tone, not color of hair and eyes, determines type. But when I tried the Pompeian powder in the Sampler, I knew that you were right. My skin seemed to take on a new life and radiance. Not artificial at all, but just a natural, lovely tint. For the first time, my skin and hair and eyes seemed to belong together.

"And beauty does give one confidence, doesn't it? In the past few weeks I have learned how thrilling it is to feel the admiring glances of both men and women. Thank you—oh, so much—for helping me to find myself!"

Know your type!

The most charming and striking women are simply those who have learned this fundamental beauty law:

Know your type! Then be your type. Emphasize it in every possible way. Make yourself a lovely, consistent picture.

If you do not know your type—and most women do not—I have made it very easy for you to find out. Just send the coupon below for my Beauty Sampler and booklet.

The booklet is a catalog of types, beautifully illustrated in color. In it you will find a description of yourself. Note carefully what shade of Pompeian rouge and powder you should use.



Now select from the Beauty Sampler the shade of powder that the booklet says is *yours*. Pat it on your face. You will be absolutely delighted with the softness of Pompeian Powder, with its subtle fragrance, with the new life and radiance it brings to your complexion.

Can you delay a single minute, when the coupon is waiting to bring you this revealing beauty knowledge? The Sampler itself is free—I ask only 10c to cover the cost of mailing and packing.

*Fashionable new
summer tan
shade now
available.*



Mme. Jeannette de Cordet, Dept. P132,
353 Rue St. Nicolas, Montreal

Please send me your Beauty Sampler and booklet, "Your Type of Beauty." I enclose 10 cents (coin or stamps) for packing and postage.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Province.....

The Talkies are Telling the World

Continued from page 15

drawing up or toning down the players' voices, via the dials. Through his observation glass he watches proceedings out on the studio set, keeping his hand ever poised over the knobs of his dials to prevent what is known as "voice skid." The one-time "juicer" is no more—as such. He now has a white-collar job, for no longer does he have to handle messy carbons. The noisy, sputtering arc lights, sunares, and so forth have been replaced with silent incandescents, or "rifle lamps." Nor does the camera-man now stand, cap back-to-front, grinding his machine with a half-bored air. He crouches within his movable, sound-proof box, turning his lens to follow a player or a scene and he is exceedingly busy—much too busy to look bored. The sound-track is a narrow band of space running along the left side of a film. The photo-electric cell is a small sensitive vacuum tube used in the projection machine to translate the black-and-white lines of the sound-track back into sound, so that this may be perceived by the ear. The "tormentor" is a large, portable wall draped with a special material to prevent echo and resonance. The amplifier magnifies the strength of the electric current from the mike. Inside the camera-booth is a counter supporting the camera equipment. The covered motors are below this counter, and drive the cameras by means of flexible shafts. All the walls are padded and the windows are made of very thick glass. Not a sound can intrude or escape. It is a kind of glorified 'phone-booth, and is colloquially known as "the ice-box." After the signal of "Interlock," the heavy door is shut upon the cameramen and they proceed to record the drama, only the faint hum of the synchronized motors being audible. The director's eye is upon the red light of his signal-box. It tells him the system is functioning "okay," that the cameras are moving at a uniform speed of "24," and that the cylinders are revolving in the recording room in readiness to receive a faithful impression of voice and other sound. A step away a huge yellow disc, made of wax, is revolving, its needle poised to record the slightest sound. But it is only in one studio (Warner's) that the wax disc is used for a permanent record and film-recording not employed. Censorship may force these pioneers to swing into line with others, however, for while it is fairly easy to cut out a line or a speech from a piece of film, any deletion from a vitaphoned production calls for a brand-new record. Three bells, in the new parlance, means three short buzzes from a muted bell that announces that the scene is to be taken and that everyone must keep quiet. One bell signifies that the scene has been taken. "Out of sink," is a term meaning "out of synchronization." The two men in the sound recording room have the highly-specialized job of securing perfect synchronization. They can make a fly's footsteps sound like thunderclaps, or the rustle of a newspaper sound like a noisy waterfall. All newspapers, by the way, are dampened before being taken on a set.

It was learned that three-sided sets, which hitherto have served the movies well, produce hollow voices—a kind of hollering-down-the-rainbarrel effect—and that walls made of wood cause the voice to "bounce." Talkies, in most particulars, are infinitely more trouble to make. In making one of the earliest audible "shots" a certain company had an enlightening experience. It was necessary to have a gun go off, but an actual revolver shot would have shattered the sensitive mike, so a toy cap-pistol was used. Even this, however, sounded in the monster room like a 16-inch gun, so in retaking the scene the merest gentle tap of a hammer furnished the desired effect. The director of one of the new all-talkies told us that all the dancers' feet have to be rubber-soled, that none of the girls may wear silk undies, for the rustle sounds like machine-gun fire, and that an airplane winging its way high overhead in the clear California air can do untold damage to a scene with

the distant faint drone of its engines. Certain stage-players have complained that they find it hard to let themselves go, emotionally, since too great a degree of emphasis, such as anger or enthusiasm, results in a "boom-boom" kind of sound, while to be obliged constantly to remember the mike robs the acting of a good deal of spontaneity. On the other hand too small and guarded a voice goes "squeak-squeak," like a mouse in a trap.

MIKE-FRIGHT has been the experience of some of the greatest of stage players. You will hear of how Jeanne Eagels wrecked the mike the first time she opened her mouth before it; of how Ethel Barrymore was as nervous as a beginner, and Ruth Chatterton was afraid to hear the wax record run off. They'll tell you of Emil Jannings' thick German, of Chaplin's impossible London accent, and of Banky's Hungarian brogue. When talkies first loomed on the film horizon new blood seemed imperative. Panic was in the air and certain lustrous names appeared to be about to grow dim, but time has proved that the old movie players can hold their own, and that many who were about to be forgotten have suddenly bloomed again on the strength of a good talkie voice.

The Canadian stars and featured players have particularly good voices, we were assured on every side.

"The Canadian voice has neither the stridency of the American, nor the slurring which marks the English," stated one well-known director. "The voices of Mary Pickford, Norma Shearer, Fay Wray, and others are very pleasing to the ear."

Surprises have been many. The news-reel has contributed these too. Lady Astor reveals a most un-American dropping of her final "g's," and a strange flattening of certain vowel sounds. Though a native of Virginia she might almost have been born within sound of Bow Bells. On the other hand, Louise Fazenda of Hollywood, who has played little else but comic Swedish housemaids, speaks with a pronounced Boston accent. But one must never be surprised at the films. They are the soul of democracy. Pasteboard crowns tumble, and he who today pronounces hors d'œuvre with a livery-stable accent may tomorrow be elevated to celluloid peerage and thereafter use nothing but the broad "a."

Personally, before we heard a talkie at all, we were convinced that the whole idea was an outrage. In this we had plenty of company. We regarded the innovation as but another modern annoyance to be classed with the exhaust of the motor car and other unnecessary noises. But I think we were all rather agreeably disappointed. Of course we hadn't really ever missed the voices of the pictures, and now we've got 'em, why, it's quite all right. They are far from perfect yet and numerous flaws are still obvious. The talkies, providing you don't make a habit of seeing too many of them, are a pleasant release from the jog-trot routine of life, and in some cases a solace from the unhappy world of reality. They will never be as restful as the plain movies were, but with their advent some minor pests have been done away with, for example the person who breathed on the back of your neck as he, or she, laboriously read sub-titles aloud.

INQUIRE if there are many Canadians in Hollywood, and the reply is "we're falling over 'em." Spoken good-humorously, though. Just as in London, England, all Scotsmen are "heids o' departments," so in the celluloid capital all Canadians, one gathers, hold the best posts! Nor are they slow to tell their cousins just what ails a given picture, a script, or a bit of business. One film-editor whom we met described himself as "half-a-Canadian," on the strength of a mother who had been born in the Province of Alberta and lived there until she was two years of age. This chap was ambitious (Continued on page 34)

"Your two-year-old trousseau things...why, they look new!"

"Recently a high school chum visited me for the first time since my marriage two years ago. She knew we had been saving strenuously for the purchase of our home. So when she saw me putting away my underthings she laughingly asked how I could afford such lovely ones.

"'They're my trousseau things,' I said, and she exclaimed, 'Why, they look new!' I told her my method of keeping them new looking—never wash them in anything but Lux.

"I find that all my nice things—whether washed by hand or in the machine (like blankets)—look just like new after each cleansing, and last such a wonderfully long time, with Lux. I call Lux real clothes economy."

Mrs. Louise M. Horne

Greatest Groups of Experts insist on Lux!

The world's greatest authorities on lovely clothes—all the great Movie Studios, every Musical Show in New York, Fifth Avenue Dressmakers, Buyers in 132 leading stores (92 out of every 100 interviewed)—insist on Lux! These experts find through actual tests that "Lux keeps all kinds of fabrics—from delicate chiffons to soft, thick woollens—like new twice as long." *Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto.*





Purest ingredients
give it a **Finer Flavour and Quality**



TASTE "Canada Dry" and you'll know the thrill of drinking a better, purer, finer beverage. "Dry" as some rare old wine . . . a subtle, delightful, ginger taste . . . delicious sparkle . . . a distinctive aroma and flavour which set it off forever from any other beverage.

Exact methods contribute to its marvelous flavour

The absolutely pure ingredients used in making this fine old ginger ale give it basic excellence. The highest quality of Jamaica ginger makes "Canada Dry" a real ginger ale. The process of blending and balancing is done in exact proportions and hourly check-ups are made to see to it that those proportions never vary. Daily laboratory tests are made so that

the purity of "Canada Dry" will be beyond question. A secret method of carbonation enables "Canada Dry" to retain its sparkle long after the bottle is opened. No wonder this fine old ginger ale has such a distinctive flavour!

The result is a popularity which is world-wide

In countless homes throughout Canada and the United States, "Canada Dry" is the favourite beverage. Its sparkle brings new delight to dinner. Its mellowness adds pleasure to entertaining friends. Its joyousness makes an evening of bridge even more pleasant. Always have "Canada Dry" on hand. Order it in the convenient Hostess Package of 12 bottles.



"CANADA DRY"

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

Canada Dry Ginger Ale Limited, Toronto, Edmonton and Montreal
Formerly J. J. McLaughlin Limited, and Caledonia Springs Corporation Limited

BETTY BELDON,

accomplished hostess, suggests

DESSERTS are feminine delights . . . for here is the symphony's finale, the happy ending, the indefinable satisfaction that should be a part of each meal . . . and how cooling they are in summer . . . with all of them serve "Canada Dry" to leave an impression of luxurious bounty, to aid digestion.

Y

"CANADA DRY" SORBET

2 tablespoonfuls of "Canada Dry"
1 cup of sugar
1 cup of water
Juice of 2 oranges
Juice of 2 lemons

Combine the sugar and water, bring it to boiling point and add the fruit juices. Chill, add two pint bottles of "Canada Dry," place in an ice cream freezer, pack with three parts of crushed ice to one of rock salt and freeze.



Ask your Doctor about Kotex

*The Modern Sanitary Napkin That Is Safe
to Health.... Comfortable, Convenient....
and Economical*

YOU can believe your doctor's advice, madam, so ask him about Kotex. He will tell you it is the only sanitary napkin he approves your using.

1: They are safe to health—home-made napkins are not so sanitary.

2: They are comfortable... soft, very absorbent, shaped to fit. They deodorize thoroughly, to give perfect assurance all ways.

3: Convenient. Discard them without the bother of old

ways. See directions in each package.

4: Adjust them easily to fit just as you like them.

5: Economical at the new low prices. It is folly to risk health, comfort and peace-of-mind when Kotex is within reach of all.

Buy a package of Kotex today—at any drug, dry goods or department store.

MADE IN CANADA

KOTEX

Sanitary Napkins

Mail the coupon now for
THREE sample Kotex napkins
and valuable book of women's
hygiene... FREE.

WHM—8

FREE - 3 KOTEX Samples

Kotex Company of Canada, Limited,
330 Bay Street, Toronto 2, Ontario.

You may send me samples of Kotex and book,
"Personal Hygiene," in plain carton.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Prov.....178



Two Sizes

Regular size 60c a dozen and
Super-size 75c a dozen

The Talkies are Telling the World

Continued from page 32

to sell a scenario about Canada and was determined to out-Curwood Curwood. "What that bird didn't know about Canada! was his reiterated complaint. He hadn't been in Canada himself, except on location trips in the Rockies, but his pride in his mother's race was strong in him. Already he had corrected a script which made a French-Canadian say: "By gar, that's a right smart job." He pointed out that "right smart" is a definitely southern-American expression. And once he had gleefully cut a clipping from the columns of the Calgary Herald and had exhibited it to the chief of a company which had just released a "Western" featuring the Mounties.

This clipping said: "Moving picture directors staging scenes in which the Mounted Police engage should at least be careful to portray the Mountie in action so that he is not made ridiculous. A picture of this sort recently displayed in Calgary showed a member of the force paddling his canoe from the front bar, with his pack in the rear. In this position he bravely went off to get his man?"

"Is it true," once inquired a visitor, with some delicacy of a publicity man, "that most of the directors are men who can use words of only one syllable?"

The advertising man scratched his head and appeared to reflect.

"Well, now, I just wouldn't be sure," he returned, "but there's at least one director who knows a word of two syllables."

"Which director is that? And what's the word?" was asked.

"I won't mention the director's name," the ad. man said, but the word is "film."

Another sample of Hollywood's erudition: Two men were walking down the Boulevard.

"There goes Jackie Coogan, and the man with him is his tooter," said one, pointing.

"My dear, you mean his chooter!" reproved her companion. The other seemed properly crushed.

A smart supper club. A young girl from the Middle West who had just broken into pictures was drinking daintily of the good red wine of Napa county. But heavily, too. Her escort, who himself had reached the semi-tearful stage, sought to restrain her.

"Girl, before you touch (hic) another glass, think of your mother," he begged earnestly, placing a hand on her arm.

The young woman paused. She looked around to where her female parent the typical Hollywood mamma—was supping with friends at a nearby table. Then she pushed her glass away.

"A' rightie," she assented generously, "let her have what's left." It was the spirit of the new noblesse oblige.

THE sudden transition from the chill of the Utah desert to the almost enervating warmth of the Pacific slope with the sun of California blazing its white-hot rays on the multi-colored roofs of the Celluloid City and the heat waves shimmering in the middle distance, partakes of the quality of a dream. From the heights of Caluenga Pass it looks a monster exhibition of Spanish, and near-Spanish architecture. Closer acquaintance reveals every known style of architecture—and many that are indeterminate. You see Swiss chalets, Italian villas, French maisons, the ubiquitous American bungalow-court. Bungalows of quite violent hues cling to the hillsides and run riot in zig-zag rain-bows through the canyons. Every deep-shaded side-street reminds the visitor of how recently Hollywood had been an orange-grove. Amazing. Incredible. And now it is a full-fledged industrial centre with a chamber of commerce, and filling stations on nearly every corner, a city of palms and pepper-trees, of pink plaster bungalows and pedigreed pups. Its mornings of incessant sunshine, its long languorous afternoons, its evenings of enchantment—these alone make it a kind of lotus-land from whose dreams one desires never to awaken. It is a garden-spot. Its curving avenues are bordered with stately coconut palms. A tangle profusion of flowers line the bridle-paths. The rare beauty of Italian gardens is reflected in marble pools, and silvery sprays of water bubble in drowsy lily-ponds. In the fragrant branches of the flowering acacia birds twitter. At evening, if a moon rides serenely through the sky, the rustling palms cast star-shadows on the grass of the boulevards and the smoothly-clipped lawns. A mild sea-breeze drifts inland whispering tales of the restless ocean and of adventuring ships. Ever in the air is the scent of flowers—modified, it is true, by occasional whiffs of gasoline from the oil-station nearest. Hollywood is an intriguing blend of spick-and-span new aestheticism and blatant beauty, plus the crudest possible commercialism. There is nowhere on earth any place quite like it. But—it is neither so mad nor so bad as scandal-mongers would paint it. Nor is it really so gay as one might suppose. The real underlying atmosphere is one of anxiety, strain, diplomacy, intrigue. Already, in spite of its mushroom aristocracy it boasts traditions, landmarks, history. It has haunted houses, unsolved murder mysteries, shrines dedicated to the memory of its great. It is the home of hopes and of heartbreaks. Its people have been called grown-up children who play with soap-bubbles for money.

"The talkies," remarks the cynic, are Hollywood's newest toy, that's all."

And Hollywood retorts with a laugh and an invitation to look at the figures in its bank-balance.

The Dope Traffic

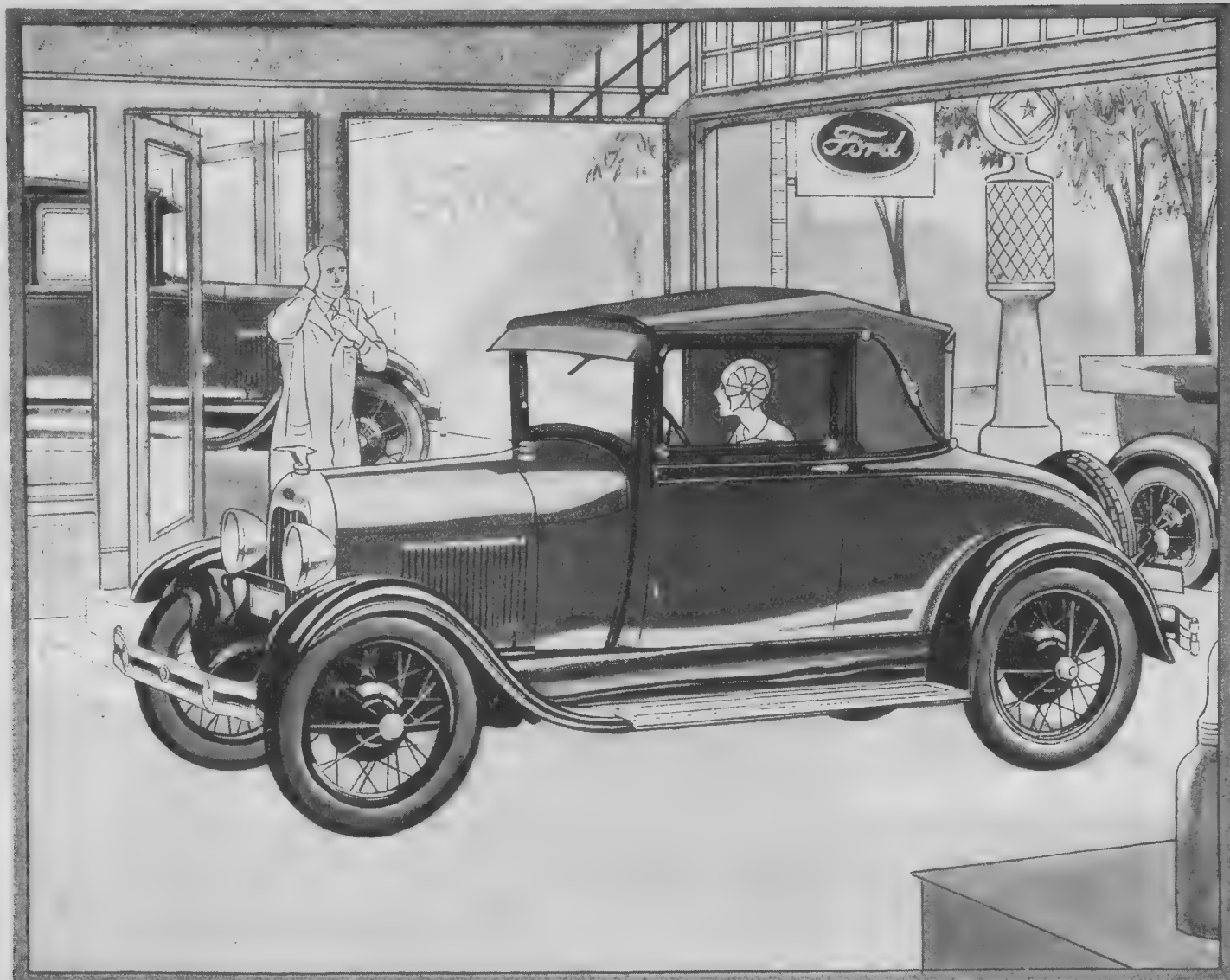
Continued from page 6

narcotic activities. He was released on \$10,000 bail, which he jumped, but as the chase was taken up at once with the police of both countries hot on his trail he gave himself up eventually, and was sentenced to six months in jail with a fine of \$600.

The cases of A.B. and C.D. in Winnipeg, two large traffickers presented very interesting facts regarding "straw" bail in such cases and the very salutary effect on bondsmen supplying it, when offenders decamp and they have to meet the demands of the court. Caught red-handed, A.B. and C.D. offered the officers who arrested them \$1,000 for their release, but failing this were later bonded by the magistrate—who was shown subsequently to have been grossly misled as to the financial standing of the bondsmen—for \$20,000. C.D. promptly jumped his bail, whereat the bondsmen were called upon to fulfil obligations and some of them also fled. They were locat-

ed, lodged in jail and accused of perjury, with the result that several of the other bondsmen asked to be released from their obligations. Meantime A.B. pleaded guilty and was sentenced to six months in jail, a sentence which the department thought so inadequate for a big trafficker that the case was taken to the Court of Appeal in Manitoba and he was given a term of three years through the following interesting judgment:

"The narcotic problem in Canada is a very acute one. The Government is evidently alarmed at the existing conditions, and determined, if possible to stamp out this illegal traffic. In an effort to reach such a laudable object it is entitled to every assistance this court can legitimately give it. The authorities have no difficulty in apprehending the addict himself, but for obvious reasons have the greatest possible difficulty in securing evidence against the man responsible for the (Continued on page 36)



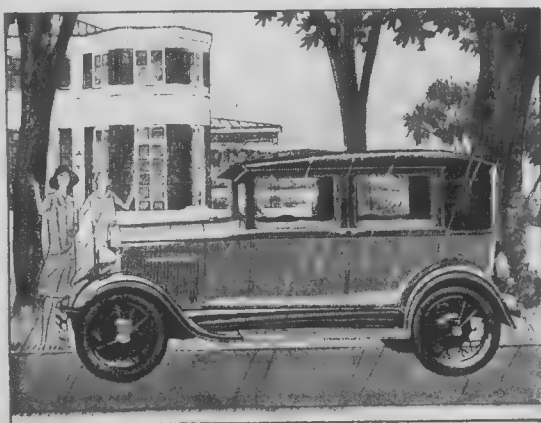
Prompt, Courteous, Economical Service for the Woman Motorist

THE assurance of good dealer service is as much a feature of the Ford Car as its beauty of line and color, safety, comfort, reliability, economy and ease of control. It is of special importance to the woman driver who wants to be sure of the mechanical performance of the car at all times, yet does not wish to bother with mechanical details.

We are particularly interested in this matter because we believe it is our duty not only to make a good automobile, but to help the purchaser get the greatest possible use from it at a minimum of trouble and expense. Because of this, the entire Ford dealer organization has been specially trained and equipped to service the Ford Car.

When you receive your Ford Car, the dealer will explain the simple little things that should be attended to at regular intervals to insure the best performance. He will also tell you about the Free Inspection Service to which every purchaser of a Ford Car is entitled at 500, 1000, and 1500 miles.

This inspection includes a check-up of the battery, generator charging rate, distributor,



carburetor adjustment, lights, brakes, shock absorbers, tire inflation and steering gear. The engine oil is also changed and the chassis lubricated through the high pressure grease gun system. A check-up of wheel alignment and spring shackles is made during the final inspection.

No charge whatever is made for labor or materials incidental to this service except where repairs are necessary because of accident, neglect,

or misuse. The labor of changing the engine oil and lubricating the chassis is also free, although a charge is made for new oil.

While this inspection is free only at 500, 1000, and 1500 miles, it should not be stopped then, but continued throughout the life of your car. A nominal charge is made after the first 1500 miles.

Every time, in fact, that you take your Ford Car to the dealer for oiling and greasing, it will be a good plan to have him check over important points that have a bearing on continuously good performance and tell you exactly what the car needs. You will find him prompt in his work, fair in his charges, and sincerely eager to do a good job at all times.

His constant effort is to relieve you of every detail in the care of your car and to help you get thousands upon thousands of miles of motoring without a care — without even lifting the hood.

That is the purpose for which the Ford Car was designed and built. That is the true meaning of *Ford Service*.



FORD MOTOR COMPANY
OF CANADA, LIMITED

A
recipe for
coolness!

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

COOLNESS that laughs at thermometers and such because it comes from *within*! And what a flavor treat to enjoy! A heaping bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes—so crisp they crackle like ice! Covered with milk and topped with luscious peaches!

These hot-weather days make Kellogg's extra inviting. For lunch or dinner as well as breakfast. Never tough-thick—but extra crisp. So light and crisp, so easy to digest—they refresh and help you keep cool. A wholesome treat for the children's evening meal.

Serve Kellogg's with milk or cream—with fresh or canned fruits or honey added for extra goodness. Pears, prunes, bananas, raisins.

Order them at hotels, restaurants, cafeterias. On dining-cars. Sold by all grocers. Always crisp and oven-fresh in the inner-sealed waxtite wrapper. Look for the red-and-green package.

Made in the famous Kellogg Kitchens at London by the Kellogg Company of Canada, Limited—world's largest producers of ready-to-eat cereals. Makers also of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, Pep Bran Flakes, Rice Krispies, and Krumbles. Other plants at Cleveland, Ohio; Battle Creek, Mich.; Sydney, Australia. Distributed in the United Kingdom by the Kellogg Company of Great Britain.
Sold by Kellogg agencies throughout the world.

Kellogg's
CORN
FLAKES



The Dope Traffic

Continued from page 34

existence of the traffic, namely the vendor. The imposition of the minimum sentence would not, in our opinion, act as a deterrent to others who may be tempted by the enormous profits to engage in this trade. Moreover, we are of the opinion that Parliament never intended that the minimum penalty should be imposed on a person guilty of one of the most serious offences mentioned in Section 4." Which all goes to show that the Bench is becoming more and more seized of the necessity for drastic measures against illicit sellers of narcotic drugs in Canada.

OTHER highly interesting cases dealt with in the report concern a "dope" ring of Orientals in the city of Saskatoon who had the whole market in the underworld of that city cornered for white people and Chinese alike, but who were finally caught and sentenced after a sensational trial; the case of G.H. in Victoria, a very big trafficker, who when caught, jumped his bail of \$10,000 but left two of his confederates to suffer lengthy jail terms; and another big case in Vancouver involving a Chinaman and two Hindus.

It is satisfactory, however, to note that Col. Sharman in commenting on the fact that in British Columbia alone, where there were 291 convictions in the past year says: "I am convinced, and my opinion is confirmed by information from a number of sources, that our systematic method of 'going after' the big traffickers, a policy which has been followed up during the period subsequent to the one under review, has at last begun to tell, and that we are gradually getting a firm hold on the narcotic position on the Pacific Coast."

ANOTHER class of offenders against whom convictions were registered included seven physicians, two veterinary surgeons and three druggists, the latter figure being a great surprise in view of the wild statements often heard from propagandists who aver that all druggists should be watched. Well, they are, for the present law is very strict regarding registration of all narcotic drug sales, and the report states that "a thorough inspection was made of a large number of drug stores in all parts of Canada where various conditions, more or less serious, in contravention of the Act were discovered, such as the neglect to enter narcotic transactions in a register, the holding of blank prescriptions signed by physicians in advance, etc." These conditions were remedied by warning letters to offenders, by follow-up inspections and by a general tightening up of enforcement of regulations which are that no one druggist may purchase each month more than one ounce of any narcotic drug, unless by special permit by the authorities.

In the cases of the two veterinary surgeons, both in the same city, when it was established that they had been selling cocaine illegally they were sentenced to three months in jail without the option of a fine, though in the case of druggists it was fine without jail.

Prosecutions of medical practitioners are treated at great length in the report because, as its writer states: "Cases against medical men naturally result in considerable comment from those who are not familiar with the circumstances so that it might be well to point out that no prosecution is entered into without a most careful investigation, which investigation is not initiated as a part of a general campaign, but because defi-

nite suspicion exists in a particular case." Work of investigation in such cases has necessitated the compilation of "those registered as medical practitioners and in good standing under the Act governing the practice of medicine and surgery," and in this compilation they have been much assisted by the registrars of the various medical associations in all provinces. As there are 9,000 practitioners in Canada this has been no easy task, but the fact that only seven have been caught or convicted of selling narcotics to addicts or others, speaks well of the generally high standards of Canadian medical men. Several typical cases against doctors are cited and in that of one sensational and flagrant offender who was sent down for eighteen months the warning of the judge is of interest: "Doctors who make a living selling drugs will get severe sentences if caught. They are supposed to look after the unfortunate addicts and not help them in their habits. It is a most serious offence and severe punishment will be given them."

AT THE back of the report will be found a detailed account of the quantities and kinds of narcotic drugs and properties seized in the illicit traffic during the year. Among the larger items listed are 170 pounds of various grades of opium; 732 ounces morphine; 113 decks (a deck containing three to five grains) morphine and 1,666 tablets; 219 ounces of cocaine and 79 decks; 36 ounces of heroin, 47 tablets and 34 decks while the cache of "miscellaneous drugs" obtained included 91 decks and 639 tablets besides paraphernalia consisting of 101 opium lamps, 217 pipes, 22 scales (Chinese) 156 scrapers for opium pipes, 156 opium needles and 240 empty opium cans.

The report shows that insofar as the legal traffic in narcotics is concerned there has been a steady diminution ever since the year 1919 when the licensing clauses were put into effect, and that while there were in 1928 some three hundred ounces more of cocaine imported than in 1927, there was a marked reduction of nearly two thousand ounces in the amount of morphine entering the Dominion and a small reduction of 50 pounds of crude opium. But the figures shown in Table 3 are even more convincing as to the reduction in the legal trade in narcotics since 1919. In that year we imported under the licensing system, 12,333 ounces of cocaine; 30,087 ounces of morphine (including heroin), and 34,262 ounces of crude opium. In 1928 we imported only 2,967 ounces of cocaine; 6,926 ounces of morphine and 970 ounces of crude opium. As there is no similar comparative table in the report showing whether bootlegging in narcotic drugs has proportionately increased with the reduction in the legal trade, and there is no comment to that effect, it may be taken for granted that these figures represent real progress in government control of the trade of narcotic drugs in Canada. Two very definite contributing factors to this result are shown to have been the very satisfactory agreement arrived at between the government department and the various wholesalers who met in Ottawa in 1927 and who settled on various tightening-up of regulations for mutual benefit, and secondly the increasing disposition on the part of the judiciary to treat the traffickers in narcotic drugs as major criminals and to hand to them sentences befitting the serious nature of the offences.



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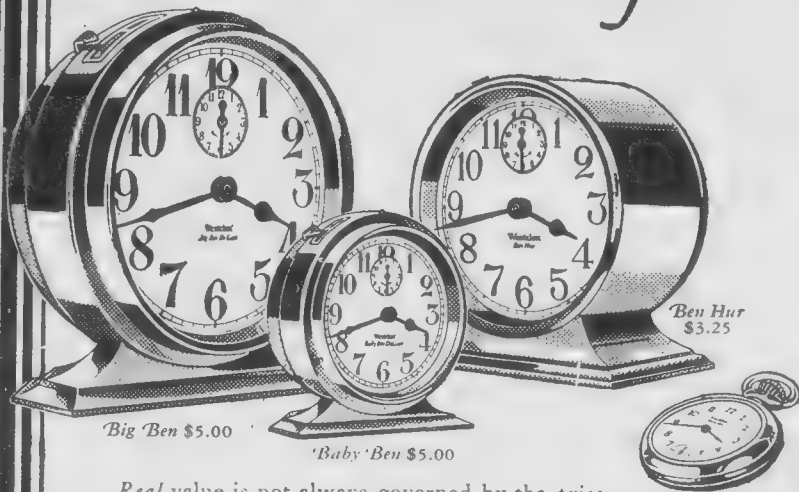
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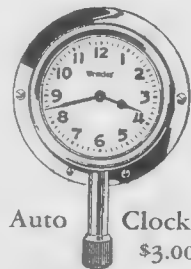
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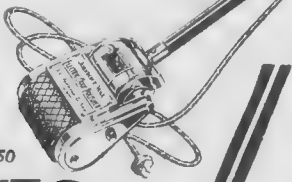
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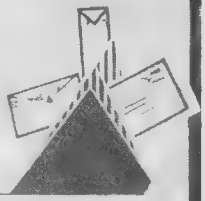
Autumn Term Commences Sept. 11, 1929.

Illustrated Calendar Mailed on Request.

REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D., Headmaster, Aurora, Ont.



LEGAL INFORMATION



VERY often the courts of the land are called upon to discuss the liability of individuals who, when their lands become flooded, seek to remove the water by digging ditches without having due regard for any loss that might fall upon other landowners on whose lands the water is thus directed. An interesting case has been decided in Saskatchewan, the material facts of which are as follows:

"A" owned the South half of a certain section 23, the North half of which section was farmed by "B." A third farmer (called for convenience) "C" was in occupation of and was farming the North half of section 22 which lay immediately West of section 23. In the Spring of 1927 there was on "C's" land an accumulation of water caused by the melting of snow and rain which extended over the road allowance lying between sections 22 and 23 and on to the land of "B." The evidence showed that there was a series of depressions, very slight, from "B's" land to "A's" land and from "A's" land to the land South of it occupied by a fourth farmer (for convenience sake) called "D." From "D's" land it appeared that the waters found their way at a distance of about two miles to a creek, but there was no evidence of any well-defined water course.

"C," in order to release the water from his own land, dug a ditch at a point on the Southern boundary of "B's" land and on the Northern boundary of "A's" half section. This ditch was dug, with a spade, for several feet on the North side of the boundary on "B's" land and for several feet South on "A's" land. It was continued on "B's" land North and West by the use of a scraper to the road allowance which separated "B's" land from "A's" land.

On the morning in question when the ditch was dug the evidence showed that there was already water in the form of a slough consisting of from twenty to thirty acres on "A's" land, but the evidence further showed that for several days following the particular morning the water continued to flow through the ditch until the acreage under water increased to an amount variously estimated at from sixty to ninety acres. There was no evidence which would warrant a finding that other water from any other source came upon "A's" land and the only conclusion at which the Court could arrive was that the area under water was very substantially increased by reason of "C's" act.

"C" claimed that in digging the ditch he had not dug beneath the drifted soil and the natural surface and contended that if the water had flooded "A's" land, it was caused by the natural flow of the water and that the digging of the ditch and the scraping of the land away had nothing to do with it. The court, however, held that "C" had dug beneath the drifted soil and natural surface and that the damage had been actually caused by this digging and scraping. "C" was found liable on the grounds that if surface water not moving in any defined water course is by artificial means discharged upon another's land, that other person is entitled to damages because no person can prevent injury to his own property by transferring that injury to the property of another.

THE question of the determination of what actually a "homestead" is came up for decision recently in the Manitoba Court of Appeal. It appeared that a husband and wife had been living in an upstairs suite in an apartment block, the ground floor of which was used as stores. This building was erected by the husband in his lifetime and consisted of six stores, a caretaker's residence on the ground floor,

four suites on the first floor and two on the second floor and some additional suites entered from a second street. At the time of his death, the husband and wife were living in one of the suites and after his death the widow endeavoured to claim that the whole block was the homestead and that she was entitled to live in the suite, rent free, on the grounds that the Manitoba Dower Act gave a widow a life interest in the home of her husband. As far as the whole block itself was concerned the court very speedily decided that this could not be regarded as a homestead, but considered at greater length the question as to whether the particular suite fell within this category.

After considering the matter very carefully and, in particular, the Manitoba Dower Act, the Court came to the conclusion that the Dower in a homestead refers "to an interest in the land on which a dwelling house is situated," further adding that the dwelling house might disappear but that the land might remain for use and occupation by the widow for her life time. The suite in question had no connection with the land except by way of support in mid-air. If the apartment block should disappear the court opined that it would be difficult to surmise what interest would be left to the widow.

Answers to Queries

Vancouver, B.C.

Q.—I am a subscriber to your paper and have been interested in your replies to legal enquiries. Will you kindly give me your advice regarding the following: An aged couple while living in Vancouver legally adopted a girl aged about twelve years, age now about seventeen or eighteen. The adopted parents moved to California taking the girl with them. After being there a short time the girl became very disobedient and unmanageable. She went on a visit for a month against their wishes. At the end of that time she wrote that she was going to San Francisco to remain for some time. The aged couple sent her trunk telling her that since she persisted in disobeying them she need not return. Later the girl came back to Vancouver to her father who is a commission merchant and doing well. The question is could this adopted girl claim anything from this aged couple in case of their death? Are they responsible for her, if so, in what way?—H.B.L.

A.—If the girl was fully adopted we believe that she would have the same rights of inheritance as an ordinary child of the adopting parents. This means that if the aged couple do not leave any Will to dispose of their property, that it will devolve upon the adopted child in the same way as if she was a child of their marriage. However, if the aged couple each make a Will disposing of their property otherwise, then the child cannot claim any share therein. The aged couple are not responsible to provide for the adopted daughter in any way once she has reached an age where she is able to support herself. In the absence of very unusual circumstances the adopted daughter will be considered in law to be self-supporting when she is sixteen years of age. In any event if the daughter has left the aged couple without reasonable justification or excuse they would be quite justified in disclaiming any further responsibility for her maintenance. You do not state where the property of the aged couple is situated. This reply is based upon the assumption that the property is in B.C. If the parties and property are in California we are inclined to believe that the same results would follow, but under the circumstances we would advise that a lawyer be consulted.

[Continued on Page 60]

You bet it's a real

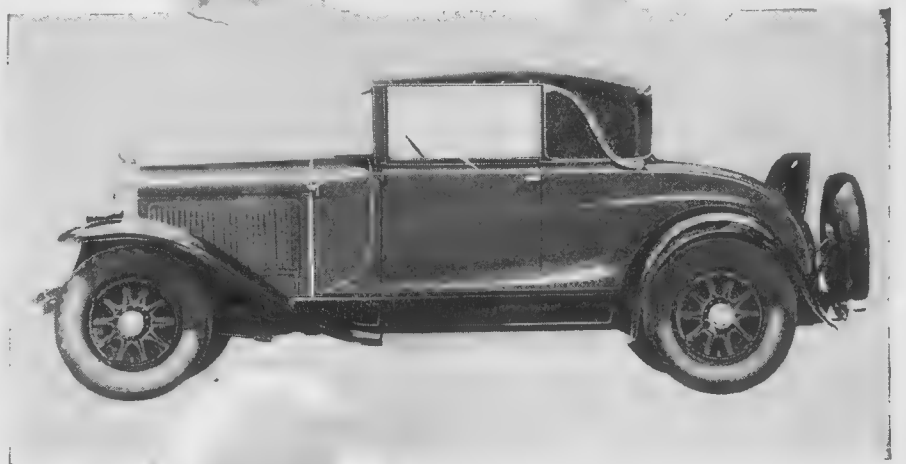
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"AT first they all told me, 'You expect far too much of your Pontiac.' Now they're waxing enthusiastic. They spend most of the time egging me on to tear wide gaps in the speed regulations, urging me up tough and nasty hills, picking out bits of road that somebody forgot to finish, in order to show the stern stuff of which Pontiacs are built.

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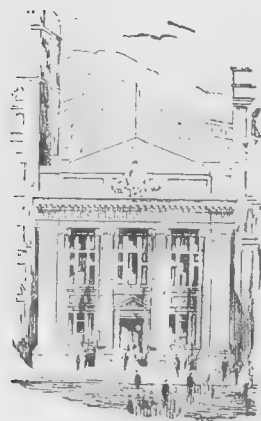
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SINCE writing last month we find that the wheat situation has changed very materially and the price of wheat at the date of writing has increased by over thirty cents per bushel. The unsatisfactory weather conditions have resulted in this change. Lack of rain and cold weather have united to reduce the yield until now in some quarters it is predicted that the crop will be two hundred million bushels short of last year. On the whole, however, it is believed that the situation is not as bad as it is generally painted. In particular the Dominion Bureau of Statistics in its monthly bulletin remarks as follows:—

"The cold and dry weather in May retarded growth in the grain areas of the Prairie Provinces, but in the early part of June conditions became more favorable with higher temperatures and considerable rainfall. The percentage condition of wheat in Manitoba as of May 31st was 99 compared with 105 last year, the average yield per acre for the ten year period from 1919 to 1928 equalling 100. The condition in Saskatchewan was 99 per cent compared with 98 per cent on the same date last year, while the condition in Alberta was 102 per cent in both years."

The Bank of Montreal in its monthly letter continues to draw attention to the continued prosperity of the Dominion. In part it reports that in the half-year drawing to a close, Canadian commerce, in nearly every branch has reached a higher peak. Foreign trade, railway traffic, manufactures, mining, building operations and agriculture in the large have been of greater volume and value than ever before. Employment has never been more brisk, nor balance sheets better. Diffused prosperity, the rising tide of which set in five years ago, continues. A relatively large programme of railway construction has been entered upon, development of water power and mineral resources is unabated, new manufacturing industries are being planted in the Prairie Provinces, factory facilities are being enlarged in the central provinces, and a distinct improvement in business has been brought about in the Maritimes by preferential railway rates. Large expenditures of public money on highways have given employment to labor and impetus to business bringing in their train a great influx of tourists whose disbursements are estimated to reach \$300,000,000 this year, and so aid in redressing Canada's adverse trade balance with the United States. The dark spots of the picture number stock market recession, decline in the price of wheat and coarse grains, congestion of grain at terminal points with consequent loss to lake shipping and business mortality occasioned by competition of departmental and chain stores.

OF late the mining market has been in the doldrums. Bankers state that the public is apathetic, and is more inclined to lend its support to the oil market which is having such spectacular results in the Turner Valley and adjoining districts. It is true that great sums of money have been spent in mineral developments without any adequate return being made but this is the price that a country always pays for the development of its natural resources. An examination of the preliminary report issued by the government will show that there is no reason for any undue pessimism in this direction.

Consider these factors. In 1928 the value of Canada's mines amounted to over \$273,000,000.00, an increase of 10 per cent over the preceding year. In summarizing this report the Royal Bank in its monthly letter is careful to point out that though the reports

in 1928 portray a remarkable growth as compared with 1927, the great majority of the more important mines in the newly discovered areas are not yet on a production basis and the actual trend of the present development will not be reflected in statistics of mineral production before 1930 or 1931.

Again it is pointed out that the total value of Canadian gold production in 1928 amounted to 39 million dollars, placing Canada third among the countries of the world in gold production, but the margin between the Canadian total and that of the United States was sufficiently narrow, so that there is a good basis to expect that in 1929 or 1930 Canada will hold second place. The total production in the United States amounted to 43 million dollars a year in both 1927 and 1928. Thirty-two million dollars' worth of gold came from Ontario, four million from British Columbia, one million from Quebec, and smaller amounts from the Yukon, Manitoba, Alberta and Nova Scotia. The Hollinger, McIntyre and Dome Mines in the Porcupine area of Ontario held the first, third and fifth positions, and Teck Hughes and Lake Shore, the second and fourth positions, among Canadian gold mines during the year.

INTEREST in Turner Valley and adjoining districts continues apace. The deliveries for the month of June to the Imperial and Regal Refineries show an increase of over four thousand barrels, the total being 92,123 barrels. The Home Wells produced 30,554 barrels of crude naphtha and 3,329 barrels of light crude. It is pointed out that if it had not been for a decrease in the output of several Royalite wells the June figures would have been well in excess of 100,000 barrels.

In connection with this new development there has come into our hands a most interesting booklet entitled "An Empire Oil Field in Canada" published by F. B. Housser, a publication which contains useful information and, as is stated, was issued in response to a widespread demand for information on the Turner Valley oil field. The author is careful to point out that oil stocks are the most speculative of all securities and that those who cannot afford to risk their capital should avoid extended commitments. He adds that there are good reasons for believing that in the near future a major sized boom in Alberta oil stocks is going to sweep Canada in a wave, of which the present activity is but a preliminary taste. The booklet deals with the location of the Turner Valley, the nature of "wet gas," crude oil production, importance of rock structure, producing horizons, the deepening of wells, and the difficulties of the field.

The conclusion at which he arrives is that this is no flash in the pan. "There are at present reported to be 85 companies operating in the Turner Valley, eleven of which are producing from over 25 wells, and 143 wells are drilled or in process of drilling. Many more are preparing to drill. It has so far been shown that most wells which have been drilled to producing horizons have brought in oil or gas. Thomas G. Madgwick in his paper read at the annual meeting of the Canadian Mining Institute at Winnipeg in March, said:

"In proportion to the area over which test drilling in Western Canada has so far been carried out, neither the number of wells nor the footage drilled can be said to have taken prospecting out of its preliminary stages. What is perhaps still little appreciated is the fact that, in spite of this, the results have been extraordinarily successful, far more so than at the equivalent stage of development in many an oil field which has since become a large producer."



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Paris Fashions and Women's Trousers

By Suzanne Dickie

PARIS, the scene of so many revolutions, has just staged another. And this, though bloodless, is of great portent. Its affect will soon be noted around the world wherever women are smartly dressed. Should women wear trousers? Of course metaphorically speaking, they do in some homes. But the Paris revolution that has just come to pass deals with realities for all the feminine race in civilized lands. A great dress designer of Paris answered the question in typical women's fashion, by giving to her sisters trousers. Such trousers as you will shortly see on the streets of your home town.

For some years past, and on the eve of every season, it was always rumored that the designers of the leading "maisons de couture" had a great surprise in store for the buying public which would revolutionize fashions, and that some decisive steps were going to be taken to change the style entirely. Nothing of the kind really took place. What changes had been made recently were so unimportant that the best dressed woman could always wear her last year's gown without appearing old fashioned.

Paris which had been for centuries the birth place of styles and of originality had grown stale. The creators of fashions had become standardized. One house's exhibition looked very much like the next, and despite the optimism which still prevailed in the mind of buyers who came to the "City of Light" from the remotest places on earth, it was admitted secretly that something would have to be done to bring about a radical change.

While architects had evolved entirely new lines in buildings, while painters had produced startling, if at times incomprehensible pictures, while decorators had designed new kinds of furni-



The "Penguin" coat of black and white broadcloth

ture, draperies, and wall papers all of which were vigorously the product of a new spirit, the makers of fashions had stood practically still, making apparently no attempt beyond moving woman's waist up or down, or abbreviating her skirt. Although it would be unfair to say that fashion had not followed a little the trend of modernism, it



An evening dress from the house of Mag-helly

must also be said that after having started auspiciously it stopped after the first stage of its evolution. Then turning its back to the needs of today it had looked to yesterday for its inspiration; hence the bustles which have decorated evening dresses for the past two or three seasons. No one can deny the anachronism of a modified Pompadour style-dressed lady moving in the modernistic setting of her 1929 drawing room. This is nevertheless what the erst-while infallible creators of fashions have done to women.

Then a few weeks ago a noted Parisian designer, Madame Mag-helly, was inspired. Having noticed during some years of experience in that elusive art of creating beautiful clothes for women that often the best ideas came from outside influences. She decided to launch a contest in which were invited to participate a large group of artists of Paris, painters, writers and sculptors. These were asked to submit designs of women's clothes suitable for any kind of function. These designs were to be made up in the work room of Madame Mag-helly. A board of judges was elected among whom was Madame Cecile Sorel, the talented Comedie Francaise actress, whose beauty and taste in clothes are known all over the world. The other judges chosen were leading painters, writers and sculptors.

This contest unique in the annals of fashion, aroused tremendous interest. Seven hundred and eighty entries were submitted. The eighteen considered the best were given cash prizes amounting to many thousand francs. This contest gave birth to the trousered skirt. Among all the models submitted

this was the most momentous combining of comfort, smartness, and modesty, while remaining at the same time entirely feminine and giving the wearer all the freedom of attitude always enjoyed by the "sexe fort."

It would be useless to stress the importance of this new style which promises to revolutionize the world of women's fashions, Madame Mag-helly, who was so well inspired to launch the idea of the contest, is a most enthusiastic wearer of the new skirt. When I saw her in the very modernistic setting of her salon she was clad in a very delightful afternoon gown of black and white satin. The trousers were of white with tiny black buttons at the side. They finished below the knees just one and half inch from the hem of the skirt. The dress itself was made along very soft lines, proving that the trousers were just as suitable with a smart afternoon dress as with a sport outfit. The gown was very distinctive by its smartness and its dignity. Among other advantages the trousered skirt will have the indisputable one of freeing woman of the eternal awkward gesture of pulling without results a very short and narrow skirt to cover her knees while sitting down.

For sport wear this new style is indicated and will prove most useful. Let there be no misunderstanding: this is not a divided skirt. The new skirt covers entirely the trousers. It opens at the front, and is one and half inches shorter than the trousers. It is pleated or plain. In each case it keeps the silhouette slim and youthful.

Among the several hundred designs which were sent to Madame Mag-helly the judges had a hard time to select the best, the most suitable and specially the most eloquent in their suggestion of the coming line. In every case the tendency was for simplicity,



The new trousered skirt. The trousers and the skirt, which is finely pleated, are made of crepe de chine. The pullover is hand knitted decorated on the side with a hare racing after a tortoise.

rationalism, without exaggeration, comfort and freedom combined with elegance. It was the triumph of youth in all its manifestations. Youth eternal. Cubism in modified form furnished endless motive for [Continued on Page 58]

Does your family's health wait



Does your family's health wait on a morning shave?

Father usually has the bathroom undisturbed every morning, for Father must prepare for business.

But should Father's shave be more sacred than the bath which Mother wants to take, or which the children ought to take? Could a bath for everyone be squeezed into that vital half-hour between the alarm clock and breakfast time, in the average home?

Truth is, morning baths must be omitted when bathroom facilities are limited. Other health habits often are neglected, too.

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The Gentleman King

Continued from page 16

Duchess gave him a valuable jewelled necklace, which she told him to sell if he needed funds. She made him promise to return, and the Duke, who had taken to wine again, made him promise to return. The Duke was very cordial and very much at ease. He could not see why the danger from which he had just been rescued should keep him from enjoying life. Peter agreed to this, since the Duke could do nothing else so successfully. Whatever a man respects, let him do, Peter thought.

ONE golden ruddy day in late October Peter marched his small squad of guards through the streets, amid the acclamations of the people. Then he led them out of Savona, bowing to the Duke and the Duchess, who smiled down upon him from the familiar reviewing stand. They seemed lonely.

He crossed Lombardy without hurrying. He was weakened by his sojourn in bed, and he desired to recuperate thoroughly before reaching the strenuous life of the French court. Besides, he was retarded by rains. He crossed the Alps, following that historic highway where so many heroes of France had passed into Italy, never to return. Peter reflected that his father had travelled this road many times; his father, who had not returned.

In those days one was proud of one's family. This sort of pride, in one form or another, dominated the politics of Europe until it was destroyed by the French Revolution. Peter felt a responsibility to his vanished ancestors. He felt that he was riding back from Italy in the place of his father; that henceforth his life-work must be to rehabilitate the ruined house of Pole. He must acquire power for the house of Pole. Thus, as the road led upward, over the Alps, his thoughts also rose, transcending the limits of reason, to dizzy him with a desire for the English throne. He felt absolutely confident that he could win the English throne, just as he had won the other surprising victories of his life. He had the right to it, and he had the youth, and he had the brains.

But one clear afternoon, when Peter sat on his horse at the top of a foothill, looking down into the peaceful French plain, looking out toward the peace of golden light and green valleys and reddish trees in every direction; looking out, as it were, from his imaginary throne, he had the courage to ask himself a question. "I shall have power, yes. But what kind of power?"

What is power? He considered this question on his way down into the valleys of France. He travelled on, at the head of his men. At mid-day of a certain Tuesday, he reached the little town of Specs, almost a week's journey from Paris.

Peter entered the inn and sat down alone to his mid-day meal. Labay and seven of the guards who had done such heroic duty were eating in the kitchen behind him. Peter had appointed them as a personal bodyguard. He felt very grand to have a bodyguard.

He had eaten a large dejeuner, when a clatter of hoofs in the street announced the arrival of a courier, probably for Milan or Rome. Peter munched contentedly. The courier stopped in the courtyard and was talking to the landlord.

"This is his lordship," said the landlord, who had been told Peter's name.

The messenger came forward, rather sullenly, Peter thought.

"You wished to see me?"

"Yes, my lord. I bear a message from Sir George Pentley to your lordship." He produced a letter from the pocket of a soiled woolen coat. He handed it to Peter who, still munching, opened it and read:

"To Peter Lord Pole.

"My dear Oracle,

"As soon as this reaches you, jump on your horse and make for Paris at full speed. The lady of Duprès needs you. The King has commanded her to marry a certain count, whose name I will not mention here. At first he insisted upon this particular husband, but the lady

objected so strenuously that His Majesty consented to the plan which she herself suggested. (She is as clever as Asperia with her ways, you know.) There is to be a fête Wednesday, November fifth, at the Palais de Tournelles. As part of the diversion the lady is to select her own husband. She will choose before the whole court. It is rumored that she has at least thirty suitors. His Majesty is moved to heaven by this plan, swearing that the court has not had such excitement in six months. The lady tried to defer the engagement a week but the King called her coy, and would not allow it. My dear Oracle, for some reason which I am unable to understand, you are wanted; you must be present at the Palace Wednesday night by eight o'clock or cause untold unhappiness to all of us.

"Your faithful George, Pentley."

"At my lodgings in Paris, this Tuesday morning, October 28, 1527. To be delivered in great haste."

"Landlord!"

"Yes, my lord."

"How long does it take to reach Paris from here?"

"With good travelling, about four days, my lord."

"Name of heaven! I shall make it by tomorrow night."

"Oh, my lord!"

"Bring me my sergeant!" Peter had decided, literally, to reach Paris then, or die. The landlord hastened out. Peter turned to the messenger. "Why has it taken you a whole week from Paris, fellow?"

The man bowed and cringed. "Oh, my lord, you have heard but half of my message. I was stopped by brigands."

"Brigands?"

"Yes, my lord, brigands. To the west of Dijon. Near the Cote d'Or."

"But surely Sir Pentley didn't send you alone on such an important message?"

The man shifted his feet but did not answer.

"Oh, I understand clearly enough!" cried Peter, facing him closely. "You thought that by travelling alone you would save the money given you to hire a companion. You have ruined me!"

He was too angry to speak more. Presently he turned to Labay, who had come through the door.

"Bring my horse instantly, sergeant! I ride to Paris. Since I shall have to relay I shall ride alone. They say that relays are scarce. I leave you in charge of the company. You will report at Sir Pentley's headquarters in Paris in five days."

"Yes, sir."

Labay was already out of the room, but Peter shouted after him: "Hurry!" Then he turned to the messenger. "How was it that the brigands spared you this letter?" he asked suspiciously.

"Indeed, my lord, they found the letter. Their leader read it. Then he returned it to me and urged me to deliver it with speed."

Without pausing for more questions, and convinced that the man was cleverly

lying, Peter paid his bill to the landlord and asked him about the relay stations along the Paris road. Already it was gossiped around the inn that the young Lord Pole was going to try for Paris by tomorrow night. When Peter ran from the doorway of the inn and sprang to his horse a considerable crowd had gathered to see him ride off. In the saddle, Peter leaned toward his horse's ears, clattered out of the courtyard, galloped away, down the dusty village street.

Nor could he ever remember the details of that ride, save the blurred sense of trees and houses in motion, of streets where all hurried away to clear the road for him; of dogs barking, and children screaming, and men and women staring. There were hours and hours of darkness, when the stars seemed to mock at his slow progress. There were times when he thought he was flying, and other times, in the uninhabited pasture lands, when he thought he was creeping like a lame beetle over the face of the great Earth. Twice his horse fell under him as he drew rein in front of a darkened inn. But nevertheless he suffered no great delay, throwing gold about him lavishly. The terrible expression on his face and the fatness of his money-pouch were, as he wrote afterward, the leg-upon which he was running. He never drew rein between posting-houses. At each house, while they were saddling a new horse, he drank a few gulps of wine and sometimes stuffed bread and cheese into his pockets. He was still weak from his wound. At times the weakness made him dizzy so that he swayed in his saddle, causing the horse to change lead.

Yet he had more luck than he could have expected. His horses were excellent; he had plenty of gold. The machinery of the posting system worked perfectly. Though he was pale, he still possessed the resources of a constitution which had never failed him.

He was approaching Moret, leaning over in his saddle, his horse blowing painfully. He was just east of Fontainebleau in the country of the Marne. It was the afternoon of the second day. Peter had covered nearly three hundred miles in twenty-seven or twenty-eight hours! Moret, then a small hamlet, was sleeping under its spire in the afternoon sunlight. It roused itself as Peter approached, the dogs and children scurrying to shelter.

But here he encountered his first difficulty in the person of the landlord, who was a grasping soul and understood that his lordship was "tres pressé." He asked twice as much for his horse as other posting-houses had asked. Peter flung the money on a table with an oath, gulped down his wine, and strode out to the courtyard. There he was confronted by the meekest animal, the most mother-eaten, that he had encountered since the sale of his Jacques to Father Gaspard. He turned to the landlord.

"I said I wanted a horse."

"I have given his lordship the best in my stables," said the landlord with a bow.

"By God, your terminology flatters that establishment!" He strode out the front door and hurried to the stalls. After a glance at the six or seven horses tethered there, he chose a large bay. Shaking the horse-boy by the collar, Peter demanded that the bay be saddled. He was almost frantic at this delay. The landlord came running into the stable.

"My lord, not that horse, not that horse!"

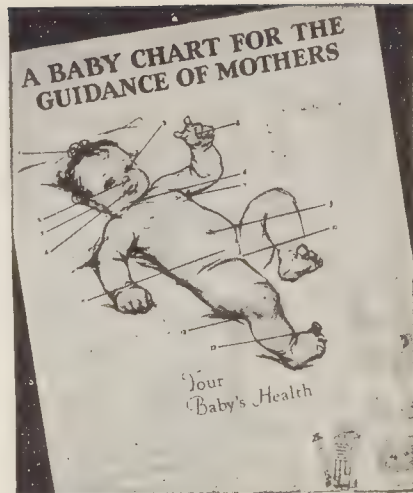
"Go to hell," said Peter, without turning his head. He stood with his arms folded, fuming at the horse-boy.

"But my lord—"

"If you don't shut your mouth I'll run you through the guts!" Peter cried, turning around savagely. "The King and everyone else at court shall learn of the worthlessness of your service."

The landlord shrugged. As Peter turned his back, the landlord stuck his tongue out at his lordship and made a face. The horse was saddled. Peter led him out, mounted him, and was off for Melun

[Continued on page 46]



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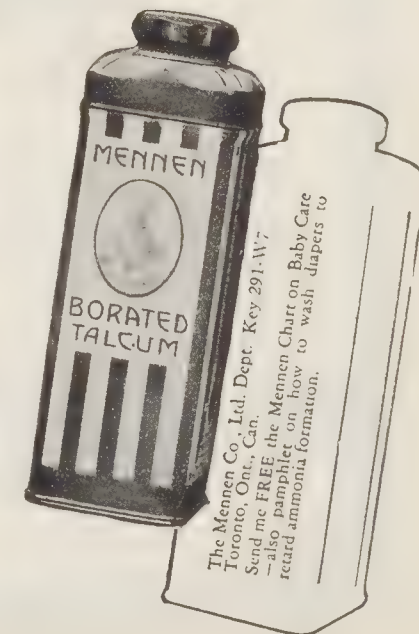
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The Gentleman King

Continued from page 45

Melun was a town of considerable importance, once captured for Julius Caesar by the Lieutenant Labienus; and in Peter's day the home of Jacques Amyot, who, in a few years, was to begin his famous translation of Plutarch. But Peter was not thinking of Labienus, or Plutarch, or even of Amyot, as he galloped down a long hill five miles from Melun. For just then the bay went lame in his off hind leg. And this horse had been such a poor runner that Peter was already despaired of making Paris by eight o'clock. Now it was hopeless. He sank back in his saddle and gave himself up to bitterness and fatigue—actually gave up Renée. He was utterly helpless before these events—the messenger's delay, the lame horse. No acting, no bravery could rescue him here. It was a question of time. And time and tide wait for

He desired above all things to turn back to Moret and revenge himself upon that landlord. If he did not reach Renée in time, better not reach her at all. Why not, therefore, have the villainous pleasure of whipping the skin from the landlord's back?

This madness lasted only a moment. The landlord had tried to tell him something about the horse, and Peter had silenced him roughly. This accident was Peter's own fault. Moreover, as he now says, there was a chance of deliverance from a group of horsemen who appeared to be troopers, just disappearing upon the brow of the next hill. It was growing dusk and he could not be certain that they were troopers, but if he could catch up to them he might be able to buy one of their horses and so to reach Melun without much delay. Perhaps the fête would be late. But the troopers had already jogged over the hill and were now out of sight. If he could only urge his horse up to them!

He drew rein. He dismounted to see if there was a stone in the hoof. He was at the bottom of the hill, with a small wood on either side of the road. Peter was feeling and pressing the horse's hoof. There seemed to be no stone . . . the muscles of the leg . . .

"By the Lady of God, you ride fast!" If Peter had had any color in his face he would have lost it at the sound of those deep metallic words. Peter dropped the hoof and whirled, reaching for his sword. A sinister figure stood against the sunset light that filtered through the woods; stood with his legs apart, one hand on his hip, a pistol at his belt, and an unpleasant smile playing around his lips. A second pistol was cocked and aimed at Peter's eyes. The shadow of a broad hat concealed the scar which, as Peter knew, extended from his forehead, along his jaw, through the rough beard of his chin.

THAT which the spectators of an event can ridicule as "coincidence" the actors themselves must often recognize as a specimen of inevitability. Two and a half hours away from Renée Peter was confronted by the man from whom he had originally taken Renée. The thing was profoundly just and, if one knew the facts, profoundly fated.

According to his custom the Baron had been patrolling the Paris-Milan highway south-east of the Cote d'Or. He was not only patrolling it, he was using it for an expedition toward Paris.

As he and a dozen of his followers made their way north-eastward they were met by a messenger riding at a leisurely pace. They stopped him, stole his gold, read his message, which happened to be that urgent summons from Sir George Pentley. Although the Baron was not acquainted with Peter Lord Pole, to whom the letter was addressed, nevertheless, he was struck by the similarity between that name and the Peter P whose marriage contract he had once had the pleasure of witnessing. He, of course, noticed Renée's name at the beginning of Sir George's letter. He did not put it beneath the imagination of Peter P to set himself up as the Lord Pole. A fellow who could play tricks on the Thousand Devils might play similar ones on His Majesty of France. In any

case, the Baron reflected, his lordship of Pole would post to Paris recklessly, and, since posting-horses were scarce, would ride with few, if any, companions. If his lordship of Pole were really Peter the horse-boy, here was a chance for revenge. If he were really his lordship of Pole, here was a chance for a large ransom.

So the Baron returned the letter to the messenger, giving him the sententious instruction that I have already reported. Then, since there were several highways to Paris at that point, he and his men rode on at top speed, and encamped themselves between Moret and Melun, where almost all the highways converged.

But just outside of Melun the Baron himself met with misfortune in the shape of fifty troopers riding in the service of His Majesty, to exterminate the brigands that infested the Paris-Milan highway, and especially the Thousand Devils. There was a sharp engagement yesterday, not three miles beyond the spot where Peter was now looking into the barrel of a pistol. The engagement took place just outside of Melun. The brigands were outnumbered. Most were killed or captured, a few escaped, scattering in all directions. The Baron himself made his escape by means of an enormous black Spanish horse, which he had stolen some weeks before, and whose powers of cunning and jumping eluded the troopers in a broken country to the south of Melun. This very afternoon twenty of the troopers who had chased the Baron southward, having missed him in the woods, gathered at Moret and set forth again for Melun to make sure that the highway was clear. Meanwhile the Baron had returned to the highway, intending to flee southward that night. He tethered his horse in the woods, fifty yards from the road, and sat down to await darkness. Just before dusk he saw the troopers jogging down the hill from the direction of Moret. He was afraid to move his horse through the tangled undergrowth. He merely tied the Spaniard with noosed knot, in case of emergency, and made sure that both the horse and himself were hidden. He watched the troopers pass him fifty yards away.

When they had passed the Baron wriggled to the edge of the road to see if they had held their direction. He watched them jog along the bottom of the gully and up the hill toward Melun. Just before they vanished from sight he heard the pound of another horse from the direction of Moret. He was uncertain whether this was a trooper or one of his own men. The rhythm of the hoof-beats became irregular and descended to a trot. The horse was lame. The Baron could see the rider on the brow of the hill. From a small kit at his side the Baron produced a short, serviceable telescope, an instrument without which he never ventured far from his plateau; and setting this to his eye he observed the rider's face, which, as it became more distinct, caused him to start, mutter an oath, snap up the telescope, struggle to his feet. He drew a pistol. But he reflected that the troopers, who were not yet out of sight, would descend upon him should they hear the report of a pistol. Accordingly he cocked and loaded one pistol, which he returned to its holster for emergency. The other he cocked by way of bluff, but did not load. Then he stood with a smile on his thick lips and waited for Peter to approach.

Ten yards away Peter stopped his horse and dismounted to inspect the hoof, planning to overtake the troopers who had just vanished over the next hill. No action could have been more favorable to the Baron, who had to perform this holdup with an empty pistol.

HAD Peter lived four centuries later he might have earned his living as a detective, or in the secret service; for his mind was that type which not only sees but holds together all the facts of a situation—a manifold in which any fact that is not verified becomes a fact to question. At this instant, having whirled with his hand on his sword, Peter's mind contained several questions.

Who were the riders that had just disappeared beyond the next hill. Why was the Baron alone? How did the Baron know that he, Peter, had ridden so fast? What was the Baron doing so close to Paris? Why had the brigand who had robbed Sir George's messenger returned the message to him? Why were the Baron's clothes torn and his face scratched? Why had not the Baron stopped the riders who had just disappeared. And would the Baron dare to fire that pistol?

Added to these questions, which were all simultaneous and partly subconscious, there was Peter's particular frame of mind, which was one of desperation. The success of his ride was threatened; indeed, the ride had already failed. With his failure to reach Paris, which involved the loss of Renée, life itself was not very desirable. Clearly he did not wish to live without Renée.

It was in such a mood that Peter reached a decision which the Baron, not being able to see behind the expressionless countenance, could never have expected. Because of the proximity of those riders, and because the fête might be delayed half an hour, he decided to stake his life upon immediate action. Any delay longer than a few minutes would lose him Renée. Accordingly he returned the Baron's smile with another. His hand, which had stopped drawing his sword, now proceeded to withdraw it.

"Hands up, hands up, horse-boy! I'll blow your head off!"

"Indeed, my captain," said Peter, your greeting is warm. But supposing those troopers — it was a breathless chance — "should overhear that cordiality"? His hand was slowly drawing the sword. It was like standing up to his execution — Jean Sendrecy once more! Peter did not flinch. His cold-bloodedness was incredible, even to himself. But it must not be supposed that he was doing this blindly. Rather, his eyes were boring into the Baron. By the time Peter had his sword half-way out he knew that the Baron either could not or would not shoot. However well one man may bluff another in the excitement of rapid action, it is impossible to maintain the illusion when the mind that is being bluffed is not in motion. And although the Baron was crying: "I'll give you three counts to drop that sword! Drop that sword, do you hear?" Peter, by studying the eyes behind the barrel, was able to penetrate the illusion of his voice.

At this point he stopped drawing his sword, and said: "I don't give a damn if you shoot me, my friend. But I would give my life to avoid delay."

"Ah," said the Baron, "the lady is to choose at eight o'clock."

Three questions clicked in Peter's mind and were answered. This was the brigand who had stopped Sir George's messenger and read the message. This was the brigand who had returned the letter in order to trap Peter. Therefore this brigand knew how fast Peter had ridden.

"My captain," said Peter, "you weary me. Either shoot me or fence me. I am in a hurry." He began drawing his sword again. "I give you no other choice."

He drew his sword faster. "Drop that sword!" cried the Baron. It was out of its scabbard. "Keep back! Keep back!" But Peter very deliberately, and quite swiftly, lunged. As he lunged, he flicked his extended sword so that the tip passed under the Baron's wrist and drew blood. But even in spite of his certainty that the Baron would not fire, Peter was surprised to find his head still on his shoulders, and wondered what it would feel like if —

The Baron uttered an immeasurable oath. He dropped his gun and reached with his right hand toward his sword, which hung on his left side. The reserve pistol was also on the left, hanging near the sword, loaded and cocked.

Now Peter did not know whether the Baron's failure to shoot had been due to an unloaded pistol or simply to fear of discovery. He was, therefore, uncertain what to expect should the Baron draw his second pistol. In fact, he was not looking for this manoeuvre at all. He assumed that the Baron's hand had gone for his sword. He waited on guard. The light was uncertain, almost dark. There was a moment's [Continued on page 48]

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The Gentleman King

Continued from page 47

hesitation. The Baron's arm came upward. But it was coming up in a strange way. It was not coming across his body in the usual manner. The Baron was drawing his pistol—another pistol!

If he was drawing another pistol he must be intending to fire it!

With a leap forward that was as rapid as that motion of the Baron's arm, Peter was upon him with his sword extended. He felt the point touch the Baron's chest; and still Peter was going forward. The point entered the chest. The Baron gave a cry, a gasp. There was a shattering report. Peter felt his shoulder burned. It was burning hot. But he had not fallen. And there was the Baron writhing on the ground with both hands clutching a wound in his right lung.

Peter did not waste another moment. Immediately after the report of the pistol he heard a crashing of brush in the woods. He thought it was caused by the Baron's companions. When the crashing subsided, however, the absurdity of his fear became apparent, because the brigands would have rescued their leader. Nor did it take long for Peter to discover that the noise had been made by the outlaw's horse, frightened at the report of the gun.

By the time that Peter was emerging from the woods, leading that wonderful black, who stepped as if he were upon hot coals and who shied at the dusk-shadows, the troopers were riding down into the gully, waving their pistols and shouting. They arrived and gathered around Peter threateningly. But by striking his pose, and by showing the letter from Sir George, Peter was able to identify himself. Then he pointed to the Baron who was still alive though breathing with difficulty.

"There is the man you have been seeking," he said to the sergeant. "I likewise have been seeking him. Now obey my instructions, for I ride to the King with the news of his capture. First, keep him alive. If you let him die before he gives certain testimony which the King desires, it will be the worse for all of you. Take him to the best surgeon in Melun, and keep him till I send you instructions from Paris. That will be as soon as possible. Next, send one of your men to court, where he will enquire for Peter Lord Pole, and will inform me as to this villain's whereabouts. Finally, I shall give the credit of his capture to you, sergeant, and to your men. And there will be a prize of ten pounds apiece if you keep him alive and breathing for three days."

Having said this with an air, Peter put spurs to the black horse, who shot forward and began pounding off the miles that separated him from Paris.

NEVER had Peter ridden so fast, or been so aware of the giant energy of muscles. He sped through Melun without drawing rein, shouting ahead of him for the road to be cleared. Still he was holding the horse in check. He rode on to Corbeil and passed the posting station in the darkness without a pause. Several ran out after him, calling. He followed the western bank of the Seine, with the Spaniard breathing hard and laboring. He reached Villeneuve. Here he was forced to stop, guiding his charger's unsteady legs into the courtyard of the inn. The horse stood with bowed head and bulging nostrils and trembling legs, in the steamy light of the lanterns, surrounded by the innkeeper and shouting horse-boys. Peter put his arm around the wet, muscular neck. "You've made it up, boy! You win, you win!"

As he climbed into the saddle of his last post-horse he cried to the landlord: "Save that Spaniard, landlord! You'll not regret it if you save that Spaniard!" And he was off.

Peter did not spare his horse for those last twelve miles, galloping along what are now the suburbs of Paris, being in those days but well-populated farm land. Then he was through the gates of the city, stopping to enquire for the Palais de Tournelles. As he leaned over, receiving his instructions from a guard, he heard the [Continued on page 50]

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OTHINE

DOUBLE STRENGTH

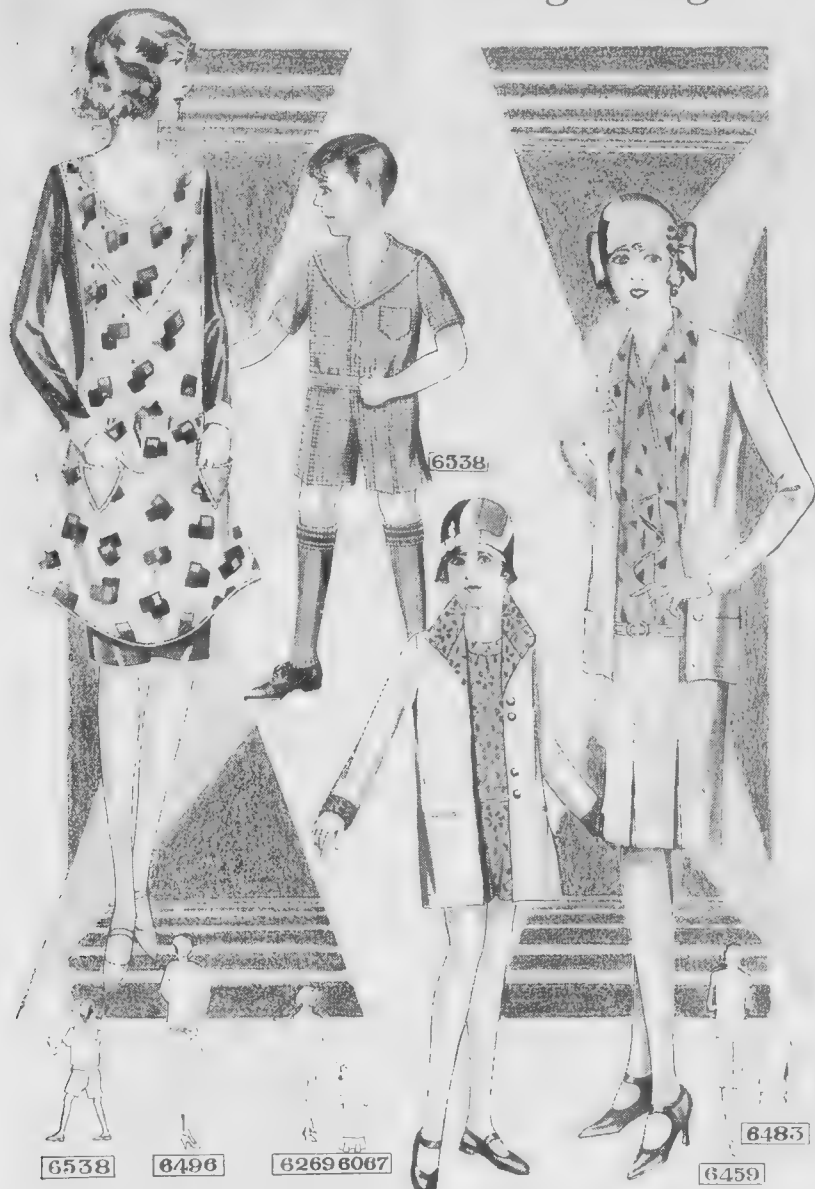
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Cuticura

Talcum Powder

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Essentials of Pleasing Design



6496. Zephyr in a red and blue pattern on white, is here combined with white organdy. This is also a good style for cretonne and sateen, or, for printed or plain lawn. Dimity with ruffings on yoke and pockets is also suggested. The bib portion is joined to a yoke pointed in front, and short and round in back. The skirt portion of the apron is gathered to the lower edge of the bib. Sash ends hold the apron over the back.

The Pattern for this model is cut in one size—Medium. It will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of material 35 inches wide or wider. For yoke, sash and pockets of contrasting material $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 35 inches wide and cut cross-wise is required. To finish the outer edges of the apron with edging will require 3 yards. To finish with bias tape as illustrated will require $11\frac{1}{2}$ yards $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6538. This pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. To make a 4 year size will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32 inch material. For collar, vestee and belt of contrasting material $\frac{3}{8}$ yard is required 32 inches wide. To trim with braid as illustrated will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards for 2 rows.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6483 Jacket.

6459 Dress.

White flannel and polka dot silk are here combined, the flannel being used for the Shirt and Jacket, and the silk for the Blouse portion and Coat lining. The Dress Pattern 6459 may be made with long sleeve portions, or without these sleeves. The shoulder lines are lengthened to form short cap sleeves on the top of the arm. The jacket 6483 has a shawl collar, and is made in Tuxedo effect. A belt and roomy pockets complete a smart effect. The Dress Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. The Jacket Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. To make the Ensemble for a

38 inch size as pictured, will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of plain material and $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards of figured material 39 inches wide. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with plait fullness extended is $2\frac{1}{3}$ yards. To make the Jacket alone will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39 inch material. For facing of contrasting material on collar and belt $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 40 inches wide and cut crosswise is required. To make the Dress alone with long sleeves and of one material will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 39 inches wide for a 38 inch size. Without the long sleeves $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards will be required.

TWO separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 25c FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

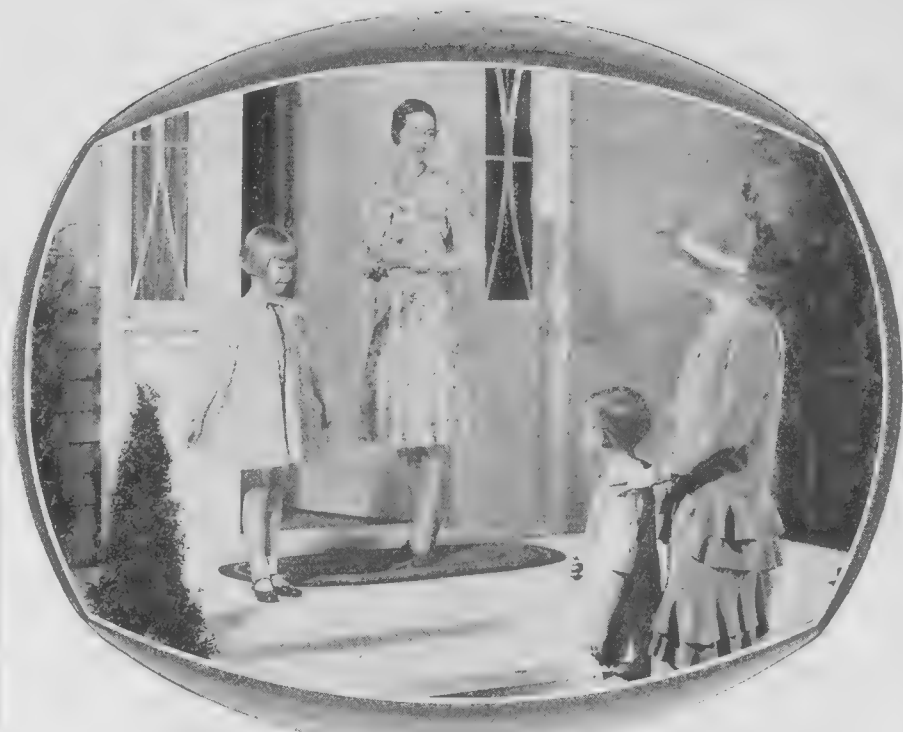
6067 Dress.

6269 Coat.

This model provides a Sleeveless Dress, for which Pattern 6067 furnishes the model, and a Coat made from Pattern 6269 that may be worn with open fronts or buttoned close to the neck. The Dress has gathered fullness below the round yoke sections of the long waist, to which flare skirt portions are joined. The Coat is in box style, and is pictured in the large view, the fronts form revers facings below the collar. Printed crepe, and Kasha are combined in this model. The coat is lined with the printed crepe of which the dress is made.

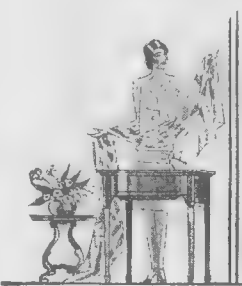
The Pattern for the Coat and Dress are cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. To make this Ensemble for a 6 year size will require $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards of figured material, and $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of plain material 36 inches wide. For the Dress alone $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32 inch material is required. To finish with narrow bias binding on neck, sleeve and skirt will require $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide. For the Coat alone a 6 year size will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 54 inch material. If collar, cuffs and revers portions of the fronts are faced with contrasting material, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard 6 inches wide is required.

TWO separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

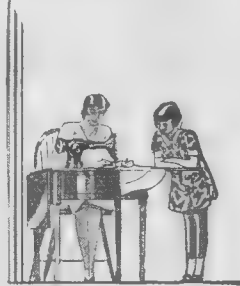


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Glass or Tea Cloths will not leave fluff on glassware. "Tea" or "Glass" printed in colour on border. Size 22 x 32 ins. SIX FOR **\$1.28**

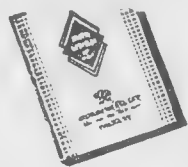
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THE ROYAL IRISH LINEN HOUSE LTD.
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The Gentleman King

Continued from page 48

clocks, striking eight, answering each other over the dark roofs. Then he hastened on, in the direction indicated.

There was high revelry in the old Palais as Peter rode into the courtyard. Every window blazed with light. The vague buzz of human speech and laughter issued from the doorways and from a few windows open to the November mist, which was not cold. Peter drew rein, his horse swaying, staggering. Peter himself swayed as he dismounted, so that he pulled his horse from his balance. Both fell, exhausted, upon the pavement of the courtyard. The attendants, thinking Peter the bearer of some urgent news, gathered around him, lifted him by the shoulders, led him to a door amid excited questions. As soon as Peter could speak he demanded Sir George Pentley. His voice was husky and distant. It was to him as if someone else was speaking.

But he had not spent five minutes upon the bench in the guard-room, sitting with his head hanging downward, when Sir George appeared, accompanied by three attendants with anxious faces.

Peter extended his hand, and tried to rise. He failed. "Am I too late, George?" "Ten minutes more," said Sir George curtly. "Where in thunder have you been? Mademoiselle is at the end of reason."

"Your letter only reached me at Specs yesterday noon. I have not stopped since." There was a faint grin on Peter's mouth. He was on time!

"What! From Specs? Damnation, man, what did you come on?"

"On the wings of desire," said Peter, taking Sir George's arm and allowing himself to be led away. "And still I walk."

He was grinning more broadly. Sir George talked, giving Peter the situation. "Can you walk? It is difficult climbing the stairs, I know. Lean on my arm more heavily. There, that's better. The ambassador to Calais is here, you know."

"But my clothes," Peter complained. "My clothes!"

Indeed, it seemed impossible for Sir George to usher Peter's clothes into this court famous for the magnificence of its attire. Clothes were the most expensive item in the courtier's expenditures, a suit to cost the equivalent of ten thousand dollars being not unusual. And here was Peter, presenting himself as a suitor to the wealthy Countess Dupres; Peter with his dusty black hat to which one shrivelled red feather was hanging, rather more by hope than by thread. His blue riding cloak was stained, his red breeches were torn, his boots were covered with mud, his spurs were bloody. His face and hands were so grimy as to make it difficult to recognize him. As he climbed the sweeping stairs the guards snickered and the young pages, in their black liveries and tan liveries, stood aside with open mouths.

But Peter pulled his wits together at last. "George," he said, "I haven't time to dress. Can't you make a melodrama out of this business?"

Sir George reflected a moment and then turned to Peter with a smile. "Always your stage; always your acting."

"Well?"

"Well, I think you are right again. Just wait here until I obtain His Majesty's permission."

He led Peter to a gilded bench in the gilded anteroom. Several of the lesser nobility, just from the country, were gathered in this spacious hall, waiting to be received. They frowned at the intruder. The man's clothes! The man's face! They themselves wore clothes which were very plain in contrast to those of the glittering audience chamber through the opened doorway; but in contrast to Peter's!—they turned up their noses.

PETER could look into the great chamber from which issued a tide of voices. It was hung with blue silk, embroidered with golden and silver fleur de lys, the same device being repeated on the floor in blue tiles. The King, dressed in white [Continued on page 51]



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The Gentleman King

Continued from page 50

velvet, covered with diamonds, sapphires, and rubies, sat at the far end of the chamber in a chair of state which was raised four steps above the floor. A canopy of golden cloth hung gracefully above his head whose long black curls were crowned with a golden crown. At the King's right sat the dark Queen Eleanor, his second wife, former Queen of Portugal and sister to Francis' great rival Charles V. She likewise was dressed in white. Music penetrated the confusion of voices. Then came a sudden silence—Sir George was speaking to the King. Then Francis' bluff voice:

"From Specs yesterday noon to attend our fête? Foi d'un gentilhomme! That is something like a ride. And who is this Mercury?"

Sir George's voice could not be heard. Again Sir George murmured.

"What does that matter, Sir Pentley? Had he nothing but a shift you should announce him!"

There was a roar of laughter. The whole court had heard the King, but only those near the throne had understood the name spoken by Sir George. There was a buzzing and questioning as the knight bowed and hurried down the centre of the hall, avoiding the groups of excited courtiers. At last he was beside Peter, laughing with a mixture of pleasure and nervousness.

"It is your turn now, my Oracle," he said.

Peter's first emotion was stage-fright. The scene was so much larger and more splendid than that of Savona. Besides, at Savona he had been dressed for the occasion. But now Sir George was pushing him toward the door. Peter must collect his senses; he must mask his face; he must act!—Renée was in there and would see him. Sir George was whispering his name to the blue-and-white-liveried usher, who turned with a magnificent gesture which automatically imposed silence upon the hall.

"Sir Peter Lord Pole!"

There was a general gasp as the courtiers heard the name, and beheld, between Sir George and the usher, a grim, triangular face, covered with mud and stained with powder from the Baron's pistol; a face with prominent jaw-bones and eyes that pierced the magnificence before him from under a high and grimy forehead—a stubborn face, a stained blue cloak, and torn red riding breeches. Many of the courtiers who had known Richard murmured "Pole"! Then Peter walked easily up the aisle which they opened for him, while Sir George, as the lesser in rank, took his place behind. Peter had his left hand upon the hilt of his sword, and, as he walked, his eyes glanced from side to side, challenging those which were turned upon him. Thus he reached the throne.

And it was characteristic that Peter should execute the most unexpected manoeuvre just at this crisis when the average young lord would be satisfied with the expected. As Peter was falling to his knee before the white splendor of Francis I, he put his right hand to his sword, drew it forth, and held it for a moment in the air. Then with a wide and graceful sweep, he laid it at the King's feet, saying:

"Without a name, but by this sword I am come to kneel before Your Majesty at last. I render to Your Majesty what was never mine. By it let me have honor or let me have death!"

It was the kind of gesture which Francis himself would like to have performed; which he had performed on several occasions, notably after his first battle at Marignano when he knelt before the Chevalier Bayard and asked to be knighted. I do not know whether Peter had studied this beforehand, but certainly nothing could be more accurately calculated to obtain the favor of this king. Francis arose. Peter kissed the extended hand and allowed himself to be drawn to his feet.

"Welcome, Lord Pole! Welcome the White Rose!" cried the Roi Chevalier, his flashing eye meeting Peter's enthusiastically. "We have waited for you a long time, though you were not long in reaching us."

As he spoke, Peter turned to Queen Eleanor and made his obeisance. Then he said: "No, Your Majesties; once I had decided to come I was impatient."

"That impatience should be rewarded."

Peter looked at him boldly. "Sire, I will ask you to remember that I, an outcast, could have chosen any sovereign in Europe for my own. In choosing the greatest and most illustrious, the only reward I can ask is to be received by him and allowed to serve."

Francis was highly pleased. "Tiens"! He laughed, showing white teeth. "If more of my knights were of that opinion, finance would be a pleasure. But now, sir, you have heightened my curiosity. Tell me why you were in such haste to reach our court tonight?"

Peter studied the King's eyes swiftly, to see whether they were mocking him. But Francis could rarely disguise. Renée had not told him about Peter, fearing that he might then refuse to let her marry him. The King was really ignorant of the cause of Peter's ride to Paris.

"Now that I am here, sire, my business is not pressing. If you will allow me to attend the fête tonight I shall be in a position to offer you a full explanation tomorrow."

"How is that? You refuse our first request?"

"Sire," said Peter brazenly, who relied upon his own royal heritage which made him in some sense the equal of this King, "let us put it the opposite way—that you are denying my first request to Your Majesty."

The boldness of his words were combined with a pleasant and easy grin, so that Francis could not resist another laugh.

"Your tongue is as sharp as your sword, my lord!" With a quick motion he himself leaned over, snatched Peter's sword and, folding his arm under the blade, presented the hilt gallantly. Peter was abashed. Francis, as usual, had gained the ascendancy. "That which you have given to France," cried His Majesty, "France returns to you, as a symbol of her gratitude and faith. So long as you love France, wear this; and when you forsake France, throw this"—he leaned over, with the sword—"into the sea."

The whole court applauded. For a moment they had feared this travel-worn stranger, who walked among them as if he owned half the world, would displease His Majesty, would over-act his part. But where Peter's action was dramatic, the King's was magnificent.

Peter bowed himself away. Sir George would have introduced him to the most important of the nobility, but Peter insisted on being led to a corner of the room, where he sat down with Sir George, conscious of the eyes inquiring in his direction.

AND after the hubbub had subsided the King arose, his jewels flashing. Peter, who had been trying to control the pace of his heart, saw Renée—his Renée—approach the throne, surrounded by several ladies. The ladies stopped at the foot of the throne. Renée mounted the four stairs and turned to face the room. She stood beside the King. She too was dressed in white, save for a wide sash of scarlet and a thin belt of gold, buckled loosely around her waist. Her head-dress and her small white slippers were studded with diamonds. She wore a pearl necklace at her throat. Peter was certain that she was the most beautiful—the most lovely—the most triumphant. He glanced at the other ladies; the dark, slim queen; the queen-mother, Louise de Savoie, proud and smiling, clever with love and politics; the King's sister, Marguerite de Valois, author of the Heptameron; and the fascinating Anne, Duchess d'Etampes, Francis's mistress, who had dominated the court for two years by her beauty and was to dominate for twenty years more. But these were unreal, they were ornaments to the splendor of Renée.

Renée was speaking. "Since Your Majesty has commanded this, I must obey. It is a great honor these gentlemen are rendering me"—she turned toward the courtiers, [Cont'd on page 52]

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The Gentleman King

Continued from page 51

in the midst of whom a dozen worried
faces might have been observed. She
made a curtsy very gracefully. "Yet I
can only choose one, Your Majesty, and
they are all very enticing."

There was laughter. The King laughed.
"Mind, then, that you make no mis-
take. Mademoiselle!"

"Yet I can only choose one," she re-
peated with a confident smile, "and I do
not like him very much and"—she was
interrupted again by laughter—"and
hope the other gentlemen will take no
offence—that is, no permanent offence."

The way her lips moved made Peter
want to run forward and embrace her.
Do not like him very much? What a
little witch she was!

"No, no! That is understood," cried
Francis, when the laughter had subsided.
"It is a recognized condition that none
shall be offended. All have promised to
abide by your choice. Come, now, I will
lead you myself." He turned and bowed
to the Queen, and extended his hand to
Renée.

They descended the steps. Renée led
His Majesty in and out of the groups of
courtiers. Everyone watched with amu-
sed expression. She did not go in Peter's
direction at all! Peter was distraught.
"I do not like him very much"—did she
mean that she was taking someone else,
that she was NOT going to choose him?
Losing all sense of proportion, Peter
leaned over to Sir George. "George, are
you sure she has seen me?"

The knight laughed aloud.
Renée was also enjoying herself, cre-
ating as much suspense as possible.
There was a courtier named Montmore-
ncy, whom others liked to tease when
they dared. He was gruff and stern; he
was proud of his own dislike for women;
he was the most famous soldier of
France, a man who attained power just
short of royal. Though he affected to
despise women, he had been kind to
Renée. As she passed his surly eyes
he could not help stopping in front of
him. The court gasped. Renée stood
with her hand on her chin, as if in deep
meditation. Montmorency fidgeted and
bit his beard. She looked up. Even the
King was nervous. Then at last Renée
hook her head, very sadly, and walked
on. There was a burst of laughter; and
a sound almost like a bellow from the
Constable of France: "Name of God!"

At length Renée had led the King all
around the room.

"Mademoiselle is fastidious," he said
seeing that she was playing with him.

"Sire, I have discovered him at last."
She was not looking at the King but at
Peter, who stood ten paces away. For
one moment his eager eyes held hers.
Her lips were trembling; she was trem-
bling entirely now. Suddenly she quit-
ted the King's side and advanced toward
Peter with outstretched hands.

"Your Majesty, this is my choice."
She spoke directly at Peter. He held
her hands. He knelt down and kissed
her fingers. As he bowed over them he
heard the King cry: "Bravo, my Lord
Pole! Foi d'un gentilhomme, but you
ride fast!"

Sir George Pentley returned to Calais,
after Peter's wedding. From there he
went to London and was married to a
lady whom Peter called "dangerously
rich." Peter liked to make fun of Sir
George. But the two friends became so
inseparable that the Pentleys spent most
of their lives at the chateau of Arden-
te, where their daughter was born. Besides,
Sir George, Peter had about his person
Labay and eight of those faithful guards
who had defended Savona and who now
led a pleasant if somewhat lazy life.
There was also Lucy, the consumptive
brigand who had reformed, and who be-
came a faithful servant. Peter, with his
wise philosophy, was able to make Lucy
happy at last—cured him of his nervous
emotional fits. At the age of fifty-three
Labay married a widow of Arden-
te. And for a while there was old Sandy to
freshen the daily conversation with his
bits of imagination.

But the happiest day in Peter's life
was his return to Arden-
te, after his
ransom had been paid to the English
ambassador. He was free. He was in
love. He was [Continued on page 53]



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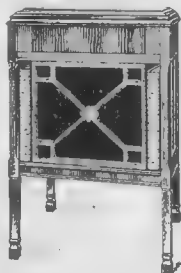
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Sold in boxes: 25 cents

AGENTS—F. L. BENEDICT & Co.
270 LaGauchetiere Street, W., Montreal

The Bungler

Continued from page 13

boss grunt hollowly. "If you only knew what it is! Don't you see, man? Can't you understand? Oh, damn it! Will you—well, let me—"

He snatched out his own pocketbook.

The Postmaster signed him to leave—and he obeyed the gesture as a man ruined. His subordinate followed, dull, struggling for breath.

Suddenly Blake turned.

"How long have you known him?"

"Twenty years."

Then you ought to have enough influence to make him stretch a point. Newton! Get me that letter—or you're fired."

"I'd give you my right hand if it would help you," Harve muttered miserably, "but you know very well that he's only doing his job."

"Well then—you're—you're through."

Harve had expected him to storm—but his words were almost inaudible and seemed to have left him crushed. And in spite of the fact that all of his own hopes and his job had gone flooey, he experienced a sudden deepening of his feelings for him.

A mail-truck drew up outside, took on its load and conveyed it to the wharf. Blake turned and watched it through the window, his eyes half-closed, his body going limp. In one of those sacks were two pages such as could not be forgotten by any girl. She would find them on her desk at about five minutes to nine in the morning. He could see her beginning to read them eagerly, forgivingly, as if they were some message of apology and promise—and the boat whistle gave a stabbing grunt. Through a blur he saw the little vessel slip away into the bay and glide with incredible swiftness behind a neck of land, leaving nothing but a trail of vanishing smoke like a handkerchief waved in derisive farewell.

Harve, too, had watched the boat disappear, looking at it as a man who understood the value of a woman's love and what the right woman would mean to Blake.

He saw the latter slump out of the lobby and get into the coupe; but, weighted by a sense of his own powerlessness to aid him, hated to follow.

After awhile he became aware of the fact that Blake was beckoning. He gath-

ered himself together; moved toward the door, stopping for a moment to open the company's lock-box. It was an entirely habitual act, done almost without thought. His hand groped, fastened on a number of letters, knocked the shutter to and flopped to his side.

He dragged himself to the car, heaved in and reached for Blake's shoulder.

"Mr. Blake—Blake, old man—won't you come out and have supper at my place? It'll be—be more cheerful for you—than the hotel."

Blake looked at him out of the corners of his eyes. For a long time he was still.

"But I—didn't I tell you that you were through?" he whispered.

"You'll find Amy wonderfully bright," went on Harve as if unconscious of interruption, "and the kiddies—"

Silence.

"Newton," muttered Blake, breaking it at last, "here I tell you you're through and yet you—ask me—invite me—" He stopped. "There's something about you—feeling rotten—because I'm down and done for—in the thing that matters. Came to put through that deal—figured you weren't good enough—and if—I had had a bit of your disposition—all this hopeless tangle—wouldn't have happened."

Harve started the car.

As he did so the letters dropped from his lap to the floor.

Blake reached for them.

"Newton!" he exclaimed, suddenly holding one up.

Harve stared, stiffened, and seized it.

"What—how—whoever would have thought of that?" he puffed, unable to believe his eyes. "Miss Y. Richards, A.A. Company, Daybury—D-a-y-b-u-r-y. Why, I—I put Daybury on instead of Vancouver—addressed it to my own office—just such a thing—such a thing as I would do! Didn't you—didn't you call me the world's prize bungler?"

"Sure enough," said Blake, in the voice of a new man. "Guess I had you so rattled you didn't know what you were doing. But there's bungling and bungling—and yours has helped me out of the biggest hole mine ever got me into." His hand gripped Harve's. "Graham told me about you wanting—but drive me to a long-distance office. We'll fix that up later."

The Gentleman King

Continued from page 52

loved. And Father Gaspard was there, in the same little cottage, studying the same brown St. Augustine, visiting the same faithful flock. The old Curé's joy at seeing Peter, and at learning of Peter's happiness, was so excessive as to be dangerous to his health. But Peter had him taken to the chateau, where he was given an apartment of his own and appointed the family confessor. As soon as possible Peter had a chapel built for the Curé upon the chateau grounds. Thus the old man's life was prolonged many years.

That first night, after seeing the Curé, Renée and Peter stood upon the balcony of the chateau—that lovely old balcony with the arches behind it, toward which Peter used to look every morning when he came for his fencing lesson. He used to look for Renée there—his princess,

his goddess. And now he was standing beside her, with his arm around her, and her hand leaning a little upon his shoulder. She had shown him her room—that most sacred sanctuary of girlhood. They were looking out into the April night, across the tips of poplars and maples and chestnut trese, across the faint lights of Ardenne at the foot of the hill.

"I have stood here so often, alone," said Renée, "wondering if it were possible; if THIS were possible."

"This?"

"Yes; being owned by someone else."

He kissed her reverently. "You are not owned," he said. "You are worshipped."

They stood looking at each other. Then Peter grinned. And he found the royalty he had been seeking.

THE END

Betty and the Elf

By William Thompson

One evening when the moon came out,
A little Fairy walked about,
And from a mushroom viewed the scene—
Of hill and dale and waving green.

Miss Betty strolling from the wood
Espied the Elf, and if he would,
Thought what a wondrous thing 'twould be
If he'd go home with her to tea.

So creeping closer to the Fay,
And fearing that he'd fly away,
Said: "I'll not harm you, little Mite,
I hope you are quite well tonight."

"Quite well," the little Fairy said,
And bowing low his tiny head—
"Oh!" Betty made a little scream
And then woke up—it was a dream.

FLIES HAVE NO FRIENDS

"OPINIONS differ on most things—but I've yet to hear anyone stand up for the fly. When I hear anyone complain of the flies, I always tell them to use WILSON'S FLY PADS. I've used them for years. I've tried other ways, too—but WILSON'S FLY PADS are the best and the cheapest way to exterminate the pests that have ever been discovered, and I don't know any better way to spend ten cents."



AUNT SALLY
(Herself)

Aunt Sally

WILSON'S



KILL THEM ALL

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At all Grocers, Druggists and General Stores, 10 Cents.

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Each month prizes are awarded for the best letters received describing your experiences in the use of Wilson's Fly Pads. First prize \$10; second prize \$5. Also 5 prizes of \$2 each. Buy a ten-cent package of Wilson's Fly Pads from your general store, grocer or druggist and write us telling of your experience in their use. The Wilson Fly Pad Co., Box 335, Hamilton, Ont.

WHAT'S BECOME

of the



"Superfluous Woman?"

THESE were the women that the census taker used to put down as "Females without Occupation." You know. Old-maid aunts. And the familiar ailing relatives that had to be supported by some other member of the family.

What's become of these so-called "superfluous women?" You hardly ever meet

one any more. Certainly they don't act or feel superfluous. There were never more healthy, busy, happy women in the world than there are right now.

Just talk to women who've been successful along their own particular lines. They follow the same health rules. They'll all tell you they take Nujol regularly.

"I learned that good habit from our school doctor," you'll be told. "She advised all the girls to take it, especially whenever we had to cut down on our regular exercise. You know how head-achy you're apt to feel when you're not active. Well, you'd be surprised to see what a difference it makes if you take some Nujol for a few days beforehand."

Why don't you try the same thing? No harm trying. For Nujol can't possibly upset you, even when you're below par. It contains absolutely no medicine or drugs. It's just a pure natural substance that helps everything function as it should at all times. Perfected by the Nujol Laboratories, 26 Broadway, N. Y.

Nujol not only keeps any excess of body poisons from forming (we all have them) but aids in their removal. Buy a bottle of Nujol from your druggist today. In sealed packages only, never sold in bulk.





Keeping Food Cool

By Gertrude Dutton

is sugar, moisture and warmth, causing fermentation, which is extremely useful in the process of bread-making, but most annoying and destructive in other places, such as a supply of canned or stewed fruits.

Molds are more familiar to us because they may be seen without a microscope. The white or green or gray or lavender mass grows rapidly in a warm, moist atmosphere. If examined under a microscope, the tiny plants appear to have roots, branches and flowers like

depends on the temperature. If cold enough it may be prevented entirely.

Bacteria are the smallest, the most numerous, and frequently by far the most dangerous of these tiny plant enemies. They are carried in the air, the dust, our bodies and clothing, in water and in food. Some are very useful, for example, those found in the root nodules of clover, so valuable to farmers in enriching soil for crops. They are essential in making butter and cheese. Other bacteria are needed for tanning leather, and still others for the retting of flax to make linen. On the other hand, many of them are responsible for some of our most serious diseases, such as diphtheria, typhoid, tuberculosis. They are reproduced by each one dividing itself in two, each of those dividing, and repeating the process every few minutes, under favorable conditions, so that in fifteen or sixteen hours, there will be millions. When one attempts to destroy bacteria time is necessary. If it takes 10 minutes to kill them, only half of the number present will be dead at the end of 10 minutes. Half of those left will be destroyed in the next ten minutes, half of the remainder in the following ten minutes and so on till all are destroyed. Many of them are not destroyed by freezing. However most of those with which we have to contend in the care of food, can be kept from growing at a temperature below 50 degrees, so that foods kept in such a temperature are not apt to spoil. Many times have we exposed a dish of agar substance to the air for only a minute or two, covered it and placed in a warm place, or merely left it in a room at ordinary temperature. In 24 or 48 hours, there would be millions of tiny plants on it.

Milk is the food which needs the most careful protection. Besides being a perfect food for mankind, it is an ideal medium for the growth of innumerable harmful micro-organisms, so needs very special care in keeping. It is one food which every family uses to a greater or less extent. In addition to the ordinary organisms it may gather from the air, there may be serious disease germs given from a milker or other person who handles it. This has led to the almost universal practice of pasteurizing milk offered for sale to the public. But the housewife must take every precaution to prevent trouble after she gets the milk, by keeping it at as near 40 degrees as possible, and by putting it in that atmosphere as soon as she can after getting it.

MEAT is another food which offers ideal conditions for rapid spoiling. Now-a-days careful Government control usually insures the selling of "good" meat

to the customer. but there is great care needed in the home after buying it, or after killing the animal on the farm. There is great danger of poisons developing in meat, which will not be killed by cooking, and may result in death.

Histories and stories of early times tell us a

great deal about the efforts of peoples of those days to preserve their meats. Salt was one of the most valuable of commodities. We even read of its being used instead of money. This [Continued on page 55]

A VERY important problem of the summer time is that of keeping food from spoiling. For centuries it has been known that such spoilage will occur if most foods are kept at ordinary room temperature for any length of time. Since earliest times, mankind has sought various methods of keeping foods. Aside from the very great waste, there is the real danger of causing severe illness or death, from eating food which has been spoiled. It is only within the last two hundred or so years that the cause of food spoilage has been known. It has always been noticed that flesh foods meat, fowl, and fish, have kept better in winter than in warm weather.

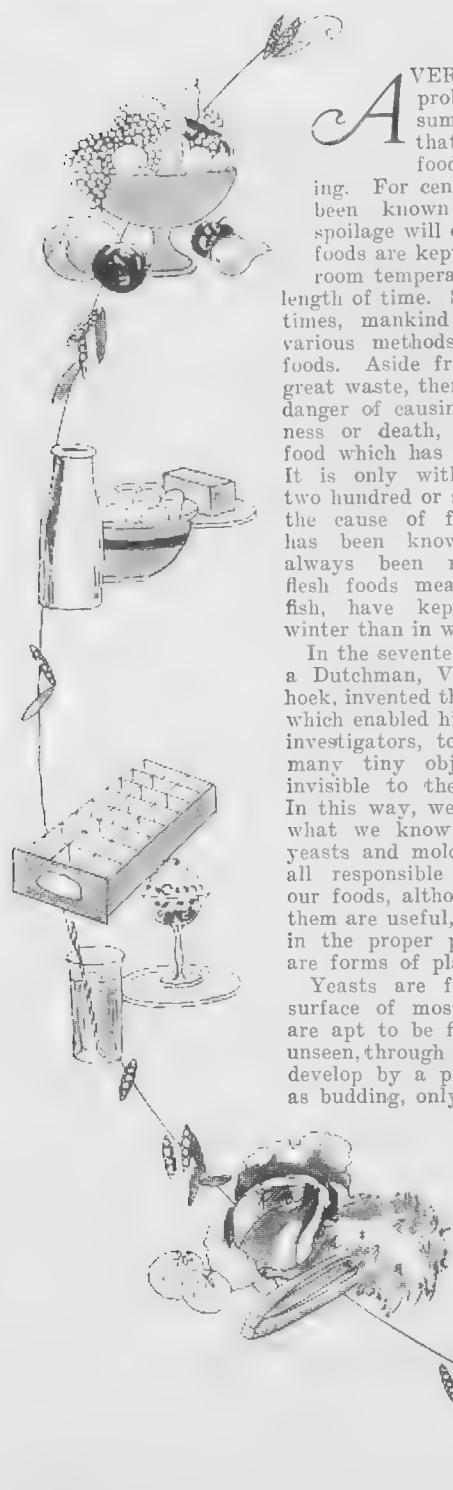
In the seventeenth century, a Dutchman, Van Leeuwenhoek, invented the microscope, which enabled him, and other investigators, to discover many tiny objects, utterly invisible to the naked eye. In this way, were discovered what we know as bacteria, yeasts and molds, which are all responsible for spoiling our foods, although many of them are useful, too, if found in the proper places. They are forms of plant life.

Yeasts are found on the surface of most fruits, and are apt to be flying around, unseen, through the air. They develop by a process known as budding, only where there



The invention of an electric refrigerator was a big step forward in modern home making

other plants. Skimming the mold off the top of food, then eating that food may not be safe, because the roots penetrate it, spoiling it to a considerable depth, and at least giving an unpleasant flavor, if not causing actual dangerous impurities. Molds propagate by means of spores which fly through the air, and if they alight on moist surfaces of food, in a warm place, immediately begin to grow. Mold may be actually growing and spoiling food for at least thirty-six hours before it is visible to the eye. The rate of development





Keep Little Ones Well FROM BABYHOOD THRU SCHOOLDAYS.

Mrs. Winslow's Syrup quickly corrects summer complaint, diarrhea, colic, constipation, and teething disturbances. The vegetable oils help baby's system function correctly.

A helpful and interesting booklet containing diet instructions, table of weights, how to prepare baby's food, together with nursery rhymes and jingles artistically prepared in three colors will be sent free upon request.

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OGILVIE'S ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR

My Wife Insisted on OGILVIE'S ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR



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You can enjoy a cup of "Camp" Coffee the minute you get home—just add some boiling water. No waiting, no trouble. And it's so refreshing! Prepared for you by experts.

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Buy "Camomile" for fair hair, "Graduated" for brown or black hair.

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MONTREAL

Evan Williams HENNA SHAMPOO



is, some people believe, the origin of the word "salary." However, salt could only be used to preserve meats. Vegetables and fruits were not available for use except in season. Then somebody hit upon the expedient of drying foods, which is a method still used for many foods to a great extent. We know that foods not in perfect condition must have been eaten, by the very great use of spices and highly-flavored sauces for disguising the spoiled flavors.

Very many farm and small-town homes depend on cool cellars for storing food, and fortunate they are to have such cellars, for it is usually necessary to store far greater quantities of food than would be possible without them. One disadvantage is the vast number of extra steps which must be taken by whoever does the cooking. Cellar stairs are often carelessly planned, steep, and narrow and dark. A flat-bottomed basket or a tray kept in a convenient place will make it possible to prepare a meal, or put food away afterwards, with only one trip to the cellar. Other houses are built with a dumb waiter arranged like a cupboard, on which food may be placed, then lowered by means of ropes, without the necessity of going up or down stairs. Care must also be taken to protect the food in the cellar from absorbing odors and flavors, and from flies. Cellars may be kept dry by placing in them a dish of unslaked lime to absorb any moisture there may be.

Any one can make an iceless refrigerator out of wooden frame-work covered with wire and cloth, the cloth kept moist from water in a pan on top, and the cool atmosphere inside produced by evaporation of water from the cloth covering. Many of these home-made ice-boxes have been very satisfactory.

IN SELECTING a refrigerator, care should be taken to get a good one, though not necessarily a very expensive one. It must be well-built, so that warm air from the outside cannot get in, and the cold air cannot get out. The ice compartment is always at the top, and may be put in either by lifting up the top, or opening a door in the upper front. The ice compartment does not necessarily extend across the whole of the upper portion, but usually only half way across. The coldest part is in the compartment below the ice, and the warmest air at the top, because cold air, being heavier, sinks down, while the warmer air, which is lighter, rises to the top.

An important point in its use is to keep the door closed. Do not let it stand open while taking a trip to the pantry or dining room, or across the kitchen. The door should be closed carefully, not banged shut, or it soon becomes sprung, so that it will not close tightly. It must be kept clean. One without seams or cracks for catching moisture, particles of food, etc. should be chosen. Care in not spilling food, having the outside of dishes clean, will help. Once a week, it is well to remove everything from the ice-box and wipe it out quickly with a luke warm mixture of baking soda and water, wipe dry and replace the food as quickly as possible to prevent the air inside of it becoming too warm. Anything which is spilled, if wiped up at once, will save a lot of bother later.

Warm food should never be put in the refrigerator, as it raises the temperature, and wastes ice, and causes steam which will lead to spoilage. But neither should one let the food stand in the warm kitchen too long. It should be cooled quickly, then put as soon as possible in the ice-box. Inedible parts of food, such as tops of carrots, etc. should be cut off, not put in refrigerator to take up valuable space. Meat may be left in waxed or glazed paper, but should never be left in absorbent wrapping paper, as it takes the juices from [Continued on page 58]

HOLT, RENFREW'S ANNUAL August Fur Sale

OFFERS WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITIES TO BUY YOUR FUR COAT FOR NEXT SEASON AT SAVINGS OF

20% to 30%

We are offering these liberal discounts on furs of famous Holt, Renfrew quality to stimulate buying during the last month of the summer season. Our stocks are well assorted, and the styles are the smartest of the new season.

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Other Coats higher and lower priced at similar reductions.

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Write Today stating your requirements, size, height, weight, etc., and enclose bank or business reference. We will ship on approval, at our expense, a selection of fur coats.

Holt, Renfrew & Co. LTD.

Canada's Largest Furriers Est. 1837 WINNIPEG, MAN.

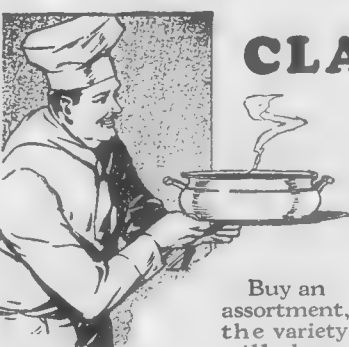


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[In two, one and half-pound cans—whole, ground or fine ground for percolator use.]

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CLARK'S SOUPS are so good!

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Try CLARK'S VEGETABLE SOUP—Thick with the best Canadian vegetables in a rich beef stock it is a real treat—and speak about VITAMINS—the CLARK Process preserves them all.

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EXCELLENT pocket maps of Manitoba, or Saskatchewan, or Alberta showing all towns, post offices, railways, range and township numbers, etc. Price only 25c for each province postpaid. For sale at the best stationers, news dealers, drug stores of Western Canada or direct from

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flakiest cakes and pastry that can
be made.

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Get your Catalogue

Don't forget the BOVRIL SANDWICHES

128 sandwiches can be made from a 4 oz. bottle

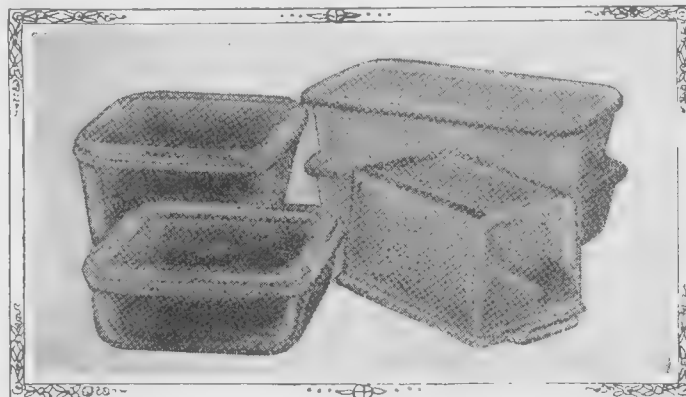
How to make a Bovril Sandwich

Cut the bread fairly thin, butter liberally
and spread the Bovril sparingly because it is
so highly concentrated. *Bovril sandwiches made
with brown bread are delicious.*



the meat. Such easily affected things
as milk, cream and butter should be
put in the coldest part, which can
easily be determined by the use of a
thermometer. This place is always at
the bottom, under the ice. Nothing
should ever be put directly on the ice,
nor in the ice compartment, for several
reasons. It melts the ice too rapidly,
makes a mussy place in which to put
ice, interferes with putting new lumps
of ice, but chiefly because on top of
the ice is the warmest place in the
refrigerator. Fresh fruits and vege-
tables may be put on the top shelf
where the air is least cool, and where
they will not give undesirable flavors
to other foods. Left-over cooked foods
may be put next to the milk, etc. A
few dishes which may be piled on top

from a liquid to a vapor, it absorbs
heat from the surrounding air. We
know that ice changes from solid to
water at 32 degrees. Other instances
have lower melting points. Sulphur
dioxide, which is most frequently used
in household refrigeration, boils at 14
degrees, so is ordinarily a gas, but by
keeping it under pressure, and cooling
it, it may be kept in liquid form. This
liquid is run into the cooling unit in
the refrigerator, where pressure is re-
moved, and it at once becomes vapor
again, taking up heat in the process
from the air of the refrigerator. Again
it passes into the condenser, and the
process is repeated. By regulating the
pressure, any desired temperature is
maintained. The process is carried on
by means of electricity.



Convenient sets of refrigerator dishes can be obtained in either glass or enamel ware. Both are attractive in appearance and easily kept clean. They come in various sizes

of each other, and will take up the
least possible space, are a good invest-
ment. A little space between all dishes
to permit of free circulation of air,
helps to keep foods cooler. Especially
in an electric refrigerator is it desirable
to keep dishes covered to prevent dry-
ing out.

The ice compartment should be kept
as full as possible, in order to get good
value from the refrigerator, as a small
piece will not keep the temperature
down where it ought to be. Neither
should it be wrapped in newspapers to
prevent melting, as it is the very act
of melting which produces the coldness.

The invention of an electric refrigera-
tor was a big step forward in modern
home-making. Any good ice refrigera-
tor may be turned into an electric one
by the addition of the refrigeration
unit, if one already possesses it, and
cannot afford an entirely new machine.
The system of electric refrigeration is
not nearly so mysterious as many
women imagine. When any substance
changes from a solid to a liquid or

There are several advantages of elec-
tric refrigeration, although it is yet
rather expensive to install, but is worth
the price as soon as one can afford it,
if electricity is available at all.

An even temperature can be main-
tained at all times.

A lower temperature than by any
other means can be obtained, keeping
food almost indefinitely.

Pure safe ice is always available for
cold drinks, etc., by freezing drinking
water in the freezing compartment.

Where electricity is inexpensive, it
costs less to operate, after once bought
than the price of ice.

All the muss and inconvenience of
the ice man are eliminated.

Several of the new types of refrigera-
tor have at the bottom, a convenient,
ventilated cabinet for storing fresh
vegetables.

Many delicious frozen desserts may
be prepared merely by mixing the
ingredients, putting in the trays pro-
vided for the purpose and frozen in the
freezing unit.

Gelatine Hints

ALWAYS use a real orange and lemon
in making your desserts and salads,
and take advantage of the pure health-
giving vitamins that fresh fruits
contain.

Electric Refrigerators—Ices and sher-
bets may be chilled or frozen more
satisfactorily in the trays with the
addition of gelatine.

When there are odds and ends of
food left over use them up in combina-
tions with gelatine dishes and show
real economy in the household.

Gelatine will harden much quicker if
put in several small molds than in one
large one. Jellies will take less time
to cool and set if the soaked gelatine
is melted over hot water and the re-
maining liquid added cold—instead of
using hot liquid to dissolve it.

If you wish to combine fresh pine-
apple with gelatine, always first scald

the pineapple, both fruit and juice.
When using canned pineapple, this is
not necessary, as the pineapple has
already been cooked.

Jellied desserts and salads are a
great help to the busy housekeeper, as
they may be prepared hours before
needed, or even the day before, and
when guests arrive there is no last-
minute hurrying.

Flowers or flags may be molded in
jelly for table decorations for special
occasions. Pour liquid jelly into a
plain wet mold to make a thin layer.
Very carefully arrange flowers and
leaves on this when it has stiffened,
remembering that the mold will be
turned upside down, and the more
attractive side must be down. Allow
the remaining jelly to stiffen slightly
and carefully [Continued on page 57]

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(Guaranteed no free alkali or caustic)

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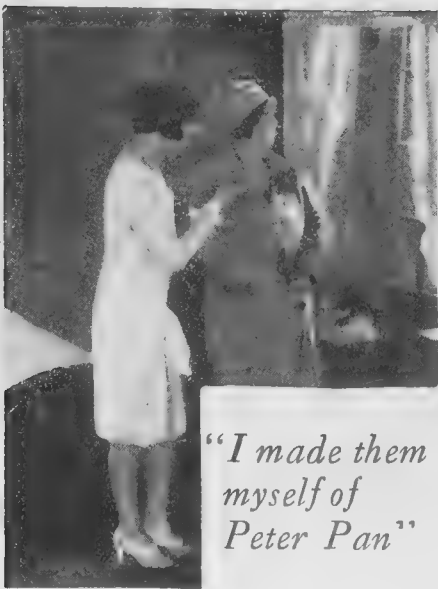
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the hair. Beneficial to the skin. Will
lather freely in hard water.



—Strongly recom-
mended for wash-
ing Prize Cattle.

All stores stock it, but it must be in a carton with a coupon at end valuable for premiums

COCO-PUMICE HAND SOAP Large cakes in
Ask at your store for a FREE sample. If you cannot obtain,
write THE ROYAL CROWN SOAPS LIMITED, WINNIPEG. cartons 10c



The loveliest all-purpose fabric ever created . . .

Peter Pan
Guaranteed Fast Color
WASH FABRICS

FOR window drapes, bed covers, bureau scarves, house dresses, babies' rompers, children's clothes—Peter Pan is ideal. Economical, extra long-wearing, colors absolutely fade-proof. Will not shrink — launders beautifully. You'll simply marvel at the wealth of colorful Peter Pan designs — each one vivid, modern, created in Paris.

SEND FOR 30
FREE SAMPLES

GUARANTEE: "We will replace any garment made of genuine PETER PAN if it fades."

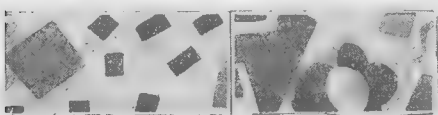
NISBET & AULD, Ltd.
34 Wellington St. West, Toronto.
Please send me "The Peter Pan Sampler" of 30 samples, postpaid, absolutely free.

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Address..... City.....

Dealer's Name

Does he sell genuine Peter Pan Fast Color Fabrics?

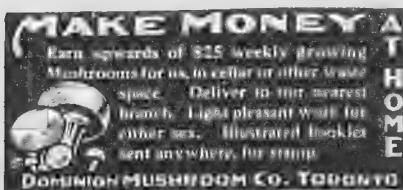


Crying?

Use Murine to remove redness and puffiness

A good cry may relieve your emotions, but it's hard on the appearance of your Eyes. Use Murine liberally after crying to overcome the red, puffy, unsightly condition that follows. Murine contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients, thus you may use it freely. At all drug stores.

MURINE
FOR YOUR
EYES



place about the flowers by spoonfuls, and fill mold.

Instead of making fruit jellies during the hot summer months, can the juice, with or without sugar. Then during the winter months, make gelatine jellies as you need them. The gelatine jellies are much more easily prepared.

To make currant, grape or other jelly firm: If a fruit jelly does not "jell" after being boiled a sufficient length of time, add to each pint a level tablespoonful of gelatine that has been softened five minutes in one-fourth cup cold water. Heat to the boiling point, skim and strain into the glasses.

Melted ice cream should never be thrown away. Stiffen it with gelatine, using a level tablespoonful of gelatine to a pint of cream. Chocolate, strawberry, coffee and pistachio are especially delicious. Chopped raisins, dates, nuts, cherries or marshmallows make an excellent combination.

Use left-over coffee for a coffee jelly, coffee Spanish cream or mocha sponge.

Cream puffs and eclairs may be filled with Bavarian cream. Filling should be put in just before serving that the crust may remain crisp. These are very effective when filled with strawberry Bavarian cream and garnished with a few whole berries.

The jellied salads and meats are especially pretty when served in dainty baskets. These may be made with timbale irons, or line little fluted gem pans with a savory short crust and bake in oven. Baskets may also be made of halves of lemon, orange or grapefruit skins, or serve in an apple, tomato or pepper shell.

When making croquettes, try the following: Soften a teaspoonful of gelatine in a little cold water and dissolve over hot water (using as little water as possible to reduce the gelatine to a liquid). Stir into the croquette mixture and set aside until gelatine has had time to stiffen it. Croquettes may then be shaped very easily, and the heat of the frying pan will dissolve the gelatine again, making the inside of the croquettes soft and creamy.

Suggestions for Electric Refrigerators

JELLED SOUPS may be served partly frozen by using the freezing trays. These icy soups are delicious for luncheons.

Fruits and vegetables used in these frozen dainties should be cut in small pieces and may be coated first with mayonnaise so that the oil in the dressing may prevent them from becoming too icy.

Gelatine jellies, salads, aspics and desserts may be chilled very quickly in the trays. When mixture begins to thicken, turn into wet molds and place in the lower compartment. Time for making molded desserts and salads is greatly reduced by using this method.

Salad Dressing may be chilled or frozen and served on any kind of salad. Salad must be well chilled and the dressing placed on it just before serving.

These frozen desserts and fruit salads may take the place of two courses—that of the salad and dessert courses; or, in the case of the frozen fish and chicken mixtures, may take the place of the main course and the salad course.

Mixtures should be thoroughly cold before whipped cream is folded through them, or the stiffly beaten whites of eggs added. Mixtures may be put into individual molds or in paper cups and frozen in the trays.

The Mousse and Parfait mixtures are easily made as they are frozen without stirring, but the ices and sherbets should be stirred frequently during the freezing process. Gelatine added to these frozen dishes gives more body and helps prevent the formation of ice crystals—the ices and frappes especially, which contain more water, have a tendency to crystallize.



Film that discolors the whitest teeth

Are your teeth dull, lustreless? Are you prone to tooth and gum disorders? Then remove film this scientific way.

(Send coupon for free 10-day supply)

THE misfortune of cloudy, unattractive teeth might be accepted if nature were to blame. But dull teeth and pale gums softened by disease are not natural conditions.

In a startling number of cases dental science now traces the chief cause of discolored teeth and serious tooth and gum disorders to a film that forms. When it is removed a marvelous change takes place. Teeth become dazzling white and are less subject to decay. Gums grow firmer and regain their rose-like color. By all means test its power for 10 days free.

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Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel the dreaded coating—film. It clings to crevices and stays. It absorbs ugly stains from foods and smoking.

Film hardens into tartar—thus invites decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. And germs with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

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a special film-removing agent. First it curdles film. Then light brushing easily removes it.

Teeth begin to whiten. The danger of decay is removed. The source of pyorrhea and bleeding gums is combated. And many of the ills that appear in later life are immeasurably lessened.

Try this way for 10 days—Free

Remove film by this method for 10 days. A glorious surprise awaits you. Teeth regain sparkling whiteness. Smiles grow far more charming. This is a great step toward a winning personality. The greatest movie star could never have succeeded with dull, unattractive teeth.

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Annual

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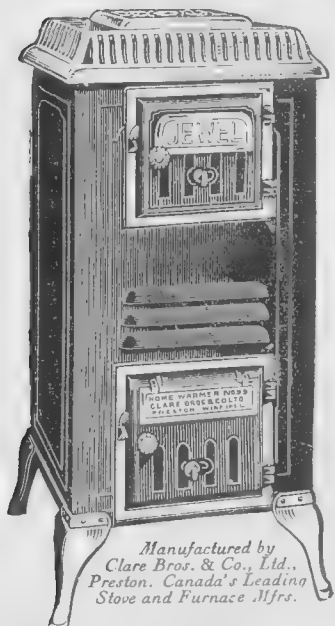
Concerts of Scottish music in the evenings at the Banff Springs Hotel will include a ballad opera "Flora and Prince Charlie," composed and directed by Dr. Healey Willan. Famous concert singers including Marjory Kennedy Fraser, Brownie Peebles, Katherine Wright, Stanley Maxted and Herbert Hewetson.

**Dominion Amateur Track and Field Championships on
Labor Day, Sept. 2nd.**

Will form a part of the Programme.

Entry forms in connection with the Athletic and Highland Events may be had upon application the Secretary, Banff Highland Gathering, Banff Springs Hotel. Make reservation now at the Banff Springs Hotel or at any Canadian Pacific Office.

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Paris Fashions and Women's Trousers

Continued from page 42

the trimming of the new gowns. For afternoon, for sport wear, for coats, the new materials were cut in all sorts of shapes, each line being carefully studied to follow the natural ones of the body. Insertions of contrasting colored goods or flat embroidered furnished the trimmings, all keeping severely very close to the line never disturbing it by the intrusion of a frill or a buckle or a bow or ribbon unless the placing of it there was absolutely justified and was the harmonious complement of the ensemble.

FOR evening wear, the long draperies, some hanging from the shoulders, other being borne about the waist all of them longer at the back, some even trailing on the floor, accompanied in every case a very low cut in the back "decolette." This latest style, although not quite new, has been entirely revived by the artists of the brush and the chisel as being more graceful than a low cut in the front. It is also much more difficult to wear, very few women being able to boast of a perfect back. For those upon whom nature has frowned, these able designers decided to veil the indiscreet cut with an insert of flesh colored tulle which although it is invisible gives to the skin a very natural glow, at the same time veiling any imperfection that might be there, keeping intact the very beautiful line at the back which is accompanied by graceful and dignified draperies.

Another striking winning model in connection with an ensemble for afternoon wear which carried out to the fullest the very modern tendency was a black and white satin dress and a black and white broadcloth coat. Its name which was very appropriate was: Penguin. The coat, which boasted of no buttons was a very faithful copy of the breast of that very original northern bird. As for the dress it had perfect lines and was very graceful in its studied simplicity. In such models we find, as in modern furniture, the insistence of the designer in letting the beauty of the material employed—beautiful grained wood with inlay of ivory, or mother of pearl or handsomely veined marble—speak for themselves, unhampered by carvings or mouldings, which they do eloquently as beautiful satin or cloth in a gown without frills or furbelows to cover up defects in making or inferiority of the materials employed.

The most remarkable feature of the contest, which brought so many entries from different fields, was in so many cases the similarity of ideas submitted by men quite unknown to each other. These showed always the same predominating constructive principle of a line carefully studied combining simplicity, dignity and refined smartness. This idea being so often repeated shows without any doubt the tendency of the times. It speaks of an era of intense activity in which woman plays a prominent part and where her dress, although simple must be becoming and elegant as well as comfortable.

It is the intention of the designers to yearly send such appeal. Thus with fresh blood being infused from time to time into the body of the creating spirit of woman's fashions it is expected that something radically different will appear every season which will be always in keeping with the forward march of progress.

In tune with these delightful creations the house of Bayard showed a collection of summer lingerie for which there is no adequate word of description.

The materials employed were mostly washable satin and some crepe de chine. There was practically no hand embroidery work but a lavish use of lace.

This lace called "dentelle de Lyon" is very decorative. It comes in a deep old ivory shade and in floral designs, roses, mums, carnations. Each flower is outlined with a rather coarse thread, this lending itself to be cut out and incrustated. This is done most marvelously by deft [Continued on Page 59]



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SUCH a time getting the whole family dressed in the morning! But at last it's done and everybody is ready to start the new day. Small brother has a strenuous day of play ahead of him and is dressed therefore

A morning dress that is as tasteful and attractive as it is practical, is the slip-over style shown here. And yet it can be made by an ingenious housewife out of less than four flour bags! This means no cost at all if you have



in romper suit cut from a couple of flour bags. The yoke, cuffs and belt are of contrasting material.

Sister's combination chemise and bloomers are also made out of the flour bag material. This garment has a drop seat and elastic in the cuffs. A row of feather-stitching makes a dainty and quickly worked finish.

The third garment originating from the flour bag is the extremely practical working apron which Mother is wearing. The body of the apron, cut from a single bag, is gathered into a small, straight yoke. To this are sewn the straps which cross behind and end in cleverly designed pockets, cut in one piece. It is bound all the way round in colored bias tape.

For work aprons, it is a good idea to dye the bags some practical color that will not show soil quite so easily. The cotton material used for flour bags takes an excellent fast dye and is not hard to do.

No. 6324. Child's rompers. Sizes 2, 3, 4, 5 years. Price 15c. each.

No. 6236 Girl's combination suit; Sizes 2 to 12 years; price 15c. each.

No. 6226 Women's Apron. Sizes, small, medium, large and extra large. Price 15c. each.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

Paris Fashions and Women's Trousers

Continued from page 58

French fingers, and the result is entrancing. Garlands or roses, sprays of carnations are strewn about the dainty step-in, the brassieres, the bloomers all finely and invisibly stitched on to the satin usually flesh pink, which is cut away underneath.

As I have said before there are no words to describe the beauty and the daintiness of these underthings. Their cut has also been most carefully studied so as to give a perfect foundation to the gowns which are to be worn over them. The slips and the step-ins, as well as the cunning bloomers, are all boasting of ripples on the side, or all around. At the same time the upper part of the bodices are severely plain and without any fulness, so as to show

no bulk under the smooth and flimsy summer dresses. For evening there are dance sets which can only be compared to a perfect poem; made of crepe de chine or satin, they are the most beautiful ever. The bloomers and the step-in are finished at the waist by a little yoke which fits snugly around the hips and continues in one piece down the front, then the side flares out covered by a maze of "appliqued" motives of lace. The brassieres held by very narrow jewelled straps, is also worked in lace and of perfect cut. Fitting very close.

With all these beautiful things to wear summer and fall should be a very happy time for women.

Weldrest^{REGISTERED} Full Fashioned Silk Hosiery

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without the burn



THIS is a sun-worshipping year—all the world has gone in for sun-tan! And even you of the sensitive skin can face the glaring sunlight without a qualm. You, too, can acquire the much-to-be-desired nut-brown tan without the painful interlude of scorched and blistered sunburn. Just rub on fragrant, protecting Hinds Honey & Almond Cream before exposing your skin to the hot rays of the sun. Yours will be a golden tawny skin without the burn.

But—if the damage has already been done—and your skin is sunburned—painful—lobster red—gently sm-o-oth on cooling, refreshing Hinds Cream. Almost instantly it will relieve the burn—take out the fire—

make your skin cool and comfortable again. It will save it from the harsh exposure that actually shrivels it—takes away its radiant freshness.

Wind, dust and dirt, too, are deadly enemies of youthful skin. But—Hinds Cream will protect it. This cream is so light, so soft and thin that it gently seeps into the skin and is gratefully absorbed. It protects the skin and prevents it from ever losing its youthful, silky smoothness.

The real secret is to use it often—spread it on at night to freshen your skin while you sleep—rub it into your hands after each washing—put it on before going out into the glaring sunlight. See how much smoother, silkier, lovelier your skin will be after just a few days' trial. A generous sample bottle is yours for the asking—just mail in the coupon below.

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The Boy's Own Room

Continued from page 22

bare toes on a winter's morning. More often than not, a boy will like to minimize the bedroom features of his room and emphasize those that make it his own apartment, the scene of his personal activities and private hospitalities. Since the bed and bureau or chest are practically the only essentially bedroom pieces, their tone can easily be modified. The bed should have a cover that is dark in tone and that will draw up over the white-slipped pillows. Two or three colorful cushions can be tossed on it; it should be pre-supposed that it will be freely sat upon and used as a lounge; if this is taken into consideration in providing a crushless type of cover, there will be no grief attached to the practice.

The bureau or chest of drawers will be at its best if the glass is detached and hung on the wall by a colored cord. A boy's toilet requirements are few and simple enough to be kept in the top drawer, leaving the surface free for his ship or aeroplane models, a few books or a case of butterflies. There will be nothing aggressively bedroomish left.

A study corner calls for a desk and a proper straight chair. There are extremely nice desks for the youthful room—a good suggestion for the next birthday or Christmas gift. A writing-table, however, that is sufficiently commodious as to surface and adjusted to exactly the right height, will make an excellent substitute, if the necessary fittings are added. One boy I know began with such a table—a simple carpentered affair—and fastened a group of three well-made cigar-boxes along the back, with their lids properly hinged; they were just like compartments he had seen on a desk in a shop. He painted the whole thing a dull blue, and lined his boxes with black. These held his paper and various accessories and valuables. His blotter pad had tin corners, lacquered black with a bright spot of orange and blue decoration. He gave a coat of black lacquer to an ordinary, heavy serviceable glass ink-well and a fifteen-cent glass tray; a most ordinary waste-basket took on dignified and decorative qualities when similarly lacquered and touched with color. How his friends admired and envied him when they viewed the final result!

A hanging bookshelf to suspend over his desk will offer no difficulties to the boy who has attended a class in manual training. Or maybe it will interest him more to make one of the intriguing modernistic sets of shelves to stand be-

side desk, bed or chair. He will, of course, paint them into his color scheme—using possibly one color on the outside and another inside the shelves.

A comfortable chair is a pleasant addition in any room and if one of wicker or other construction that can be pleasantly cushioned is available, it too, will respond to a coat of paint or lacquer. Its cushions would possibly match the bed-cover if one of the bright, printed cottons has been used, and the same fabric might be used for draw-curtains at the windows; it is more than likely that unless they are needed as a screen from neighboring windows, glass curtains will not be appreciated; the average boy will prefer an untrammelled outlet, but there should be draw-curtains of generous width, and a boy will enjoy adding draw-cords that will close or open at a touch.

THE decorative treatment may well be left to the boy's own taste—he will be more than likely to change his ideas and enthusiasms from year to year. One phase demands crossed snowshoes, a rack for boxing-gloves and baseball accessories. Another period, and the walls blossom out in school and club pennants and pictures of his heroes of the gridiron and diamond. Later, as his tastes shape up, a love for this muse or that may evince itself or the desire for beautiful pictures that answer to his love of sea or mountains, of fine color that will be satisfied by prints of good subjects or of lovely architectural detail if his ambitions or appreciations are tending that way.

Give him a table at which to play or work. He will find it a good plan to make two or three little camp chairs, using sturdy denim or something of that type for their seats; these can always be brought out of the cupboard when needed. Let him have a lamp to bring close to his interests; a plain shade of pleated parchment—with perhaps a colorful border inked in or added with crayon—will please him; or perhaps he would like a plain, tightly drawn shade of parchment type, on which he could paste a silhouetted ship or some other outlined motif. One ingenious small sister cut out from snapshots several poses of her brother's dog, and used them as patterns to cut very lifelike silhouettes from black paper; these she mounted on plain shields for his side-lights and desk lamp. One could almost believe they won her a frequent invitation to enter the sacred apartment!

The Speaker of the House

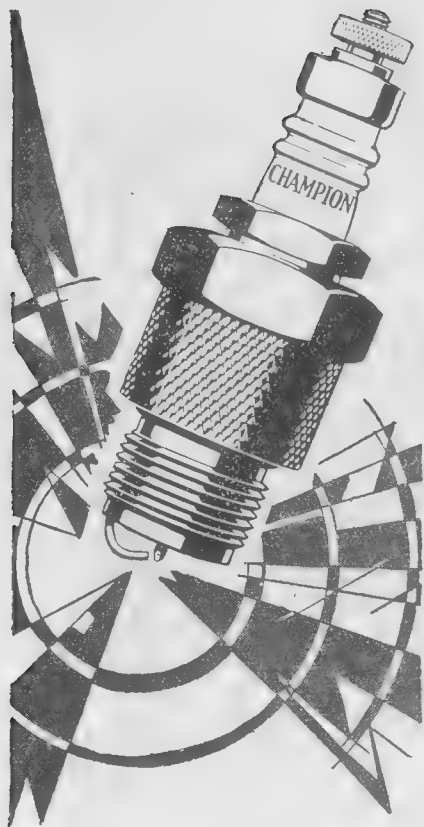
Continued from page 9

considered the question as thoroughly as they might, that perhaps balance of doubt should favor the government. But there has never been a doubt as to the fairness of Mr. Lemieux. During the stormy session of 1925-26 some of his decisions were challenged. That was a time when the blood of men in politics was particularly hot. Trifles might upset a government, tempers sometimes got the better of saner judgments, but through it all, working his way with steady care, Mr. Lemieux emerged from the ordeal with his reputation enhanced rather than impaired. Even those who at the time may have felt resentful, when cooler judgment returned, believed that after all he held the scales fairly between the contending party and that his judgments on the whole were judgments of wisdom and consideration and influenced solely by a sane view of the circumstances.

The work of the Speaker may be pleasant—no doubt it is at times, but it is not easy. The Speaker has charge of the House of Commons staff; that means approximately 500 employees. These are under the jurisdiction of the Speaker's authority. Then there are 245 members who come in contact with him from time to time in connection with many matters. The management of the House, including the Library and Restaurant are under his jurisdiction. Dur-

ing the time the House is in session the hours are long. Then the position of the Speaker involves social obligations as well as matters of business. These things are a test upon a man's patience and strength. At 3 o'clock he takes the Chair in the House where he remains until six. At eight o'clock the work begins again. The House sits until eleven. If it is necessary for him to look up authorities on disputed points he must do it while the debate is in progress. All this requires knowledge, capacity, judgment. Without these qualifications no man could fill the role. All these things go on day after day. His Honor, the Speaker of the House of Commons, must needs be a man of steady and unshaken nerves with a mind well stored and amply disciplined.

When Mr. Lemieux became Speaker the Rules of the House were a collection of resolutions practically without order or method. A committee acting under his chairmanship codified the whole procedure into a few standing orders which are now preserved by the House of Commons and have become the common order of procedure throughout the Dominion. Under his speakership these rules have now been interpreted and enforced until they have become the guiding body of law directing order of business in the House of Commons. [Con't on Page 63]



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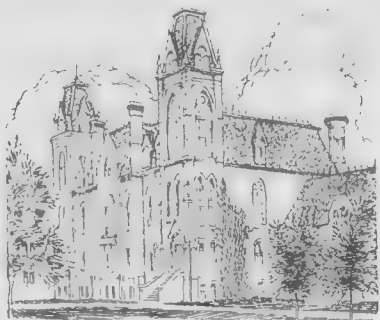
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Legal Information

Continued from page 38

Winnipeg, Man.
Q.—We were driving along the street the other day when a small boy threw a stone at our car which cracked one of the plate glass windows. We tried to get the boy's father to pay for it but he refuses to do so. Can we force him to pay?—A.B.

A.—You have no civil right of action against the boy's parents unless they in some way, such as by encouraging the boy beforehand, made his act their act. Your only right of action is against the boy and apparently it will be many years before you can force him to pay. However, if you report the matter to the Juvenile Court authorities they may be able to assist you through their process.

Regina, Sask.

Q.—A friend of mine asked me to write to your legal questions department. He and his wife want to get a divorce but he has heard that if they both want a divorce the Court won't give it because it would be collusion. Please let me know whether this is right.—V.R.

A.—It is true that a divorce will not be granted by the Court where there is collusion between the parties. But this does not mean that whenever both parties desire divorce or one party assists the other that this is necessarily collusion. Collusion usually consists in the arranging to furnish false evidence of adultery or by agreement to create evidence indicative of infidelity where in fact no infidelity technically exists. However, it is not collusion for information as to how evidence can be obtained, or for one party to admit the charges in the presence of witnesses to the admissions. Assistance to facilitate obtaining evidence of infidelity is not collusion unless in fact dishonest.

Alberta.

Q.—Please advise me regarding the following: We bought almost a raw quarter of land just after the war and this is my final year of payment, and as we may have a poor crop this year I wish to know if he can foreclose. I have broken 90 acres, mostly very heavy brush land, built buildings, fences and dug wells and have kept my interest up to date. At first I wasn't able to do this but have added more every year as I got more land broke. Last year I gave over the half crop share. I have six children, eldest two of school age. I have also kept my taxes paid up to date.—R.E.G.

A.—If you are in default under the terms of your agreement the Vendor may if he sees fit take proceedings to foreclose your interest in the property. Apparently he could have done this already because if you have only paid interest on the agreement there are probably instalments of principal in arrears. The ordinary rule is that if any payment of principal or interest is in arrears the Vendor is entitled to foreclose the agreement.

If you have no way of raising the money and the Vendor threatens to foreclose it might be possible, in view of the improvements you have made, to obtain a mortgage from some other person or company with which to pay off your Vendor. Your Vendor might agree to give a substantial reduction in the purchase price if you paid him in cash raised by such a loan.

Banff

By Mary Belle Rich

Oh, it's fine to get back to the mountains,
And frolic with freedom again
On the path of the pine and the meadow—
The slope of the glacier and glen!

Fine to turn from the clash of the city,
The dash of the automobile,
And to plunge to the depth of the forest—
Away from the false to the real.

Fine to know, when the day has departed,
That sleep will be sound as a rock—
And that dawn, with its musical murmur,
Will banish the call of the clock!

Fine to see the great heights of creation,
Caressed by the blue of the sky—
And to hear, through the rage of the river,
The song of a bird up on high!

Fine to breathe of the air and the fragrance,
That steals from the silence of things,
In the heart of the glorious Rockies—
Where majesty spreadeth its wings!



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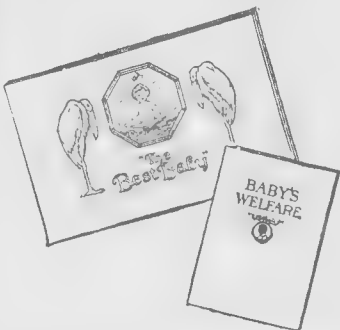
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AMORC, Rosicrucian Order
SAN JOSE CALIFORNIA

What is Sunburn?

Continued from page 20

The skin can be protected, for instance, by a thin layer of skin-cream containing any substance which will absorb the ultra-violet rays while allowing the visible rays to pass. Exposures to midsummer sunlight should be carefully watched. The first exposures should last for only a few minutes, the length of time being gradually lengthened as the skin becomes more accustomed to the unseen bombardment. Provided we take these precautions we can revel in the summer sunshine of our sea and lake resorts, and return to the city with increased bodily vigor.

WE ARE just beginning to know something concerning the influence of these unseen rays of the sun. The Incas of old Peru and many other religious cults, held that life comes from the sun, and modern research is proving that they were right. The knowledge that a healthy tan is due to the slight burning of the skin by the ultra-violet rays is very recent; still newer is the discovery that these rays carry into the body life-giving powers to which the name vitamins has been given; newer yet is the knowledge that unless we get a regular supply of these vitamins we cannot live healthily nor very long.

Bones and muscles in our bodies owe their firmness to lime. Rickets, for instance, is due to deficiency to lime in food. An athlete's muscles, too, require plenty of food rich in lime to keep them fit—more, in fact, than the muscles of a stenographer or a book-keeper.

A natural prescription is food containing plenty of lime. Milk and egg-yolks is the first chapter in the story.

But here is something that is important: that lime in the food cannot be converted into bone and muscle without the aid of a mysterious something scientists call vitamin D. The body needs lime as a skyscraper needs steel. But it also requires the spark of vitamin D to fuse that lime into bone, just as a skyscraper needs the spark of the riveting machine to weld its steel into framework.

Vitamin D is a priceless gift of the sun and is to be found in the invisible ultra-violet rays. That is why daily doses of sunbeams are necessary if the lime in our food is to be turned into bone and muscle.

THE women, it seems, have beaten the men to it. Dr. Mulford, president of the New Jersey Medical School, says that modern women are more healthy than men, longer-lived, more resistant to disease and more resilient under strain. He attributes all this to the modern fashion of wearing fewer and scantier clothes. Modern women expose their bodies to the life-giving ultra-violet rays, whereas the men continue to cover their bodies, from neck to ankle, with thick, dark clothing. The whiter and more porous the material of our clothing, and the more easy it is for the unseen rays of sunshine to reach our skins. Dyed fabrics shut them off most completely. A one-piece bathing suit seems more in keeping with what Nature intended us to wear!

It is important that we avoid sunburn, but it is also important that we permit the ultra-violet rays to reach our bodies. Recent and amazing discoveries have made clear the reason. From laboratories in England and Germany comes the news that a substance has been discovered which, when exposed to ultra-violet rays, becomes a remedy a thousand times more powerful than cod-liver oil. Known as ergosterol, this substance shows us the true meaning of sun-magic.

Wonderful stuff, this ergosterol! Six ounces of it is equal to a ton of cod liver oil. So powerful is it that an overdose of a few grains will prove more deadly than arsenic.

Now ergosterol can be found, in small quantities, in every healthy person. It makes its way to the surface of the skin looking for a place in the sun, for when the ultra-violet rays hit ergosterol it

becomes endowed with all the magic powers of vitamin D—that vitalizing spark needed to turn food into bones and muscles. Bathed in sunlight and endowed with vitamin D, ergosterol is re-absorbed by the body and begins to put strength into our bones and muscles.

That is why carefully watched sunbaths on sea-washed beaches, or cautious bathing in the artificial sunshine of ultra-violet lamps, is now recommended by medical men. That explains, too, why the world-famed Dr. Rollier, high on his Swiss mountain, can transform sickly and weak children into healthy and bronzed athletes by the simple process of giving them carefully controlled sun-baths. That explains, also, why children suffering from rickets can be made strong-boned when allowed to romp in the sunlight clothed in nothing more than a breech-clout and a smile. It explains—does it not?—why the new clothes ordained by Dame Fashion help modern women to be healthy and vigorous.

Alas! The inhabitants of this earth have but one sun to furnish them with these unseen rays. Lacking competition, the sun can play hooky when it chooses. The priceless rays are not strong enough to penetrate the thinnest film of cloud. Winter sunlight contains only one-thousandth as many ultra-violet rays as summer sunlight. That's why we should revel in the sunlight of summer.

Moreover, civilization is against the sun. Ordinary window-glass and ordinary clothes prevent these life-giving rays from reaching our bodies. Smoke steals these rays at the expense of our health. Measles, rickets, influenza and many another disease cowers among the shadow-dwellers of dim tenements and the sunless inmates of office prisons of our great cities. Dark days are death days.

Enter, then, the magic of science: modern devotees of the sun can have slave-suns to do their bidding. They press a button and turn on the sun—it's that easy. Anyone can have a private sun in their homes hitched by a few feet of lamp-cord to the nearest electric current. They can snap on the sun with a switch and toast their backs in solar virtue while taking a morning shave—on cloudy days!

More! We can eat sunbeams for breakfast, thanks to an amazing discovery by Dr. Harry Steenbock of Wisconsin University. This scientist, experimenting with rats in a darkened laboratory, found that the rays of an ultra-violet lamp places vitamin D in food to ward off rickets and to fight the attacks of tuberculosis.

Dr. Steenbock took two dogs littermates, and treated them exactly alike with one important exception: one dog was fed ordinary rolled oats, whilst the other dog was fed rolled oats which had been held, for a few minutes, in the invisible rays of an ultra-violet lamp. The results were amazing: one dog was normal in every way, whilst the other dog, fed ordinary rolled oats, became a bone-brother of those children who suffer from rickets.

These "irradiated cereals" have recently made their appearance on the shelves of grocery stores. Fabre's wish that we could "lunch off a ray of sunshine" has come true. "Light refreshments" possesses a new and more beautiful meaning.

There's magic, and lots of it, in sunshine. These rays which can give us sunburn can kill germs inimical to our health; can distinguish between pure and impure foods and can turn our breakfast rooms into sun-cafes. Milk can be sterilized by passing it on an endless conveyor under a battery of these sun-lamps.

SUCH is the triumph of modern science that everyone, by proxy at least, can bask in the sun rays that our distant ancestors worshipped and that our modern doctors [Continued on page 63]

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Newall, 85 Stornoway, Scotland

The Speaker of the House

Continued from page 60

THE supreme qualification of a Speaker of the House of Commons is that he should be a gentleman. Mr. Lemieux is to the manner born, threading his way through the difficulties that arise with all the sure instinct that comes from an intimate knowledge of what constitutes the right thing under all circumstances. Mr. Lemieux has sure and certain gifts essential for the task. They fit him naturally; they come as the heritage of birth and training. They are part of the contribution which our fellow-citizens of French extraction have made to the building up of Canadian nationality. We Canadians of Anglo-Saxon birth are inclined to be at times harsh in our judgments—we are forthright, outright, and downright in our method of doing things. We love to smash through obstructions, to arrive at our goal by the shortest possible way between two given points. History proves that the longest way round is often the shortest cut to the desired end. Tolerance, patience, good breeding may not infrequently take the place of that dynamic driving force more frequently admired. Our fellow-citizens of French extraction have brought the gentler note into our national life. These things are vital in the making of a worthy nation. Here Mr. Lemieux, with his wide contact with our public men, leaves an indelible imprint on our national life. But Mr. Lemieux deserves a place for other reasons. He is one of the great orators of his race. He has shown it upon many occasions in the House of Commons—notably on the death of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. If he is an orator that rises to great heights on supreme occasions, he is also of the practical kind, as witness majorities of from 4,000 to 7,000 in his constituency. He is also the author of The Lemieux Act for the settlement of Industrial Disputes. It has been very widely commented upon by those interested in labor issues in other countries. Changed conditions have perhaps altered its value, but it was a step in the right direction, and has proved of service in establishing more healthy relations between Labor and Capital, between employers and employees.

So the Speaker goes on his way. There is hard work in the job, but it has its compensations. In the Old Land they give the Speaker a permanent task; he does not change with the passing political show. Whether political feeling would permit that condition to arise in Canada is difficult to say. Perhaps we have not yet reached that softened, shaded zone of feeling, and the iron in our politics still lingers. Yet if it is done within reasonable time—the man to fill the job is the present Speaker. He alone of all the men in sight would hold support of all sides of Parliament.

What is Sunburn?

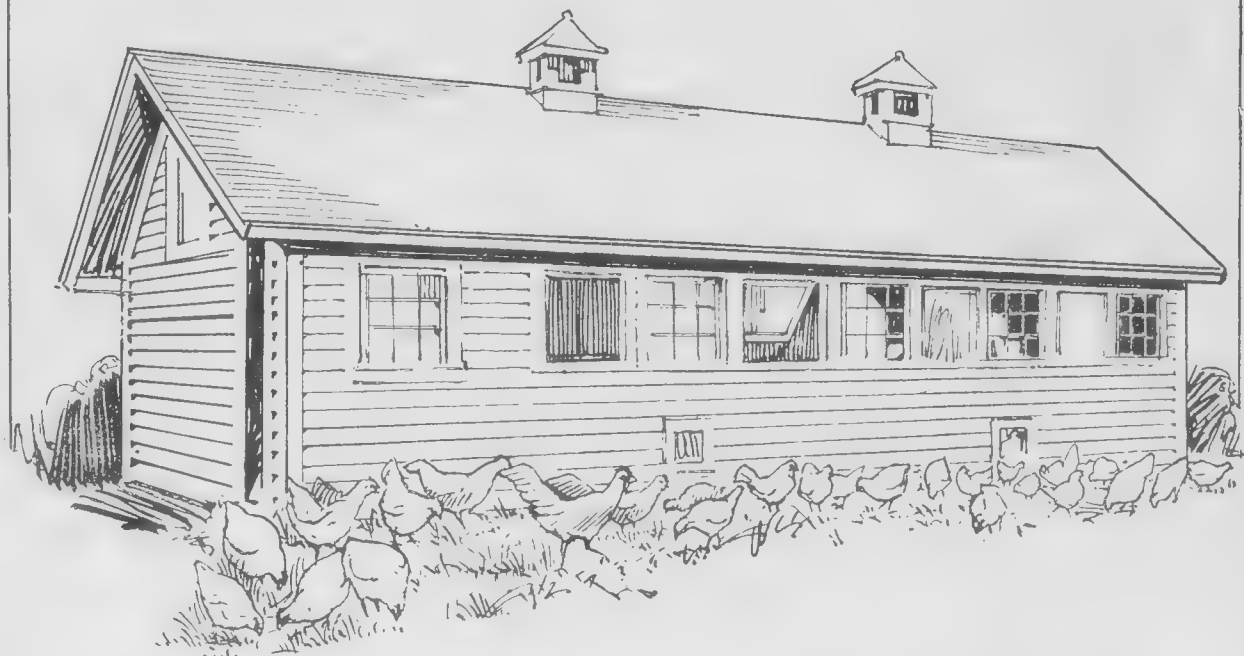
Continued from page 62

modern doctors find so vital to health and happiness. Just how much of a daily dose of ultra-violet rays the average person needs to keep healthy, men of science do not yet know. It varies with the individual. Anyway, it will do us good to sit on the front porch in the sunlight whenever possible, and it will do no harm to let an arm or a leg peep out occasionally, as the clothes of the Greek sun-worshippers made unusually convenient. Perhaps it does good, too, that masculine moderns have escaped from hair and whiskers.

If that is not enough, and if your doctor finds signs of ultra-violet starvation, there are still the remedies of the beach and a one-piece bathing-suit in the summer to give us our out-door sunbaths. In the dark days of winter there is the carefully used sun-lamp. The sun-god, it seems, is a potentate unusually complacent. If we cannot visit him "au naturel" he sends us a deputy to live with us at home!

But we must remember that here, as elsewhere, discretion is the better side of valor. By all means let us cultivate a healthy tan, but we must avoid the excessive poisoning due to sunburn.

DON'T BLUNDER, USE LUMBER



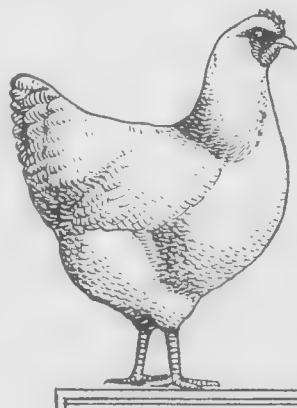
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A good poultry house is most important if your hens are to pay you a profit. Poultry authorities say that light, dry buildings mean healthier birds and increased egg production.

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building is inexpensive, will mean less work in looking after larger flocks, egg production will be better all year around, and breeding more successful.

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KEEP IT FROM DETERIORATING

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The captivating, subtle
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Farmers, Miners, Sportsmen,
Outdoor workers - you'll feel a new
spring in your stride when you step out
on FOOT-EASY "Velvet" Soles.
Double the life of new shoes - put a new
"kick" into your old boots. You'll save
at least a dollar when your shoes are
soled with "Velvet" Half Soles. Buy
them in stores, or send us tracing of
your shoe and 50c for sample pair.
Put on at your shoe shop, or you can
do it at home.

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PARENTS! Start your boys and girls
collecting stamps... the
hobby which teaches and amuses at the same time.

Lists of albums, outfits, etc. with illustrated "Intro-
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The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

SEA FEVER

*I must go down to the seas again, to the
lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship, and a star to
steer her by,
And the wheel's kick, and the wind's song
and the white sails shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a
grey dawn breaking.*

*I must go down to the seas again, for the
call of the running tide,
Is a wild call, and a clear call that may not
be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white
clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume,
and the sea gulls crying.*

*I must go down to the seas again, to the
vagrant gipsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where
the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a
laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the
long trick's over.* —John Masefield

(Even if you don't understand the
feeling in these lines don't you like
them? Most of you are prairie born and
cannot feel about the sea like this, but I
am sure these verses thrill you, and they
were written by a very clever man who
had a far harder time than any of you have
ever dreamed of—worked as a sailor on
small and dirty boats, scrubbed floors in
a bar room in New York, and yet through
it all kept his love of beauty so that now
he is one of the greatest poets and play-
wrights of England.)

Lots of newsy letters received from new
and old Cornerites, but, unfortunately,
we have not room to print them all.

George Parlee and Joseph Quilty both
of Duncan, B.C., are chums who wish to
become Cornerites. Welcome to our
Corner, boys. Minnie Yunch of Esterhazy,
Sask., writes to say how pleased she is
with the Gold Button she won. Minnie
lives on a farm and gets a lot of pleasure
out of playing the organ, drawing and
reading.

Myrtle Trotter who lives in the
beautiful Chilliwack Valley and tells
about the lovely flowers and scenery near
her home also likes her button. There
is no age limit to our Corner, Myrtle.
All are welcome.

Daphne Wallace of Westboro, Ontario,
wants to know if you are allowed any
help in the Quotation Competition. No
Daphne, for if you had help it would not
be your brains who had thought of the
Quotation. Quotations may be taken
from any well known book or poem,
provided you give the title and writer.

Margaret Thorndycroft of Swift
Current and Etta Hughes of Brandon
both wish to become members. You are
members now and we hope you will try
to win a prize or button in our Summer
Competition.

Betty Lowe of Rounthwaite, Manitoba
who joined the Cosy Corner a short while
ago, would be glad if some of the members
would write to her. Betty sends a poem
with which she is not quite satisfied. We
all have to make a beginning—even poets
—and if you will read lots of good poetry
you will find it much easier to write better
verses yourself. Keep on trying Betty.

OUR SUMMER COMPETITION

DON'T FORGET ABOUT IT—
"QUOTATIONS" Look up the June
number of W.H.M. to refresh your
memory. Here's an entry from Bobby
Burke. "Today—June—I saw an orange.
I remember that several poets have
written about oranges, and this is what
one says—

*Oranges oranges
Great balls of golden wonder . . . round
perishable globes.*

*Here a ripe pyramid most carefully laid
Beside sad toned materials for matrons' robes.*

*See how the oranges have caught up the light!
What joyous tones they hold
Of vivid, bold,
Hot color!
They glow like balls moulded of molten gold.*

Louise Morey Bowman
Mrs. Bowman is a Canadian poet, and
this poem appears in a book called
"Dream Tapestries."

Now do you see how interesting and

simple thing the game of "Quotations" is
going to prove? Send in yours on August
26th marked on the outside of envelope
"Quotation Competition."

THE BRAIN WAVE

Keep that in mind, too—do you re-
member? A page to be devoted to each
province beginning with Alberta in
December and continuing

January.....British Columbia
February.....Manitoba
March.....Nova Scotia
April.....Ontario
May.....Quebec
June.....Saskatchewan

We want poems, stories, pictures,
puzzles, from writers, poets, artists who
live in your province, or better still from
yourselves, our Cosy Corner, poets,
writers and artists. It's not too early
to begin any time now, only don't send
in your material until we ask for it. It
MIGHT get lost, if it were here a long
time ahead.

Visitors to Canada from England

Just a year ago this summer, you will
remember that a party of young English
girls came to visit in Canada. Two of
them have written about their trip in an
English paper and I am sure you will all
like to hear what these girls thought of us
as they have travelled across our great
wide country. I expect they have been
very polite and not put in all the things
they thought were queer, and I'm sorry
they found so many Canadians using their
knives for "cutters" only, for eating with
a fork is a clumsy American habit that I
don't think Canadians should copy.

THE SCHOOLGIRLS' CANADIAN TOUR—AUGUST—OCTOBER, 1928

On August 3rd twenty-two of our party
met for the first time at Euston Station,
under the auspices of the Society for the
Overseas Settlement of British Women
and the Imperial Order of Daughters of
the Empire of Canada. We were greeted
by Miss Edith Thompson, in whose
charge we were to travel, and by several
members of the Society.

Miss Thompson had wisely
arranged that girls from the same school
should not sleep together on the voyage
out. The first two meals we had on
board were spent in trying to fix the right
name on the right person, but we soon
became acquainted with one another.

We arrived at Quebec on Saturday,
August 11th, and spent the first week-end
there sight-seeing. From Quebec we
journeyed by train through Nova Scotia.
The trains were a great surprise to us.
They are much bigger than English trains,
and the coaches are rather like the interior
of our trams, only the seats are larger.
We turned our coach into a gymnasium
when we needed exercise; we slept several
nights in it during the journey.

Although our visits were mainly from
one city to another we had many glimpses
of the country-side, and we were struck
by the immense distances of uninhabited
land, and we gained a conception of size
and space in nature which is impossible
to obtain in our own miniature island.
We noticed that birds were much larger
than ours and more vividly colored. The
Canadian magpie is as large as a crow and
has blue wing feathers as well as black
and white. The hawk is slightly tinted
with yellow.

While we were staying at Fredericton
we were shown over a canoe factory. We
watched the interesting process of stays
of wood being steamed and then nailed
into the required shape. The workers fill
their mouths with nails and push them
forward to the front of their mouths with
their tongues to save picking them up one
at a time. After the canoes have been
varnished they are put into a huge drying
cupboard heated with steam. When we
went further West we saw lumber and
paper mills.

The distances in Canada being immense
the customs and characteristics of the
people vary accordingly. The people of
Vancouver were very surprised when we
told them that in Toronto we had been
offered marmalade with fried bacon.
Most Canadians have breakfasts of four
or five courses, always beginning with
fruit and cereal. They only use their
knives to cut up their meat and then

manage the rest with their forks, which
we found very difficult. They eat butter
with everything.

We were astonished to find how grown-
up the girls were for their age, for when
they are fifteen or sixteen they begin to
make-up, and dress so that they might
easily pass for twenty-one or more. Nearly
everybody in Canada has a car and even
the plumber goes to work in a Buick.
We found ourselves being driven about
on the wrong side of the road, and we all
tried to get into the wrong side of the car
as the wheel is on the left side. All
traffic is controlled by the stop-light
system, but sometimes a policeman stands
at crowded corners using a whistle and a
"stop and go" sign. There are no under-
ground trains and very few 'buses, but a
great many trams in which you might
travel as far as you like for seven cents.

Canadians use very expressive slang,
most of which comes from the States.
The never say a thing is "pretty," but
"snappy" or "cute," and it is always
"sure," instead of "yes" or "rather."
When they are at all amused they say that
they are "tickled to death" and when
they are surprised about anything they
exclaim, "for heaven's sake."

Nearly everybody goes to camp in the
summer, but the campers live in log huts
instead of tents, on account of the
mosquitoes. Even all the doors and
windows of ordinary houses are covered
with netting. There are organised camps
for boys and girls and the two months
summer holiday is generally spent in
camp. The time we enjoyed most on
our tour was when we were camping
outside of Toronto. The camps had
anything up to a hundred girls, who are
taught swimming, riding, archery, canoe-
ing and handicraft by the Counsellors,
who organise various competitions.

The Canadian educational system is
entirely different from ours, as there are
no distinctive grades of schools and all the
state schools are co-educational. All
children start at the Public School, where
they are given an absolutely free educa-
tion. At the age of fourteen they go on
to the High School, where they just pay
for their books, and from there they
matriculate to the University. Besides
these schools there are private boarding
schools for boys and girls, which are not
co-educational.

At every place we visited we found that
everybody was most hospitable and gave
us a very good time, showing us everything
there was to be seen. We were billeted
in twos and threes with different members
of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of
the Empire, who had undertaken to
entertain us while we were in Canada.
At each place they had planned a pro-
gramme for us which filled every minute
of our time. Even when we had separated
for the evening our hostesses often took
us out. We were driven about every-
where in cars and to go sixty-five miles
to have lunch was treated as nothing
unusual. Fortunately we were allowed
some time for exercise; we played golf
and a little tennis and we had several
opportunities of trying the Mexican
saddles on some of the sure-footed
mountain horses. We found that all the
Canadians were expert swimmers and the
girls in camp put our diving efforts to
shame.

The object of this first schoolgirls' tour
was to encourage emigration to Canada.
People are wanted out there who are
willing to work hard and who do not mind
what work they do. It is a country which
stimulates one to work and where work
seems well worth while. It is a land of
vast possibilities and it is the most
prosperous British dominion. We are
very grateful to Miss Galt, our Canadian
conductress, who had complete charge of
our luggage, and whom we were loath to
leave behind in Canada as she had become
an essential member of the party. To
the Society for the Overseas Settlement
of British women and to the Imperial
Order of the Daughters of the Empire we
owe a very special debt of thanks for
having planned such an interesting tour
for us, and we are exceedingly glad that
we were among those privileged to enjoy
this experience.

KATHLEEN EAGER,
JOY MITCHELL,
Cheltenham Ladies' College.



The Policeman

By Grace Judge

*The p'liceman on our corner
Is very big and grand,
He stops the trucks and motors
With his large, flat hand.*

*In ev'ry kind of weather
I see him in his place;
He has numbers on his collar—
And a nice red face.*

*He tells the people when to stop,
And when to hurry on;
He wears a funny helmet—
And his name is John.*

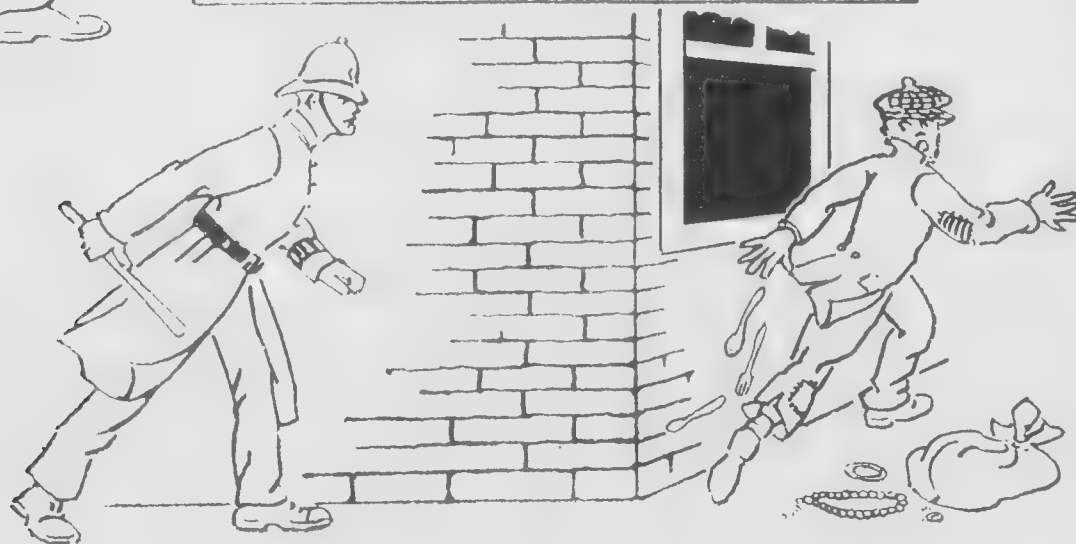
*The boldest, baddest burglar
In guilty terror scoots—
When John draws near (with catlike tread)
In big, black boots!*

*John knows the way to ev'rywhere!
John knows if it will rain—
John knows the time—If you get lost
John brings you home again.*

*John knows which boat to China goes—
And why the train is late—
And when the band will pass this way—
And where the buses wait.*

*And what to do in case of fire—
(And John knows "first aid" too),
I guess there isn't very much
That John can't do!*

*I think, when I am quite grown up,
And very tall and strong,
That I shall be a p'liceman—
Wise and brave—like John.*





Sitting in with The PHILOSOPHER

The Two Sorts of People

MISS MARGARET BONDFIELD, who as Minister of Labor in the new Government in Great Britain is the first woman to hold full Cabinet rank in the Empire, the first woman Minister in a Government in any world capital, denies emphatically that she believes in such a thing as a woman's attitude on any public question, as distinguished from a man's attitude. Who can doubt that in all that concerns human welfare men and women, when they get down to the honest bedrock of their hearts and minds, think alike? A sagacious woman who knew the world, the famous Lady Mary Wortley Montague, writing from Italy in 1780, towards the end of her life, to her married daughter in England, said: "I have never in all my various travels seen but two sorts of people, and those very like one another—I mean men and women." Men, it is true, have always been more critical of women than of men. But there is fairness in every man, if he will seek it, and he knows deep in his heart that he does not believe either that women are naturally less serious than men or that men are naturally more sensible than women. Nature is not so foolish.

Oh, Man!

A READER writes: "It is true, as you say, that the fashion of women's clothes has never been so sensible as at the present time. But could anything be more characteristically feminine than the way women take credit for dressing sensibly, when the plain fact is that they are only following a fashion which happens to be sensible? Oh, Woman!" Well the answer to that is: When will men's clothes begin to be as sensible? The Philosopher believes that women have improved greatly in looks, good health and spirits in the past ten years, and that there is not the least chance in the world of their abandoning the becoming and sensible fashion of clothes which has so increased their freedom and gracefulness of movement and improved their well-being in every way. But seeing no such progress made by his own sex, whose fashion of clothes remains essentially unchanged decade after decade, he utters the exclamation at the head of this article.

What We All Want More Of

WHEN we see the sign \$, we know that it is used to mean dollars just as when we see the abbreviations lbs., cwt., yds., pts., qts. and bu., we know that they signify weights and measures. But the dollar does not, like the pound the bushel and the yard, stand for something fixed and unchanging. A pound, a bushel and a yard are today precisely what they were twenty-five years ago. But a dollar will not buy as much of anything as it did twenty-five years ago. Every one of us wants more dollars than he has. Most people think that if there were more dollars all round, we should all be better off, forgetting that in certain conditions the more dollars there are in circulation the less a dollar will buy, as happened during the war inflation of the currencies on both sides of the Atlantic. But if you think it is an easy matter to devise a workable way of making the dollar as fixed and unvarying a measure of value as a yard is of length, a bushel is of weight and a k.w. is of electric current, try doing it. But do not forget that values vary.

Talk About Politics

THE Philosopher has no great desire to talk politics, but unless he is mistaken, he notices on the part of people he meets an increasing readiness for that

kind of talk. Which is to be explained, no doubt, by the general election in Great Britain and the coming general election in our own country. Reading recently in Clarendon's History of the reign of Charles II, The Philosopher came upon these words of the celebrated Marquis of Halifax: "Party cutteth off one-half of the world from the other, so that the mutual improvement of men's understanding by conversing is lost, and men are half undone because they lose the advantage of knowing what their adversaries think of them." Today, whether or not much mutual improvement is got from it, there is in Canada (and, it would seem, in most other countries) plenty of "conversing," and political parties are not left in much doubt about what their adversaries think of them.

If Only it Could Be Done!

A READER sends a copy of a Paris newspaper, "Le Matin," with an article marked which says that members of the French Parliament have received circulars from Jules Grimaux, who styles himself Professor of Oratorical Conciseness. "Now that the time for speeches in the Chamber of Deputies has been reduced to a narrow limit," writes the Professor in his circular, "I will undertake to teach you conciseness, and you will be able to say in three minutes what some others take three hours to say." Though there may be a little exaggeration in this reference of Professor Grimaux to the longwindedness of some of the legislators of France, and also perhaps in his enthusiastic confidence in his power of teaching conciseness, it must be said that it would be a good thing if he could arrange to open branches of his school in this country and induce certain members of the Dominion Parliament, some members of Provincial Legislature that might be named and not a few other makers of speeches between Halifax and Victoria to take lessons. If he could teach them conciseness, how greatly he would deserve the gratitude of the Canadian people as a benefactor of our country!

Amazing News From Halifax

THE most amazing things which The Philosopher has ever read about Western Canada are the statements in the current number of The Dalhousie Review, that one may walk from end to end of Main Street in Winnipeg and not hear an English word, and the ambitious buildings of St. Boniface across the river are the only Canadian thing visible," and that "some of our Western cities look to Chicago as the Paradise of culture." The truth is that one cannot (unless one is deaf) walk ten steps on Main Street in Winnipeg without hearing English; that there are no St. Boniface buildings visible from that street; that there are no buildings in St. Boniface to compare with the towering business structures in downtown Winnipeg, which are as Canadian as anything in Canada, and finally, that there is no city in Western Canada which looks to Chicago as the Paradise of culture—one might just as well make the crazy statement that Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal and Halifax, Nova Scotia (where the Dalhousie Review is published) look to Kalamazoo as the Mecca of their cultural yearnings. In the language of both Main Street, Winnipeg, and Main Street, Halifax, we must ask: How does the Dalhousie Review get that way? It is one of the most learned periodicals published in Canada. But it has a great deal to learn about Western Canada.

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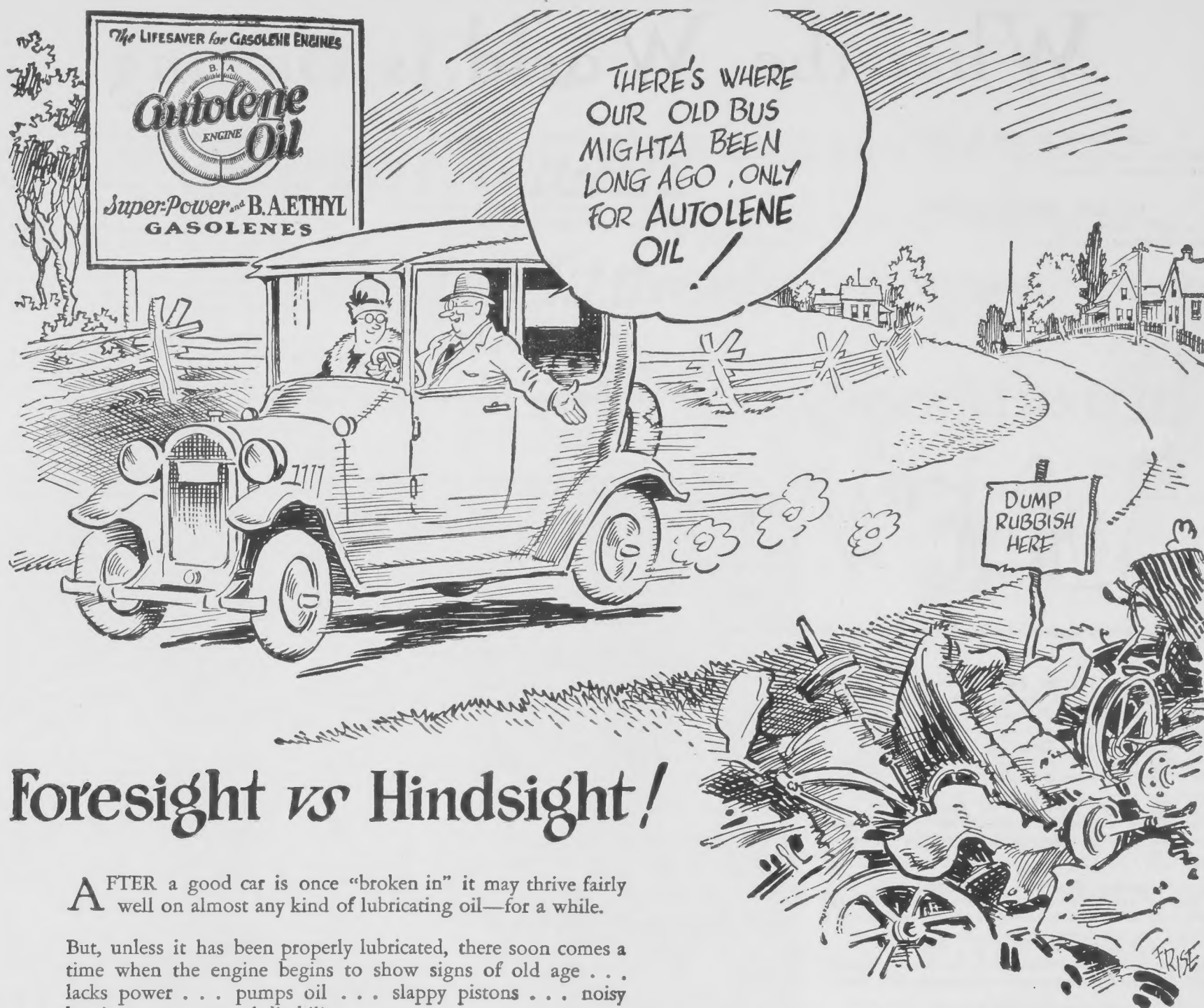
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The Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG BANNATYNE AND DAGMAR MANITOBA

The subscription price of The Western Home Monthly to any address in Canada, the British Isles, or in the United States is:

\$1.00 FOR ONE YEAR \$2.00 FOR THREE YEARS
ELSEWHERE THE RATE IS \$1.50 A YEAR



Foresight vs Hindsight!

AFTER a good car is once "broken in" it may thrive fairly well on almost any kind of lubricating oil—for a while.

But, unless it has been properly lubricated, there soon comes a time when the engine begins to show signs of old age . . . lacks power . . . pumps oil . . . slappy pistons . . . noisy bearings . . . general disability.

You can do full justice to that wonderful, but complicated piece of machinery under the hood of your car, by using one of the 5 grades of Autolene Oil from the very beginning.

You will be rewarded by a sweeter-running engine, and many, many added miles of service.

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What the World is Saying

Cans Should Be Tied To Them

Cant's are the curse of every community, says Lloyd George.—Glasgow Herald.

Also Many Unblindfolded Ones

It is well known that blindfolded people travel in circles.—Medicine Hat News.



"I tell you Fred; there's nothing like a week-end at this resort for good fresh mountain air"

No. It's the Flopper Vote

In this country it isn't the flapper vote that worries the politicians.—Ottawa Journal.

If They Don't, They Get Stepped On

A dancing instructor says that people with big feet dance well.—Vancouver Province.

There's More to Talk About

A shorthand expert says that people talk much more rapidly than they did twenty years ago.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Another Household Requirement

A need of the time is a fly swatter that will not leave a scar on a bald head.—Saskatoon Star-Phoenix.

Fine to Slip On, When in a Hurry

The new fashionable dress fabric known as banana cloth is favored for sports wear.—Winnipeg Free Press.

When Bridge Is Not a Bridge

When bridge work is mentioned nowadays you have to wait to see if it is cards or teeth.—Niagara Falls Review.

No High Leaps in Playing Tennis?

Ruth St. Denis, the American dancer, says that a Japanese girl is never awkward in her movements.—London Saturday Review.

At Times We Almst. Thnk. So, 2

A philologist hazards the assertion that English is evolving into monosyllabification.—Minneapolis Journal.

How about a Wireless Piano?

Efforts are being made to evolve a musical instrument specially suited to broadcasting.—Winnipeg Tribune.

The First Is Apt To Be The Worst

Naturally, in these airplane weddings due precautions must be taken against the first falling out.—Windsor Border Cities Star.

Too Longwinded Talking and Writing

Nearly every magazine article, nearly every sermon, nearly every lecture, nearly every speech is too long.—London Spectator.

An Unintended Ambiguity, Of Course

No doubt the Dominion Premier meant well who said that English cars only need pushing to be a success.—London Humorist.

To Make Drivers Beehive

The New York Times makes this contribution to mixed metaphors: "Traffic Lights to Honeycomb New York."—Montreal Herald.

Mexico, the Mother of Revolutions

They haven't the Daughters of the Revolution down in Mexico, but it is not for any lack of revolutions.—Duluth Herald.

Such as How Many Were Expected

"Is it really unlucky for thirteen persons to sit down

to a meal?" asks a correspondent. It depends on circumstances.—Brandon Sun.

She Never Came Out

We don't know what has become of the old-fashioned girl. Years ago she was seen entering a beauty parlor.—London Daily Express.

With More Experience He Should Do Better

During an examination test for a motorist's license at Hamilton, a candidate knocked down only one pedestrian.—Kitchener Record.

It Doesn't Seem a Right Thing To Do

An English magazine states that a new musical instrument combining the saxophone with the bagpipes has been invented.—Victoria Colonist.

He Does Not Name The Other Ten

Mr. George Bernard Shaw says that Rt. Hon. Sidney Webb (now Lord Passfield) is one of the twelve cleverest men in the world.—Ottawa Citizen.

It Sounds Exceptionally Dressy

"This particular evening frock has two shoulder-straps," says a fashion writer describing "a creation in ivory and silver."—Toronto Telegram.

Did He Mean the Piper?

In a speech to a Scottish society Lloyd George, speaking of the inspiration of bagpipe music, said that the skirling of the pipes always made him feel like going after somebody.—Manchester Guardian.

Some Skidding Observable?

Curtis D. Wilbur, who was Secretary of the Navy in President Coolidge's cabinet, says that "civilization is built on oil."—Canadian Finance.

Including Those That Flap in the Wind?

Hugh Walpole, the English novelist, says that men's ears deserve attention, on account of the indication they give of character.

But Isn't It Too Late To Do That?

Once more, it appears, an expedition is being organized to discover the site of the Garden of Eden.—Montreal Gazette.

The Job of Dodging His Cars?

Henry Ford says that there would be a job for every man in the world, if the world were rightly organized.—London Statist.

Many a High Hat Hides a Low Brow

Some men who undertake to discourse about high and important matters have very ordinary minds behind their pretentious fronts.—Halifax Chronicle.

A Tie That a Tip Can't Break

A great friendship is when a friend lets you in on "a sure thing" and you get badly trimmed, and the friendship keeps on as strong as ever.—Calgary Herald.

But If The Other Has a Quick Left?

A man is entitled to hit another man in order to assert his right, according to the declaration made by a lawyer in the Vancouver police court recently.—Kamloops Sentinel.

Will the Tourists Enter Two by Two?

Among the latest modern improvements planned in the East, we hear now that there is to be a cogwheel railway up Mount Ararat, for the tourist trade.—Neepawa Press.

It Would Be a Liquid Asset

A wealthy American, it is announced, is to attempt to swim the Channel this year. We understand that if he fails he will buy the thing and take it back home to practise on.—Dundee Courier.

"I Dona Wanna, an' I Aina Gonna"

Mr. W. R. Hearst, the multimillionaire proprietor of so many American newspapers, is now urging that the whole world should adopt the English language. The Hearst newspapers should begin doing it themselves, especially in their "comic strips." And, in fact, this applies to all the newspapers across the Atlantic.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Modestly Omitting Himself?

Lecturing at Liverpool, Lord Beaverbrook mentioned several famous names in proof of his contention that nothing great is achieved in journalism or politics without egotism.—Toronto Globe.

And Still Keeps Good Time

In her talk on gardens to the Women's Club on Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Adam Johnson told of a sundial in the garden of an old country house in England which has been marking the hours for more than two hundred years.—St. John Times-Globe.

Thoughtful Hospitality

Many Chicago business men are in London just now and people are advised not to fire revolvers at them in order to make them feel at home, as they are over for a rest.—London Passing Show.

Did Somebody Fail to Say "When"?

A bond issue to provide capital for the erection of a new distillery by a well-known firm of distillers in Scotland was over-subscribed in London recently as soon as subscriptions were receivable.—Monetary Times.

Life Is Not All Joy in Hollywood

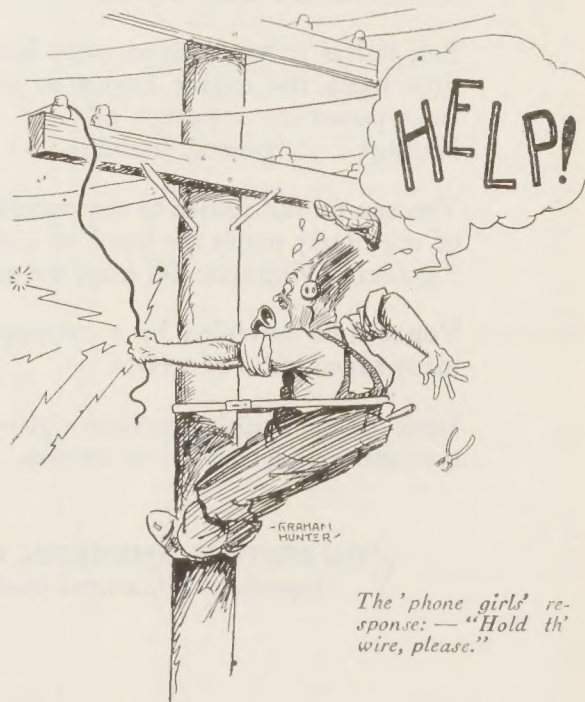
A famous American film queen has announced, in relating some of her experiences of life, that her third marriage was a failure, but her fourth a success. On the other hand, some of these bright creatures find that the first five husbands are the hardest to get on with.—Quebec Soleil.

Try This on Your Saxophone

"Jazz is a wearisome reiteration of cacophonous imbecility," says Sir Landon Ronald. These words should be set to music and danced to by the devotees of the very newest dances.—London Opinion.

They Blubbered Gaily, Not Sadly

Earl Byng of Vimy, the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, visited the Eskimos when he was Governor-General of Canada. He was the first Governor-General to travel to the coast of the Arctic Ocean. He tells of how when he arrived at the mouth of the Mackenzie river he sat down to blubber with the Eskimos, whom he found a remarkably cheerful, friendly people.—Yorkshire Post.



The 'phone girls' response:—"Hold th' wire, please."

What It Needs Is a Self-Starter

The life history and ways and habits of eagles have been carefully studied by Professor Francis S. Herrick, of Western Reserve University, Ohio, from a concealed observation post in the top of a high tree. He has found out, among many other things, that the bird of freedom, emblem of the United States, needs to run several years before it has sufficient impetus to take the air.—Kansas City Star.

Musical Note

An extra large Sousaphone, the big instrument which provides the heavy bass notes for a brass band, has been made in New York. It weighs eighteen pounds, and if its coils were straightened out, it would be twenty feet long. We shouldn't be surprised to hear that, on account of the sounds taking so long to travel before they come out of the big bell-shaped opening, the player receives three beats start from the rest of the band.—Lethbridge Herald.

Tastes Good
Digests Readily
Nourishes Quickly

This altogether different breakfast food



By a unique process these grains are actually shot from huge guns . . . and puffed to 8 times their normal size, 8 times their usual deliciousness.

BECAUSE they *look so good*, because they *taste so good*—you don't realize how much actual nourishment there is in these delicious grains of Quaker Puffed Wheat and Rice. As a matter of fact, here is a breakfast that supplies ready energy in a most attractive form: whole wheat made wholly digestible; plump, white rice made light and airy—but not an iota of its food value lost.

The minerals, the 16 needed food elements of whole wheat are saved for you in Puffed Wheat. Every bit of the energy-giving carbohydrate, the tissue-building protein is here, but puffed to a delicate fluffiness, oven-toasted, delicious! The bran you need for roughage is here, too, though you'd never guess it. Puffed Rice gives all the nourishment of boiled rice but children think it's a confection, it tastes so different. Mothers in many parts of the country report that, of 11 prepared cereals, Quaker Puffed Grains are the children's first choice. No coaxing to get them eaten!

Why they digest so readily

Of all prepared cereals, these are quickest, easiest to digest. This is why:

Wheat and rice are honeycombed with millions of tiny cells. Each cell must be broken open before its food contents can be easily, completely digested. Puffing causes 125 million steam explosions within each kernel. This releases every particle of nourishment for quick assimilation by the body, makes every bit of nourishment which the grains contain available for food.

Delightful variety with Puffed Grains

Always keep Quaker Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat on your pantry shelf. Serve them with milk. Combine them with the choice fruits of the season. Try crisping them in butter like popcorn. Order Puffed Grains from your grocer today.



Bobbie Arnold's mother discovered that he "just loved Quaker Puffed Wheat," though he wouldn't touch any other cereal. "No more child feeding problem in our house," writes Mrs. Arnold, "thanks to Puffed Wheat. The whole family eats it now."

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

*They're nicer
when you
"bake your own"*



DAINTY CAKES

- 4 eggs
- 1 cup fine sugar
- 3 tablespoons cold water
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup flour
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cornstarch
- $1\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Magic Baking Powder
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon lemon extract

Beat yolks of eggs until thick and lemon colored, add sugar gradually, beat well. Put cornstarch in cup and fill with flour; mix and sift with baking powder and salt; add to first mixture alternately with cold water, add the stiffly beaten whites of eggs and flavoring.

Bake in a shallow pan and, when cool, shape, using a small round cutter. Split, remove a small portion of cake from centre of each piece, fill cavities with whipped cream sweetened and flavored, then press firmly together.

Ice with fondant, some of which may be colored. Decorate tops with nuts, violets or cherries.

*T*HE artist who paints a picture gets a keener pleasure out of its creation than does the buyer who eventually owns it. There is no pleasure equal to that of creative effort, successfully accomplished.

That's why so many women, who could well afford to pay high prices for products of the commercial confectioner, prefer, instead, to "bake their own."

Judging by the production of Magic Baking Powder, compared with the total of all baking powders produced in Canada (from Dominion Government figures), the vast majority of women who "bake their own" use Magic Baking Powder.

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TORONTO, CANADA

